Collier's

SEPTEMBER 24, 1949
15¢

IOLA
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

Francis Wallace's 10th Football Preview

Sept. 24-1949-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White sidewall tires and wheel discs available on all models at extra cost.

Announcing the "next look" in cars

NEW 1950 STUDEBAKER

Success breeds success! The car that led in modern design now moves still more spectacularly out ahead!

The new 1950 Studebaker is here—and you can see at a glance that it's America's "next look" in cars.

Here's the dramatic and unexpected sequel to the tremendously popular "new look" in cars that Studebaker originated three years ago.

Here's a truly inspired 1950 Studebaker—dynamically new in form and substance—styled ahead and engineered ahead for years to come.

Paced by a breath-taking new Studebaker Champion in the low-price field, this is a complete line of completely new 1950 Studebakers.

Each one is increased in wheelbase length and over all length—thrill-packed with the new performance of higher compression power—comfort-cushioned with self-stabilizing new Studebaker coil springs.

Discriminating America is giving the 1950 Studebaker an enthusiastic welcome. Stop in at a nearby Studebaker showroom the first chance you have. See the 1950 Studebaker—the "next look" in cars!

© 1949, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

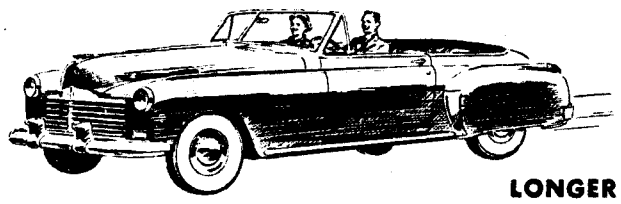
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New B.F.Goodrich

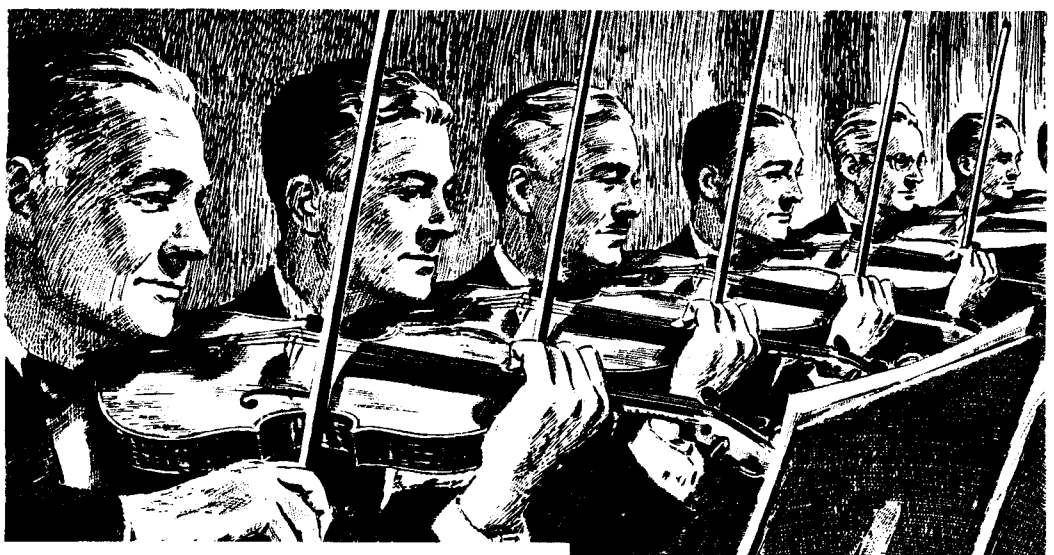
"Rythm Ride"

GIVES YOU: MORE COMFORT

GREATER SAFETY



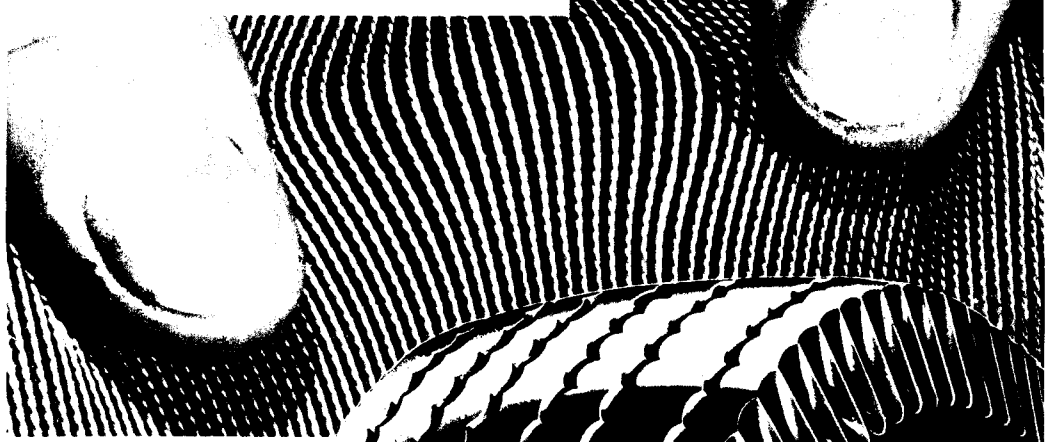
LONGER MILEAGE



THE BIG DIFFERENCE IN TIRES IS "RYTHMIC-FLEXING CORDS"

Because BFG tire cords have NO CROSS THREADS to interfere with their action, they work together—*in rythm*—like a skilled orchestra (*pictured at right*). Instead of each cord going its own way like untrained musicians (*pictured at left*).

B. F. Goodrich seals the cords in rubber, perfectly spaced, under uniform tension, without cross-threads. All cords share the load and impact *equally*. No bunching or gapping. No "slacker cords". No over-worked cords. No uneven action to make for an uneven ride. Instead you get a "Rythm Ride"—with all cords working together *in rythm* to share the wear—for more miles. Working together to cushion the impact—for more comfort. Working together to absorb road shock for more safety. Your dealer can *show* you the difference.



COLD RUBBER, TOO—FOR EVEN MORE MILES! The new long-mileage cold rubber was pioneered by B. F. Goodrich in 1941. Thanks in part to that early start, BFG research is now able to bring you the most advanced cold rubber compounds in every B. F. Goodrich passenger tire tread, for even more tread miles. Get "rythmic-flexing cords" and cold rubber too, *in the same tire*, and at no extra cost. *See your B. F. Goodrich dealer today*. Generous trade-in allowance. Convenient budget terms. Low down-payment.

RESEARCH KEEPS B.F.Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

ONLY B. F. GOODRICH GIVES YOU "RYTHMIC-FLEXING CORDS" IN EVERY TIRE FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

WALTER ETHEL
PIDGEON · BARRYMORE
PETER
LAWFORD
ANGELA JANET
LANSBURY · LEIGH
in
"THE RED DANUBE"
with
LOUIS CALHERN · FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

Screen Play by GINA KAUS, ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Based on a Novel by BRUCE MARSHALL

Directed by.....GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by.....CAREY WILSON

We've always been intrigued and excited by women of mystery. Especially when they are exotic dancers who use assumed names. Perhaps that's why we fell so hard for Maria, the hunted and hauntingly beautiful heroine of M-G-M's "The Red Danube".

Faithfully adapted from a timely, best-selling novel, "The Red Danube" is a powerful and pointed drama of four people who live through a great experience together. Torn by the forces of ambition and jealousy, love and hatred, they must decide the fate of the terrified beauty who is desperately trying to keep one jump ahead of the secret police. The suspense mounts as her life hangs on the outcome of dangerous, diplomatic sparring.

M-G-M's casting is masterful. Walter Pidgeon's portrayal of the cynical yet heroic commander tops even his acclaimed performance in "Command Decision". Ethel Barrymore is brilliant as the perceptive, world-wise woman, whose eyes can glint like cold steel or twinkle with warm humor.

There can be no question why the girls idolize Peter Lawford. He is perfect as the debonair, romantic officer who disobeys orders because he has found something for which it is worth risking court-martial. Angela Lansbury is radiant, though understandably impatient, as the girl who loves him but knows she must wait for him.

Janet Leigh and her performance deserve special mention. It is obvious why, in just two short years, lovely Janet has reached stardom. Louis Calhern's characterization carries vivid conviction; Melville Cooper's performance is completely engaging.

Producer Carey Wilson and director George Sidney have good reason to be proud for bringing to the screen—forcefully, dramatically and entertainingly – this story of love in our times.

P.S. We hear wonderful advance reports on M-G-M's "Battleground". Something to watch for!

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* JOHN DENSON, *Managing Editor*

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director* KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons* WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · HELEN S. BILKIE · WARREN BROWN
GERTRUDE BUCKMAN · HELEN P. BUTLER · JEAN B. CAMPBELL · JOSEPH CARROLL
JOHN CONNER · W. B. COURTNEY · BILL DAVIDSON · JAMES C. DERIEUX
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. · MACLENNAN FARRELL · BILL FAY · WILLIAM HILLMAN
DIANA HIRSH · JOHN LEAR · DAVID MANESS · GORDON MANNING
MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · FAITH McNULTY · FRANK D. MORRIS · JOHN C. PELLEW
JAMES A. QUIGNEY · COLLIE SMALL · JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE
FRANCIS WALLACE · JAMES N. YOUNG

September 24, 1949

ARTICLES

The Christian Science Monitor: Gentleman of the Press..... GEORGE FRAZIER 13
(PART ONE OF THREE PARTS)
Francis Wallace's 10th Football Preview..... 14
Four Friends Abroad.....W. B. COURTNEY 20
Return of Our Soaring Giants.....JOHN O'REILLY 24
How a Movie Gets Made.....CAP PALMER 28
(CONCLUSION)
Make Mine Fish.....RICHARD B. GEHMAN 32

FICTION

Change of Heart.....ETHEL EDISON GORDON 18
Four Eyes.....JOSEPH PETRACCA 22
Tell Me About Yourself.....HARRIET FRANK, JR. 26
The Case of the Negligent Nymph.....ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 30
(PART TWO OF SIX PARTS)
In My Day.....JAMES A. KIRCH 46
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

●

Keep Up with the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8
I'm Sitting It Out, Thanks.....KEN KRAFT 10
Look Out, Los Angeles!.....WILLIAM L. WORDEN 73
Editorials..... 78
Cover.....ANDRÉ DE DIENES

COLLIER'S The National Weekly Vol. 124. No. 13.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, E. A. Schirmer, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00.
FOR PAN-AMERICAN countries in the Postal Union, add $1.00 per year. For all other foreign countries add $4.00 per year.
REMIT by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1949, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Smart girls can be pretty, and this is one more case in point. She's Phyllis Bergquist of Evanston, Illinois, twenty-two and a graduate of Northwestern University where she made Phi Beta Kappa as a philosophy major. Now she's a piano student at New York's Juilliard School of Music.

Week's Mail

California Reporting

EDITOR: Thanks on behalf of millions of Californians for the well-documented and expertly written exposé of Artie Samish (The Secret Boss of California, Aug. 13th).

I'm surprised, though, that nowhere in the article was there a mention of the one California newspaper which not only was aware of Samish's devilish influence but had guts enough to cry out against him—the Long Beach Independent.

For nearly two years the Independent has been editorializing against Artie in nearly every issue and circulating the editorials in free reprints to weekly and daily papers throughout the state.

WALLY SMITH, Fillmore, Cal.

. . . Your article does a gross injustice to the great majority of the members of the California legislature who are serving their constituents honestly and to the best of their ability at a great personal financial sacrifice.

Though a member of the legislature I have never met or talked to Arthur Samish and have never received any support, financially or otherwise, at any time from him or any of the interests or industries he purports to serve, and would refuse to accept it if it were offered, as would a great many of my colleagues who almost automatically oppose any measure supported by Samish.

Not one single bit of major legislation supported by Samish was enacted into law at this session of our legislature. The main bill which he introduced for his liquor institute passed the Assembly because there was no opposition to it but was killed in the Senate; and on several other bills having to do with the liquor business, the "great Samish" could barely muster the 41 votes needed for passage and had to take greatly watered-down versions of his original measures to get the 41 votes.

It is also significant that not a single one of the bills he introduced to run Santa Anita or Hollywood Park out of the racing business (because they refused to engage his services any longer) was voted into law.

Since World War II many young veterans have been elected to the legislature who insist upon voting their convictions and beliefs and remain independent in their thinking as well as their voting, often to the distress of those who supported them in their campaigns.

G. DELBERT MORRIS, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . YOUR ARTICLE AUGUST 13TH ENTITLED SECRET BOSS OF CALIFORNIA IS THE MOST INACCURATE I HAVE EVER READ IT IS AN INSULT TO THE CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE AND A FRAUD ON THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA SAMISH DOES NOT CONTROL THE LEGISLATURE I DO NOT KNOW HIM AND HE HAS NEVER ON ANY OCCASION INFLUENCED MY VOTE ON ANY MATTER WHATEVER IF YOU DESIRE TO HELP PRESERVE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY WHY NOT PRINT THE TRUTH RATHER THAN FALSE CONCLUSIONS OF YOUR WRITER WHO OBVIOUSLY IS NOT AWARE OF THE TRUE SITUATION.

H. ALLEN SMITH ASSEMBLYMAN
43D DISTRICT, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

. . . To those of us familiar with state politics your exposé of The Secret Boss of California is no revelation. The wonder is that our state press, that is supposed to report the news fairly, impartially, accurately and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Your voice sounds wonderful, darling"

WHEN the boy in Los Angeles says this to the girl in New York he's saying something nice about us, too. For we, at Western Electric, make a great variety of the Bell telephone equipment that helps speed her voice to him so clearly, so naturally.

Whether you talk from coast to coast, or just around the corner, your telephone gives you a lot of satisfaction for little money. Making good equipment, that makes this kind of service possible, is Western Electric's job in the Bell System—has been for 67 years.

• Bell scientists *design*, we *produce* and telephone company people *operate* the equipment—all of us working together with one aim: Good telephone service for you at the lowest possible cost.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION
PERFORMANCE-ENGINEERED
AT ELECTRONICS PARK
More Picture
PER DOLLAR
in the most compact cabinet yet!
Imagine television with big 10" direct-view picture tube in a cabinet less than a foot wide! Fits on any table anywhere! Not an inch of wasted space! Long-range television reception. Rich rosewood plastic cabinet. No finer "buy" in all television! Model 805.
*Plus tax. Installation extra. Prices slightly higher West and South—subject to change without notice.
New Low Price
Model 805
Only
$189.95*
You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

informatively, did not make the exposé long, long ago.

Is it possible that our state press, that has one or two representatives in Sacramento all through the session, year in and year out, did not know anything about this shadowy character? To ask the question is to answer it.

Behind your timely story of rotten conditions in our state Capitol is a story of shameful compensation paid our legislators. Until a few years ago the salary of our legislators was $100 a month for a period of two years. During the session of the legislature, the lawmakers were paid $12 per diem to meet their expense.

Meanwhile, during the session, these legislators had to keep up two residences—one at home and the other in Sacramento. So they increased their per diem salaries by $10 while in session.

Considering the high cost of living in Sacramento, this increase is insufficient. This shameful condition of low pay to our legislators does in no way justify them to become a prey to a so-called Legislative Director. If the office does not pay enough, they do not have to run for it. But they do. So what some of them cannot make up in decent pay they make up in free dinners, cocktails, etc. That is why a supercilious and arrogant Secret Boss of California can brag contemptuously that "if you dropped two bucks in the rotunda of the Capitol you'd start a riot."

Fortunately, the last few years saw a new crop of scrupulous legislators elected. They cannot be swayed by the "governor of the legislature."

ISAAC KUSHNER, Los Angeles, Cal.

Artie Samish (right) lends an ear to Collier's Lester Velie

Ach! Mousetraps Yet

EDITOR: In reply to Elmer Brewer's lesson in German (Week's Mail, Aug. 13th):

Raster is not German for sieve, nor is a *Rastelbinder* a sievemaker. *Rastelbinder* is not even German, but a typical Austrian word. It designates an itinerant Slovak worker who makes mousetraps, and fashions a wire framework (a *Rastel)* around broken pots to make them whole again.

FREDERICK F. FLETCHER, San Diego, Cal.

Encore for O'Reilly

EDITOR: I've been watching with awe and admiration the steam, variety, humor and good reading you've been packing into Collier's.

All of which is brought on by John O'Reilly's I Cover the Animals (July 30th). It was fine. How about some more articles by him? DOROTHY KNOX, Charlotte, N. C.

See page 24, this issue.

He's Human & Then Some

EDITOR: Congratulations to Gordon Manning for his excellent article on Larry Berra, Yankee Yogi: "I'm Human, Ain't I?" (Aug. 13th).

Maybe, as Berra fans think, Yogi will become a great catcher, but he is already a great distance hitter. In a game with the Indians at Cleveland Stadium late in July, Berra hit a mighty home run well up into the upper deck of the right-field stands of the giant horseshoe. Unobstructed, the drive probably would have traveled over 450 feet.

You're not only human, Yogi, you're superhuman!

ROBERT OBOJSKI, Cleveland, Ohio

Peas of Washington Square

EDITOR: Your editorial relative to "square watermelons with grown-in handles" certainly has merit (Strictly on the Square, Aug. 13th).

We in Chehalis and Lewis County, the garden spot of the state of Washington, are developing a strain of *square peas.* We find they do not roll off the knives of our visitors from the large cities so easily. As soon as we can get them into full commercial production, increased acreage will be provided.

ARTHUR S. CORY, Chehalis, Wash.

Love Those Girls!

EDITOR: I was very happy to see the article Belles of the Ball Game (Aug. 13th). I am an ardent fan, so no article could have been more pleasing.

You stated that the girls come from all over the country, but you failed to mention that there are a number of girls from all parts of Canada.

You also stated that the girls have all sorts of jobs. Among them are: a registered nurse, a girl studying for her doctor's degree, teachers, secretaries, restaurant and candy shop owners, and girls from many other fields. A good many of them are college students.

DIANE DESKA, Muskegon, Mich.

Not to Be Sniffed At

EDITOR: It is with considerable amazement and amusement that local pharmacists read Farewell to Benzedrine Benders (Aug. 13th).

Miss Lees's somewhat breathless disclosure that Benzedrex inhalers "went on sale last week" leaves us somewhat breathless in turn, for we have dispensed and sold these inhalers for over five years.

LAURIE JOHNSTON, Winnipeg, Canada

Corner druggists in these parts tell us that Benzedrex is new to them and to their customers. The main point is that Benzedrine inhalers will not be sold when present retail stocks are exhausted.

They Finally Found Out

EDITOR: Your story about the "blast" is one of the things I've been hoping someone would write. It was an enlightening, edifying piece (The Biggest Blast of Them All, Aug. 6th-13th).

Reason is, I worked at Oak Ridge—6 September, 1944, to 10 September, 1945. Purely accidentally, just happened to get stuck there. So I went to work, after asking a lot of guys what was going on. They didn't know.

Our real celebration at the plant was not at war's end, but when we found out what we were making.

CHAS. J. COCHRAN, Plains, Texas

Double Feature

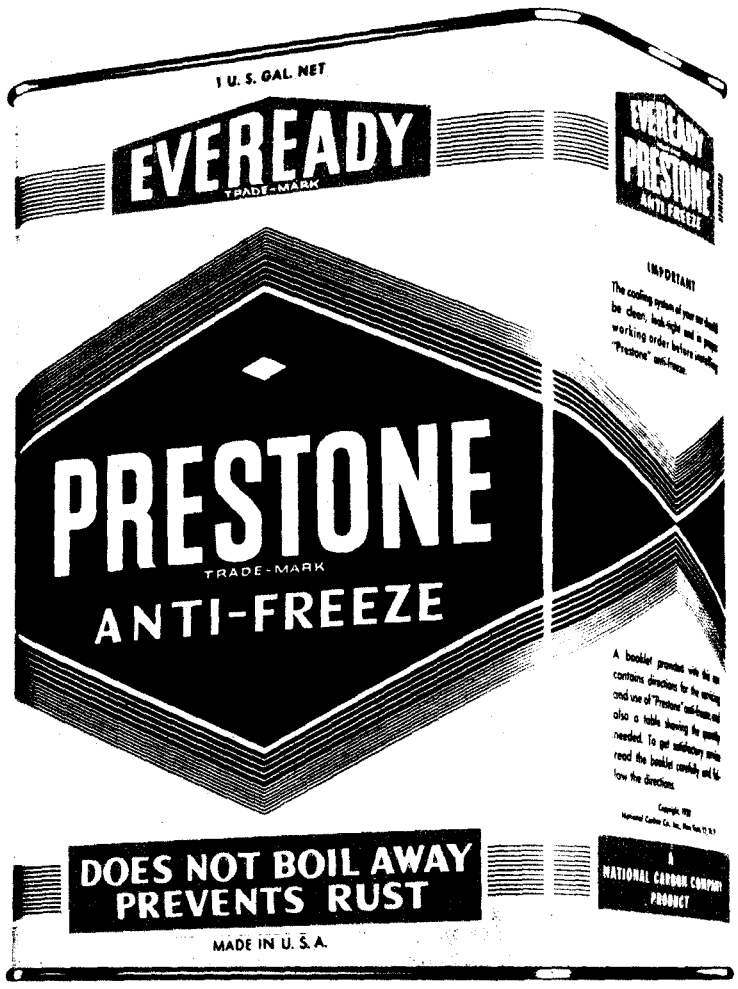
EDITOR: Your editorial concerning careers and motherhood (Brains Versus Bairns, July 16th) reminded me of a friend's pertinent and somewhat belittling statement to me on my college graduation day a dozen years ago: "Well, now you have a diploma, and I have a baby."

At present, finding myself with both of the afore-mentioned, I believe I have proved that all good (?) things come to her who waits. However:

I tenderly gaze at,
Mid wail, whoop and bawl,
My quiet diploma
That hangs on the wall!

LOIS F. PASLEY, Easton, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dealers have "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE Now— They May Not have it Later!

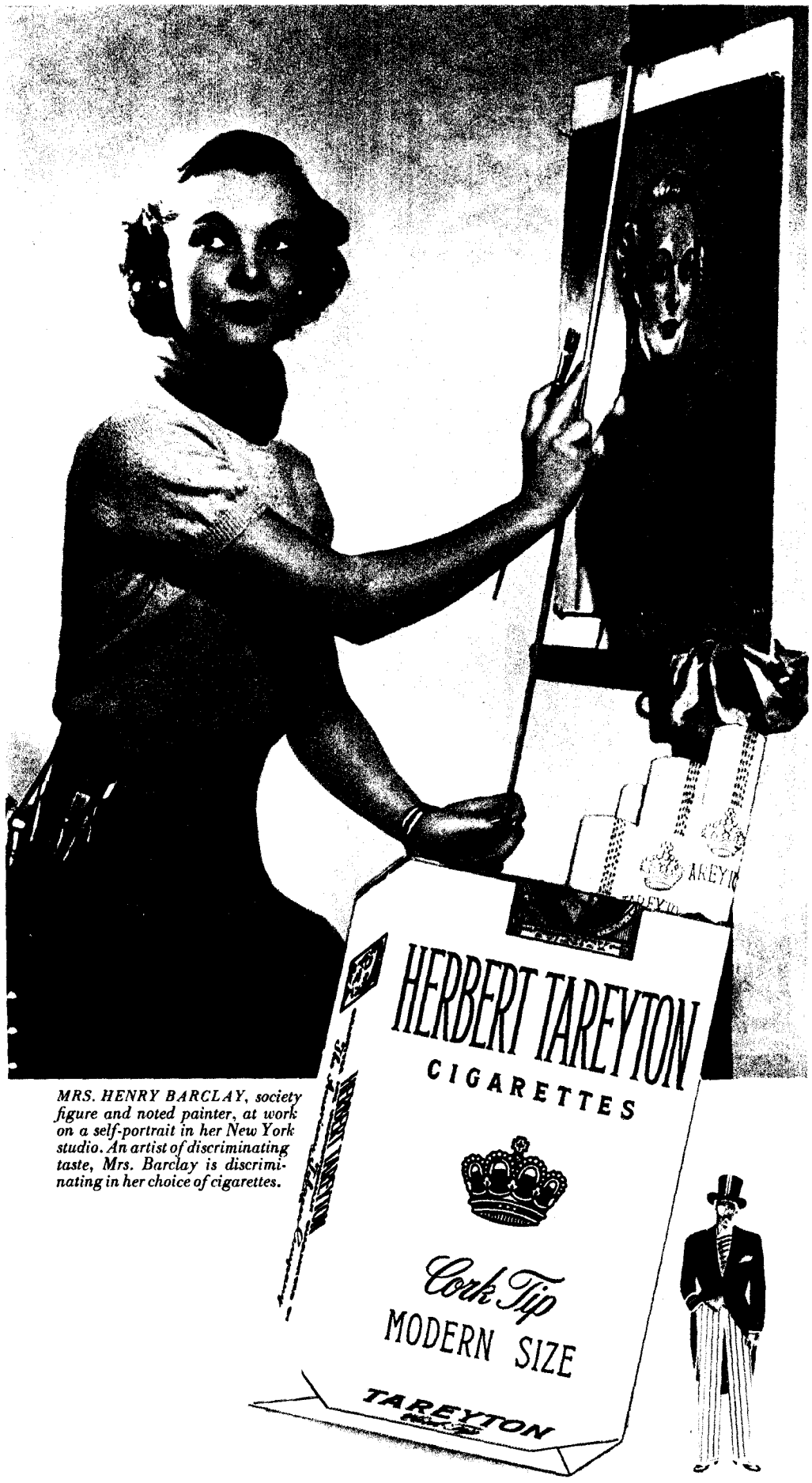
Much more "Prestone" anti-freeze is being produced than ever before! But the demand for America's No. 1 anti-freeze has never been greater—*it exceeds the supply. Most* dealers in your community have, or can secure, "Prestone" brand anti-freeze now. So, to be sure you get the *best* protection you can give your car... BUY YOUR "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE EARLY! There's nothing else like it!

The registered trade-marks "Prestone" and "Eveready" distinguish products of
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MRS. HENRY BARCLAY, society figure and noted painter, at work on a self-portrait in her New York studio. An artist of discriminating taste, Mrs. Barclay is discriminating in her choice of cigarettes.

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY [illegible]

KATE OSANN

The Parachute Jump in Steeplechase Park at Coney Island is the largest "ride" of its kind in the United States. It was built for the New York World's Fair in 1939 and cost a prohibitive $250,000 which is one reason why a second one has not yet been constructed. Each of the 11 parachutes is attached to perpendicular wires to prevent swaying, and each has a double seat suspended below it. Hauled by cable to the top of the tower, as high as a 20-story building, the deflated chute is automatically released and falls free to within a few feet of the ground where it is gently stopped by shock absorbers.

★★★★★★★★★

After 150 years, Paris has finally freed itself from the scourge of the concierges, most of them having been dismissed over a general wage dispute. A concierge, usually a woman, is the "boss" of an apartment house where she lives rent-free, draws a salary from the owner and receives generous tips from the tenants. The lady handles the mail and possesses the only key to the main door of the building so she knows almost everything about comings and goings of the occupants of the apartment house and their guests. Therefore, they feel that they must tip the concierge well, fearing that if they do not, she may spread gossip about them or sell information concerning their private affairs to anyone seeking it, such as credit investigators, private detectives and income-tax inspectors.

★★★★★★★★★

Extremes in densities of stars are represented by those of Zeta Aurigae and Wolf 457. The first consists of a substance so thin that it is only about one twelve-hundredth as dense as the air we breathe, while the second consists of a substance so dense that a cubic inch of it on the surface of the earth would weigh about 900 tons.

★★★★★★★★★

Jumbo, the most famous and largest elephant ever exhibited, arrived in this country on April 9, 1882, having been bought by P. T. Barnum from the London Zoo for $10,000. But the animal's career here was short and his death tragic. After his performance on the night of September 15, 1885, in St. Thomas, Ontario, Jumbo was returning to his railroad car with his keeper. To reach it, they had to pass through a gap left for them in an idle freight train and walk 100 feet down the main track which had cars standing on both sides of it and over which no train was scheduled to pass for an hour. As they neared their car an express came around a near-by curve, traveling too fast to be stopped in time. Jumbo raced back to escape through the gap but crazed by fear, went several yards past it. Sensing his mistake, he turned around and was struck head on by the engine and killed instantly. Since 1889, Jumbo's skeleton has been preserved at the American Museum of Natural History in New York and his mounted hide at the Barnum Museum of Tufts College in Medford, Massachusetts.

★★★★★★★★★

At a recent war crimes trial in Germany, a woman who had been a member of Hitler's SS, or *Schutzstaffel*, described the *Brutalisierungskurs* (brutalizing course) which concluded the training of the organization's female novices and prepared them to stomach the atrocities they would see later while on active duty. The high light of the woman's story was that, upon the arrival of her class at the concentration camp where the course was conducted, she and each of the others were given a puppy as a companion. Without warning six weeks later, after she had grown fond of her pet, each girl received (and obeyed) an order to take her service knife and stab her little dog to death.

★★★★★★★★★

Most countries discontinued a century ago the custom of having inanimate objects tried in court for causing the accidental death of a person and destroyed if found guilty. Yet one such trial of a gun was held in Madrid, Spain, as late as 1933. Having gone off while being cleaned by its owner, an army officer, the weapon was court-martialed, convicted of murder and "executed."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keeping a Good Sport Clean

...with the help of a "Friendly" Metal

It was the big game between the fifth grade "regulars" and the "scrubs"!

It was mud, sweat and jeers all the way.

And it ended in a clean victory for the "scrubs" . . . on a dirty field!

So, after cleaning up their rivals, they needed a good cleaning up themselves.

No wonder this bruised young back, with all his battle scars, reaches for the soap. Soap that will not only clean his wounds but that is pure and clean itself.

* *

Why does soap have to be clean? Why must soap makers be as painstaking on this point as food manufacturers?

Because the slightest contamination from corroded metal equipment can discolor the soap . . . even make it rancid and give it a strong odor.

That's why makers of soaps and "soapless" soaps depend upon *"Your Unseen Friend"* Nickel to guard purity.

Equipment made of Nickel and Nickel alloys stands up against the attack of biting acid, caustic and brine solutions. It resists corrosion and thus prevents contamination. It does not rust and form pits to harbor impurities. Smooth and tough, its bright surfaces help send you soap that scores a really clean victory over dirt.

* *

Just one more way *"Your Unseen Friend"* Nickel protects the purity of things you use every day . . . milk from sanitary dairy equipment . . . hot water from rust-proof Monel water heater tanks . . . food from Stainless Steel kitchens.

But the Nickel is usually combined with other metals to do special jobs . . . so you seldom actually *see* it. That's why it is called "Your *Unseen* Friend."

* *

Write for Free Booklet: "The Romance of Nickel"

The interesting story of Nickel, from ancient discovery to modern-day use, is told in this illustrated 60-page booklet. For your free copy, address Dept. 329y, New York 5, N. Y.

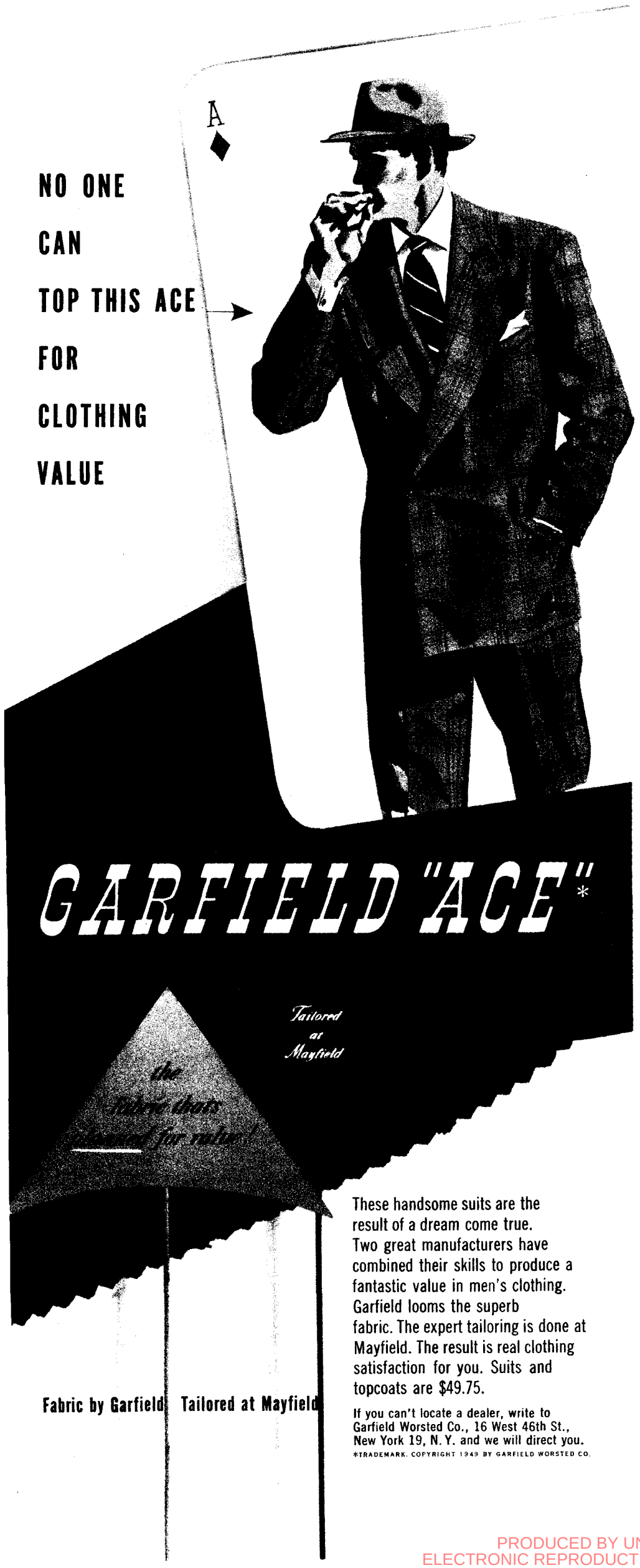
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.

EMBLEM OF SERVICE

INCO TRADE MARK **Nickel**

©1949, T. I. N. Co. **...Your Unseen Friend**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


NO ONE
CAN
TOP THIS ACE
FOR
CLOTHING
VALUE
A
GARFIELD "ACE"*
Tailored at Mayfield
the fabric that's designed for value!
Fabric by Garfield
Tailored at Mayfield
These handsome suits are the result of a dream come true. Two great manufacturers have combined their skills to produce a fantastic value in men's clothing. Garfield looms the superb fabric. The expert tailoring is done at Mayfield. The result is real clothing satisfaction for you. Suits and topcoats are $49.75.
If you can't locate a dealer, write to Garfield Worsted Co., 16 West 46th St., New York 19, N.Y. and we will direct you.
*TRADEMARK. COPYRIGHT 1949 BY GARFIELD WORSTED CO.

I'm Sitting It Out, Thanks

By KEN KRAFT

What with showers that scald you, drip, spurt and sputter, why not substitute dry cleaning?

WHEN my wife takes me to look at a house, the only question I ask is, "Which way to the bath and is there a shower?" Then I streak off and try out the shower.

For years I have been trying to get the plumbing-fixture people to invent a shower with good sense. It seems to me a shower should think for you and be helpful about things like water temperature, speed of attack and slippery soap. The always co-operative plumbing people say, yes, yes, but how? I say, that's up to them.

When I was a moppet my family got a shower, an item which was just then becoming socially acceptable in the home (beating me by several years). This shower was an angular arrangement of half-inch water pipe that a traveling plumber sold us. He said that there was no reason why we should do without the joys of a shower, when he needed work.

It was a racing-model shower. A week-end guest who used it without being warned, said afterward that when it hit him it put him in mind of the day he carried his grandmother's trunk down the attic stairs and slipped.

The shower I share my bathroom with now has a mixing faucet which can handle pressure all right, but is a babe in arms about temperature. Our water system is very nervous and high-strung. When somebody turns on the hot water in the kitchen, the shower instantly changes to ice water. Anyone taking a shower has learned to jump aside at this moment and bawl out, "Turn off that water! Takingashower!" Our household noise level is high, however, and anyone hearing this protest filter down usually just thinks the mice are at it again upstairs.

The Independent As a Hog on Ice Bathtub Brotherhood of America, a militant national organization of which I am president and which I will form just as soon as I get caught up with work around the house, is taking a census of showers. These types have been catalogued:

Spurt & Sputter. Just what you would expect. This one has popcorn in its line. It hasn't sprayed steadily for 30 seconds running since the day it was put in temporary-like by Uncle Clarence, who used to live next door to a plumber. That was in 1922.

Engineer's Folly. This shower was engineered—I mean it was *engine*ered. And besides the handles to turn on hot and cold, there is a lever to aim the water up or down, a remote-control drain, a temperature dial, double-swivel shower head, and a needle spray to fine mist selector. It's all in a glass stall, with a door that often jams so somebody has to come and let you out.

Desert Drip. This shower has a bad head cold and really ought to be home in bed. It is too stuffed up to use, and all it can do is hit you with a drop of ice water every five seconds as you stand helpless in the bathtub. You will pick up a lot of speed, bathing under these conditions, and consider dry cleaning after a week of it.

RUBE GOLDBERG

At its worst, Spanish Inquisition torture wasn't like this

The Last Word. This is a shower you can learn to love. It adjusts to your height, so if you're a little guy it won't drown you. It is always the right temperature for the season and you. Automatic, of course. It's pressure is nicely stimulating and it sprays you from all sides at once. Soap never skids out of your hands. You just say, "Soap!" and it squirts lather on you. It will also give you a massage, serve free coffee, and blow warm air to dry you off. If it has a fault, it's just that it is a little slow getting invented, and I for one am tired of waiting.

But I should worry. I got reformed. It happened when my wife and I took a vacation at a place in the Ozark Mountains. It had coal-oil lamps and bathtubs. No showers. I stepped bashfully into a tub and settled down in the steaming water. Marvelous! I had forgotten what a basic model wash job was like.

When I got home I tried out our tub. It worked. Ever since, I have been quietly taking tub baths. Show me the shower you can read a newspaper in, or smoke a cigarette. I have waited a long time for the shower interests to make a clean breast of things. Now, until they can show me a shower with feelings, I'm sticking to my tub. It may be old-fashioned, but so is kissing. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Famous Simoniz products for your car!

SIMONIZ

Cleans and Gives 'Lifetime' Beauty

Nothing compares with Simoniz—for glamorizing the finish of your car. Simoniz cleans as it gives longer lasting beauty and protection . . . keeps colors from fading. And anyone can Simoniz a car. It's easier now than ever before. On fairly new cars all you need is Simoniz. But if your car is dull, get Simoniz Kleener, too!

SIMONIZ KLEENERS

Restore lustre to dull cars

Liquid Simoniz Kleener is marvelous as a one application "quickie slick-up" and before applying Simoniz. For extremely dull cars Paste Simoniz Kleener is recommended. It safely cleans the finish and fully restores the lustre. To keep your car sparkling—truly glamorous—and make the finish last longer, follow up with famous Simoniz!

EZ-2 CHROME and METAL CLEANER

Brings back sparkle to chrome

Removes every trace of tarnish, discoloration—even rust . . . makes chrome sparkle like new, quickly and easily. Simply apply with cloth, let dry and wipe off. Also excellent for nickel, copper and brass.

Sold by service stations, hardware, auto accessory, variety and department stores everywhere. THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO 16

Why waste time with temporary polishes?
SIMONIZ LASTS LONGER— SAVES WORK AND GIVES A BRIGHTER SHINE!
MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
GIVES CARS LONGER LASTING BEAUTY

Simonizing gives longer lasting beauty and protection . . . keeps colors from fading!

Don't spend hours of needless work on frequent polishings. Simoniz lasts far longer—so you don't have to apply it so often. You get a more lustrous sparkle with Simonizing, too . . . really protect the finish . . . keep colors from fading. Insist on world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—the Deluxe Beauty Treatment for *your* car!

THE SIMONIZ YOUR CAR, THE BETTER!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only a few could read the sign in the buffalo grass

THE SCOUT WHO GUIDED the covered wagons through the Indian country didn't have to hold a powwow with the redskins to tell what they were up to.

And he needed no map to keep the wagon train on the trail.

A broken arrow which had missed its mark and splintered on a stone told him the name of the tribe that had passed that way and what its mission was. Bruised stems of the buffalo grass, or mere traces of cold ashes from a campfire, were enough to let him know the size of the group and when it was last around. From these and other Indian signs, he could tell at a glance whether the families in the prairie schooners were safe for the time being, or in utmost danger.

And practically invisible landmarks he'd tucked away in his memory were plain as painted posts marking the way across the plains.

The scout was a "mountain man"—one of only a few adventurous souls who had taken up life in the western wilderness long before the covered wagons came. He'd learned the ways of the Indians and the lay of the land.

His experience, alertness, and special knowledge were the best help that the families headed West could have had in reaching their goal safely—and in the shortest possible time.

Although you may never have thought of it just that way, building an insurance program, in a lot of ways, is like the pioneers' trip across the plains. You're heading into strange territory, and you need to know you're taking the safest road to financial security.

For instance, if you have young children, you need to know what Life insurance will give the man with a young family the most protection. You need someone to keep your policies up to date—seeing to it that they meet your needs as those needs change.

This is the sort of expert help and guidance that your Travelers agent or broker is so well qualified to give.

Why don't you talk things over thoroughly with him the next time he drops in?

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's SEPTEMBER 24, 1949

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
AN INTERNATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER
BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1932—VOL. XXIV, NO. 81
** ATLANTIC EDITION—FIVE CENTS A COPY

T 1932 BY
E PUBLISHING SOCIETY

GENTLEMAN of the PRESS

By GEORGE FRAZIER

PART ONE OF THREE PARTS

Until and dignified the Monitor is more than a church newspaper. It is important nationally and is always full of hope for us all

the people must
ke it. It will help
f fear, a common
confidence, and
t off the road to
a foundation for
by one thing left
ca. smile!

the kidnaping of
ergh Jr. precipi-
the criminal kid-
ercem. An out-
ed in a way that
lot almost certain
House sped bills
a capital offense
leral control, and,
importance, the
realize where re-
suddenly active
rests. The local
A a thing occurs

gress is not entirely in agreement as to what sort of journal the Congressional Record should be. Some members hold that it should be a strictly verbatim report of the daily proceedings of the two houses; others consider it a catch-all for newspaper editorials, letters from constituents, radio speeches and every other kind of material they want to circulate.

The question of eliminating from the Record all irrelevant matter has been up for many sessions but this year when Congress is attempting to cut down expenditures it is receiving considerable attention.

The House of Representatives under a move initiated several years ago by Representative Charles L. Underhill (R.) of Massachusetts has now generally accepted the policy of keeping the Record confined to a report of proceedings. Mr. Underhill has pushed his campaign, al-

President Hoover's estimates was the largest saving effected on any of six big money bills so far submitted to the House. It brings the total to more than $100,000,000, and five more bills are yet to be drafted. The chairman, Representative Joseph W. Byrns (D.) of Tennessee, said the committee would continue to disallow any increase in budget estimates and would persist in its policy of making reductions where possible.

The Veterans' Administration receives $949,237,000, of which $100,000,000 is for loans on bonus certificates. The total is $169,572,000 less than appropriations for this year and $51,161,000 below the budget.

The Farm Board allotment was reduced $820,000 below the budget estimates of $1,880,000, and that of the Interstate Commerce Commission was $2,184,000 under last year.

Although a reduction of $26,962,-

"brick boxes with slate lids." I see the worker of the future living in a homestead in the country, a score of miles away from the factory where he is employed. Around his home there is an ample, if modest,

existence of a substantial number of unemployed workers.

The forces to which I refer are all related, on the one hand, to the enormous advances made in the field

(Continued on Page 9, Column 7)

SEARCH WIDENS FOR KIDNAPED LINDBERGH BOY

Whole Seaboard Alert as Demands for Severe Penalties Are Made

BIG POTENTIAL BUYING POWER FOUND AT HOME

United States Said to Offer Great Things Through Proper Distribution

urgent economic financial business is settled.

During March parliamentary business will be conducted by a committee of 33 which was in control of the country the greater part of the last half of 1931.

Government circles declare the adjournment essential because direct parliamentary obstruction rendered all business impossible, but many members of the Opposition interpret it as the Government's desire to avoid further public investigation of allegations of corruption dating from the Bethlen régime.

Before Parliament adjourned a draft bill against corruption by parliamentary members was issued by the Ministry of Justice. According to this bill members of the army, police and gendarmerie will be ineligible for Parliament, and

Special from Monitor Bureau

NEW YORK, March 2.—A protocol supplementary to the Pact of Paris whereby the nations signatory to that treaty, faced with a repudiation by any of their number of the pledge to renounce war, might consult to determine upon measures of non-intercourse to prevent the threatened breach, was recommended by the Committee on Economic Sanctions of the Twentieth Century Fund today.

In order to give an international basis for consultation and action, the committee further recommends "that the Government of the United States, as an initiator of the Pact of Paris, call a conference of the signatories with a view to their adherence to such a protocol."

Adoption of the proposed protocol, the report says, "would assure all the nations of the world in advance

By Cable to The Christian Science Monitor

SHANGHAI, March 2.—A Chi high military officer tonight a a statement to the effect that withdrawal of the Chinese fo was strategic, as the Chapei-Su sung line had been adopted t through the exigencies of the litical situation and presented possibility of defense. Japane ships from the river dominated line and the Chinese faced full operation.

The Chinese command has sued a statement declaring the retreat of its troops from unsafe line north of Shanghai necessary to prevent outflank but that resistance will be m at the second line and, if nec sary, farther back still. Large C nese reinforcements are reporte be held up by Japanese warsh near Nanking.

ON THE afternoon of last June 15th and the morning of the 16th, all but one daily newspaper in the United States took the view that the public was entitled to know everything that had happened the day before when Eddie Waitkus, a member of the Philadelphia National League baseball club, stepped unsuspectingly into the Chicago hotel room of an infatuated stenographer named Ruth Steinhagen. Even the austere New York Times, which is noted for its stubborn resistance to any news that isn't fit to print, considered the incident sufficiently important to warrant page-one coverage.

The only paper in the country that did not share this estimate of the story's worth was the Christian Science Monitor, the rich, income-tax-exempt, rather fussy daily which is published in Boston, Massachusetts, read in 120 countries besides the United States, and regarded by a great many knowledgeable people as a shining example of journalism at its most responsible.

Tucked away near the bottom of a column of baseball chatter on the sports page of the Monitor for June 15th was the sentence: "Eddie Waitkus, Phillie first baseman from Cambridge, was shot and wounded in the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago yesterday." Altogether the Monitor devoted just ten lines to an incident which provided one of the biggest news stories of the year.

When Paul S. Deland, who joined the Monitor three weeks before the appearance of its first issue on November 25, 1908, and is now its managing editor, was asked why the paper had virtually ignored the Waitkus shooting, he said, "It was news, but at the same time it didn't seem to be the kind of thing we

NELSON MORRIS

Erwin D. Canham is editor of the Monitor. The front page used here came out the day after the Lindbergh kidnaping and shows how the Monitor played down one of the great crime stories of this century

wanted to devote time and space to."

Over the 40 years of its publication, the Christian Science Monitor has displayed a similar allergy to any number of other happenings which the rest of the American press did not find in the least contaminating. Notwithstanding this, it claims to mention "everything that a well-informed person should know." What's more, it is probably right.

There seems no reason to doubt that a person who has had no source of news but the Monitor would be fully acquainted with what are sometimes called "the larger issues." There is, however, some cause to wonder whether he would have much fun. Anybody who assumes a blank expression and mutters, "Who?" at the mention of Bugsy Siegel or Tommy Manville or Eddie Arcaro or The Lonely Hearts Killers is not, after all, the type of person likely to find himself overwhelmed with invitations for a week end.

Depending exclusively on the Monitor for his knowledge of what has been going on in the world for the past 40 years, a person would not know, for instance, that Jack Dempsey had won the heavyweight boxing championship of the world from Jess Willard and had subsequently lost it to a man named Gene Tunney. He would be equally in the dark about the identity of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Daddy Browning and Stanley Ketchel. The fact that a pretty, blond girl named Bobo Sears had married Winthrop Rockefeller would be a complete revelation to him, as, indeed would the mere existence of anyone named Bobo Sears.

Ignorance of this sort would not, of course, be an unmitigated curse. For one thing, the sheltered reader would have

(Continued on page 74)

road for strategic
massing of Japa-
the Russo-Korean
words, the Soviet
ds stoutly that
emotional agree-
regime of the Tsar

posed to meet this.

The Government's policy is that the budget shall bulance for 1932-33. The estimated revenue is $4,672,060,000 and expenditures $4,671,000.

Reductions are effected in civil services' salaries and

of State, announced today in the House of Commons that the Government has decided to give effect to the main recommendations of the Malta Royal Commission.

Malta's constitution would be

Senator Roscoe C. Patterson (R.) of Missouri said he would press for immediate action on his bill providing capital punishment for interstate kidnaping.

Demand for Ransom

of the Presidency in something of a muddle.

None of the candidates voted on Feb. 14 received a majority of votes cast, as required by law. Under the law a run-off of the two highest candidates would be ordered for

book of verse, Sing the South, in 1905, which has been followed by four other volumes. In the summer of 1929 he toured the Orient for the Carnegie endowment for universal peace.

The movement for a state poet

Northwestern University.

Jobless Carry Tools In Parade at Tulsa

Special to The Christian Science Monitor

willing to leave Shanghai, could provided that the Chinese w the withdrawal demand. The understood to indicate the desire to moderate, exce tion of onestage permit. Wh ready table was arranged

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Francis Wallace's 10th FOOTBALL

The Preseason All-America Eleven

OWENS, Oklahoma	*End*
HART, Notre Dame	*End*
WISTERT, Michigan	*Tackle*
HOUSTON, Harvard	*Tackle*
NOMELLINI, Minn.	*Guard*
CRAWFORD, Miss. U.	*Guard*
TONNEMAKER, Minn.	*Center*
JUSTICE, NCU	*Back*
MURAKOWSKI, NW	*Back*
PRICE, Tulane	*Back*
WALKER, SMU	*Back*

The All-America Squad

ENDS—Stillwell (So. Cal.); Weiner (NCU); Foldberg (Army); Williams (S. Clara); O'Quinn (Wake Forest); Zuravleff (NW); Harvin (Ga. Tech)

TACKLES—Lea (Tulane); Gain (Ky.); Clark (Corn.); Walker (Okla. U.); Peters (So. Cal.); Copp (Vandy); Payne (S. Clara); Allen (Duke); Meseroll (Tenn.); Kilman (TCU)

GUARDS—Sterling (S. Clara); Franz (Cal.); Mason (Mich. St.); McFadin (Texas); Payne (Ga.); Lemonick (Penn)

CENTERS—Watson (Rice); Wilson (Wisc.); Fuchs (Mo.); Lininger (Ohio State); Novak (Neb.)

BACKS—Galiffa (Army); Sitko (ND); Szulborski (Purdue); Ortmann (Mich.); Clayton (Dart.); Hunsinger (Fla.); Rote (SMU); Swaner (Cal.); Sella (Prince.); Royal (Okla. U.); Rogel (Penn State); Fleischmann and Miller (Corn.); Chandnois (Mich. State); Berry (TCU); Martin (So. Cal.); Gay and Williams (ND); Koceski (Mich.)

Gridmen of the Year

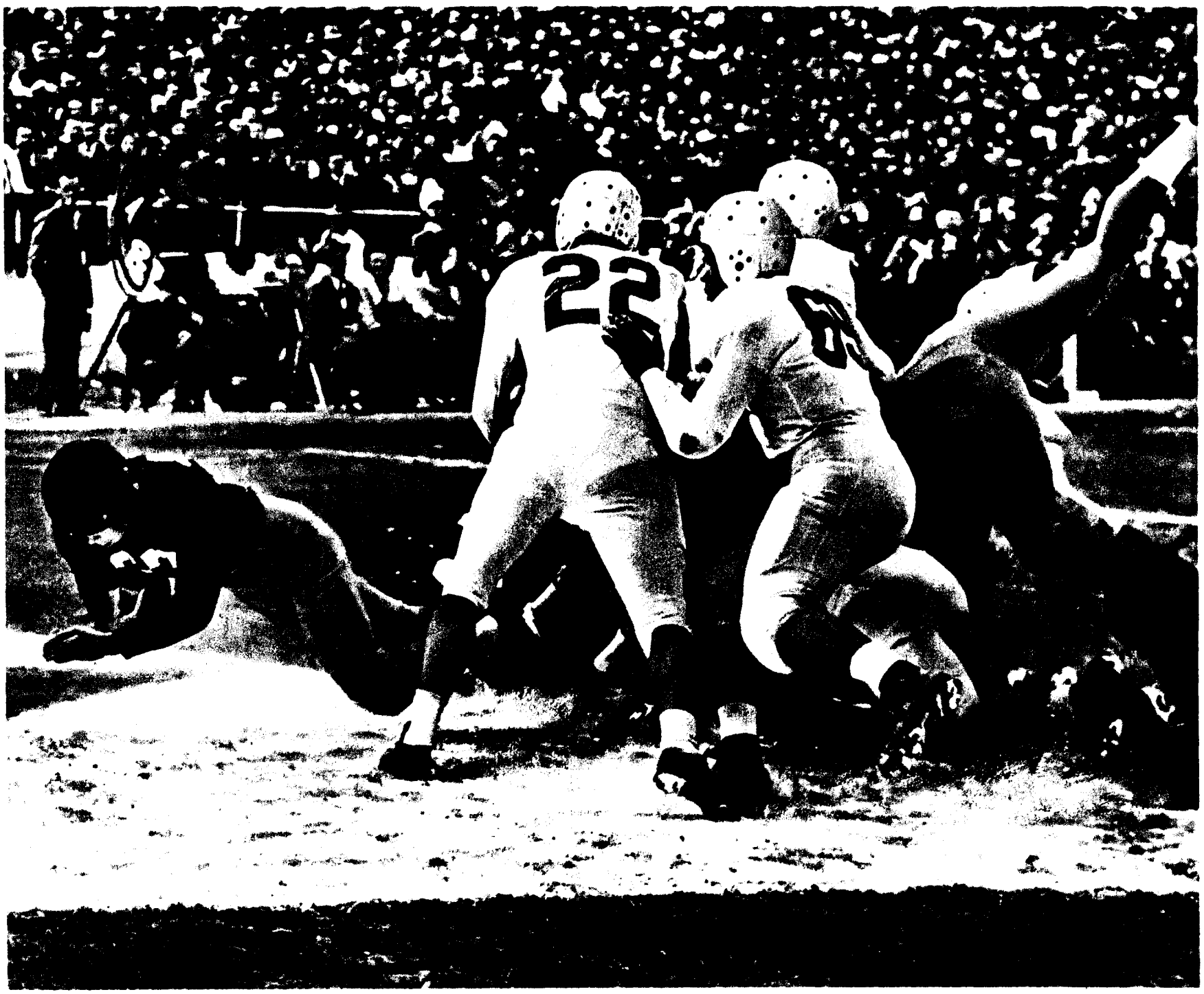
Back of the Year
DOAK WALKER, SMU

Lineman of the Year
LEON HART, Notre Dame

Soph Back of the Year
VIC JANOWICZ, Ohio State

Soph Lineman of the Year
BOB TONEFF, Notre Dame

Coach of the Year
MADISON BELL, SMU



Doak Walker, Wallace's back of the year, smashes through for SMU's first touchdown in their 21-13 Cotton Bowl victory over Oregon on New Year's Day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREVIEW

AT a pep meeting before a big game, an inarticulate tackle, souped-up with emotion, said to the student body, "You guys do the best you can and I'll do the best we can." That's the basic method here; for this 10th edition of my annual Pigskin Prophecy has been distilled from the best guesses of the best minds in football—208 this time—who've been generously helping me for the past decade; and since they can only hang you once, I shoot at every new moon in sight.

This will be a season of continuing stabilization after the wartime dislocations. The G.I.s who flocked back to school in '46 will be en route out as seniors; and, frankly, the coaches are not unhappy about that. (One said, "I've had my bellyful of WPA football.") There is still a shortage of seasoned juniors—the backbone of every squad—and that gap will give opportunity to leftovers and an unusual collection of "hot sophs." The disposition among collegiate officials and alumni is to give the coaches time to build; so the casualty list in this precarious profession has been light, with the heavy pressure off.

The play designers in the coaches' drafting rooms will offer nothing radical this year—merely a further refinement of last season's model T with single-wing accessories. This means that, while the basic T-formation will be more popular than ever, it will be combined with the best features of the single wing, and vice versa. An entirely new system is evolving—one that will emphasize even more speed and passing, with consequent better pass defense and protection for the passer, and which will adapt itself to the talents of the star in the driver's seat. The "brush block" is outmoded. College coaches now speak of the "T with single-wing blocking"; but the pros insist that "brush block" was always a false term.

The pigskin pearl of great price will be the T-quarterback—the combination passer, ball handler and playmaker. Coaches, pushing older men aside to take chances on promising sophomores, employed pro stars in spring practice to give them special tutoring. New stars in this key position on major teams will contribute to upsets in a year especially receptive to such upheavals of form. The gridiron wealth has been well distributed; the race is once again over the "Derby distance," with no guarantee that any of the preseason favorites will not fade in the stretch.

There will be markedly less running of the game from the bench by sending in messengers (in football uniforms) with signals for every play. The Rules Committee put a crimp in that, as well as in the use of "spot specialists," by virtually eliminating free substitution while the clock is running. Coaches and other football filberts are advised to study the rules, which have been recodified for the first time since 1928.

The many changes are mostly technical, but these will be of chief spectator interest: An incompleted pass behind the passer's goal line is no longer a safety; a pass which touches an ineligible receiver is no longer incomplete, but continues in play; a punt into the end zone is no longer an automatic touchback, but can be run out; clipping will be called only when contact is below the waist—a development which should help downfield blocking.

Only 24 coaches plan to substitute by full units; but most hope to substitute in groups and to include their specialists in such groups, which will give the well-stocked mentor an advantage. The rules still heavily favor the offense; and all-out high scoring is also stimulated by such prizes in prospect as bowl games, team championships and individual honors. Some critics, who see a danger in all this, discuss today's game in terms of the "lively ball" and "inflationary touchdowns," and point to the falling pro attendance as a sign that the public is tiring of razzle-dazzle.

College crowds should continue to hold up this year, but athletic directors will be watching television's effect. Fewer games will be televised, chiefly because the sponsors cannot always pay the current asking price. But for the long range, I predict that, by the time video sets come into really general use, the sponsors will also be able to pay. That development will take care of the big schools financially and provide shut-ins and road-shy travelers with football fun, but will hurt the small colleges which cannot compete as attractions. Video will also revolutionize scouting methods.

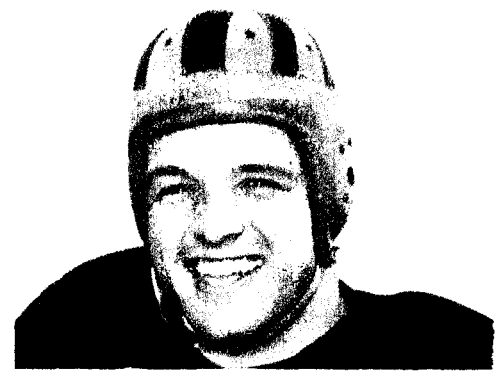
This year, as every so often, I took soundings on the matter of commercialized gambling, which football fears as a leper. It seems to be increasing in the populous sections but is not considered much of a factor in the sparser areas. The sucker "spot cards," however, are spreading everywhere, even into the high schools; and the operators of such usually have lines into every squad. There were no reports of attempted "fixes"; but 21 of my advisers thought the situation "menacing."

Further restrictions will be placed upon wildcat bowl games by the National Collegiate Athletic Association. The Pacific Coast Conference, which allowed Oregon to go to the Cotton Bowl last year, voted to confine future participation to the Rose Bowl. The Southeastern and Southwestern Conferences, which had previously limited their teams to the Sugar, Cotton and Orange Bowls, are adding further restrictions.

There's a cold war being waged along the subsidization front (financial payment to athletes) that has some of the aspects of comic opera. The issue here is strict amateurism versus the realistic principle that a laborer is worthy of his hire, even in football. The N.C.A.A. cops are on the street. The shades are drawn on the college houses and there is a cautious atmosphere of superficial compliance. But the evidence and information from my confidential mail both indicate that the business of bootlegging players goes on just about as usual. And something like a *reductio ad absurdum* was achieved on the Pacific Coast last June when the athletic directors of this conference, which prides itself upon being stricter than the N.C.A.A., again solemnly fined themselves for breaking their own rules.

The N.C.A.A. has cited a score of unnamed schools, set a penitential deadline, exercised tentative schedule

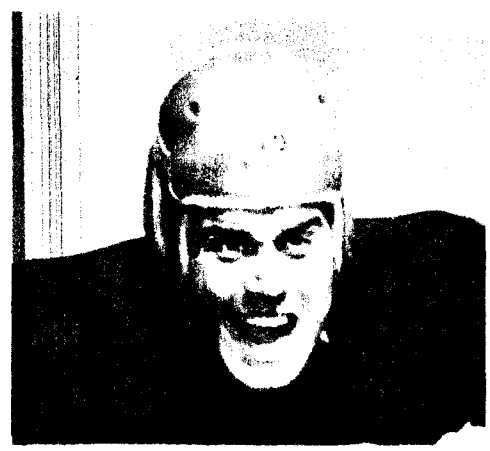
[illegible] Owens, Oklahoma



Leon Hart, Notre Dame, End

Al Wistert, Michigan, Tackle

Howard Houston, Harvard, Tackle

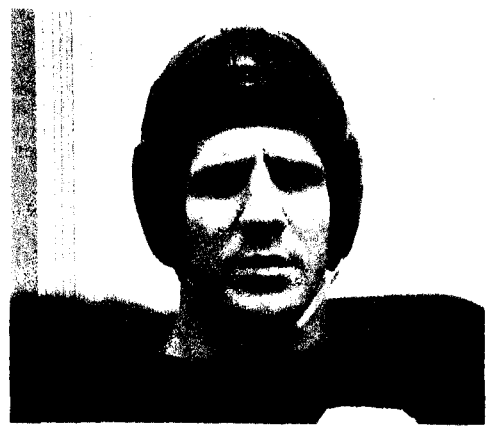


Leo Nomellini, Minnesota, Guard

Jimmy Crawford, Mississippi, Guard

Clayton Tonnemaker, Minnesota, Center

Charlie Justice, North Carolina, Back



Art Murakowski, Northwestern, Back

Eddie Price, Tulane, Back

Sectional stars and team ratings on next two pages

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Teams and Players Wallace

pressure and threatened expulsion at the next January meeting for continuing violations. The three Southern conferences are coming to that same meeting with demands for a "workable code." Fireworks are indicated—but don't get your blood pressure up. During all these alarums, the N.C.A.A. also quietly voted to permit certain limited "scholarships for athletes with high scholastic standing." This does begin to put the emphasis where it really belongs, on scholarship; but it is also a significant retreat from traditional position. So I predict: There will be no "Gridiron Civil War"; and while the "amateur" hair shirt is being worn tighter than ever at the moment, it is definitely en route to the limbo of outmoded styles.

That just about cleans up the preliminaries—so let's get into our copyrighted fun of playing the season through before it begins.

The ratings are based on all games to be played. The first flight includes the championship contenders; those in the second *might* come through; those in the third *could*, and sometimes do. All are picked in the order named but the shadings are often very light. Severity of schedules and general team class are considered, which explains why a school with a better forecast is sometimes lower placed. Where records on some of the minor teams are not included, complete information was not available.

Last year's novelty was an attempt to pick the number of games each team would win and lose. It worked out well enough—a few on the nose, the majority within one or two games, seven wide misses. I also had the two top teams (although they were reversed), six of the first 10, back of the year, lineman of the year—and plenty putrid picks, all of which I'll face as we reach the various departments. But remember, please, it's all in fun and no guarantees. Injuries, weather, missed blocks, tackles and signals, fingertip passes, love trouble, and even indigestion can make any preseason prognosticator look silly.

Last year I averaged three of the top four squads in each section and had the first two in five of the eight sections. (That was *last* year, folks.)

As for the tricky task of drawing the All-Americas from the multitudes, it has been my previous custom to name three teams. Last year five of my first 11 and three from my second 11 made the consensus first team. Seven of my first 11 and six of my second made various first teams. Ten of my first 11 and 17 of my first 22 made first or second teams. This time I give you my guess on the boys *most likely to be selected* by the coaches at season's end for Collier's 60th Annual All-America eleven—and the remainder of the squad from which they will be picked. From this list, you yourself can select the second and third teams; for the boys are ranked in the order named.

When all these things are settled, it comes naturally to predict the 20 teams which will top the press polls at

First Flight
Cornell 9-0 Army 8-1
Second Flight
Dartmouth 7-1 Penn State 7-2
Boston College 6-3
Third Flight
Harvard 6-3 Princeton 6-3
Penn 5-3 Navy 4-5 Yale 6-3
Holy Cross 7-3 Brown 7-2
Fourth Flight
Columbia 3-6 Colgate 4-4
Boston U. 7-1 Rutgers 7-2
Villanova 6-3 Syracuse 4-5
W. Va. 7-4 St. Bonaventure 7-1
Fordham 5-3 Lafayette 7-2
Temple 3-6 Georgetown 3-6
Duquesne 3-6
Fifth Flight
Lehigh 6-3 Muhlenberg 6-4
New York U. 4-5 Gettysburg 3-6
Bucknell 3-5 Delaware
Scranton Wash-Jeff Carnegie
New England
Wesleyan 8-0 New Hampshire 4-4
Maine 3-4 Bowdoin 5-2 Trinity
Williams Springfield Amherst 5-3
Massachusetts 6-3 Vermont
Middlebury Tufts Bates

STARS

BACKS: (Numbers indicate votes received.) Clayton 77 (Dart.); Rogel 61 (Penn St.); Sella 52 (Prince.); Galiffa 49 (Army); Jackson 48 (Yale); Miller 47 (Corn.); Fleischmann 39 (Corn.); Custis 36 (Syr.); Stephenson 33 (Army); Dooney 29 (Penn); Moffie 20 (Harv.); Songin 17 (BC); Chollet 17 (Corn.); Fitkin 19 (Dart.); Deuber 14 (Penn); Walthall 15 (W. Va.); Nadherny 11 (Yale); Diminick 12 (BC); Allaire (Colg.); Egler (Colg.); Hering (Rutg.); Kozak (Brown); Carey (Dart.); Drazenovich (Penn St.); Allison (Navy); Pasquariello (Villa.); Chandler (Prince.); Palladino (BC).

NEW ENGLAND BACKS: Mather (NH); Rosse and Saulter (Bowd.); Medd (Wesl.); Duffield (Wms.); Konkiewicz (Tri.); Doliner (Tufts).

LINEMEN: Houston 53 (t-g) Harv.; Stautner 34 (t) BC; Clark 23 (t) Corn.; Davis 21 (c) Colg.; Young 22 (g) Dart.; Schweder 21 (g) Penn.; Lemonick 19 (g) Penn.; Foldberg 17 (e) Army; Hatchett 16 (e) Rutg.; Norton 11 (t) Penn St.; Fiacco 10 (g) Syr.; Agocs (e) Penn.; Spinney (e) BC; Donan (t) Prince.; DeTorre (t) Penn.; Deffley (c) HC; Hodash (g), Walters (t) and Mahoney (e) Brown; Jaso (g) Corn.; Rowe (e) Dart.; Frank (g) Yale; Pierik (c) Corn.; Barrett (g) BU; Drazenovich (g) Penn St.; Sandusky (t) Villa.; Kelleher (e) and Beaulieu (g) HC; Stuvek (t) W. Va.; Donovan (t) BC.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Agganis 12 (BU); Spears 7 (Yale); Gallo 5 (HC); Hauff, Zastrow and Sorrentino (Navy); Lowenstein (Harv.); Calvo (Corn.); Massucco (HC); Coletta (Villa.); Kirk (Corn.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Sweeny (t) HC; Ravreby (e) Harv.; Mackso (t) Brown; Cousineau (e) BC; Tetreault (t), Bryson (c) and Bakke (e) Navy; Chipouras (g) and Pujo (e) Corn.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
James (Corn.); McLaughry (Dart.); Valpey (Harv.); Caldwell (Prince.); Sauer (Navy); Osmanski (HC); Daniels (Wesl.).

First Flight
N. Car. U. 8-2 Wake Forest 6-3
Second Flight
Clemson 6-3 Duke 6-3
Wm. & Mary 7-3 Maryland 7-2
Third Flight
N. Car. State 5-5 S. Car. 4-6
Virginia 6-3 G. Washington 4-5
Washington & Lee 5-4
VMI 5-4 Va. Tech 2-7 Richmond
Furman Davidson Citadel

STARS

BACKS: Justice 92 (NCU); Cloud 31 (W&M); Gregus 21 (WF); Mathews 21 (Clem.); Friedlund 19 (Duke); Davis 18 (GW); Papit 13 (Va.); Wadiak 11 (SC); Cox (Duke); Strickland (SC); Cone (Clem.); Wingo (VT); Leister (W&L); Tucker (Md.).

LINEMEN: Weiner 23 (e) NCU; Allen 23 (t) Duke; Creekmur 17 (t) W&M; O'Quinn 17 (e) WF; Ward 10 (g) Md.; Krouse 10 (t) Md.; Watts (g) NCS; Wilson (t) SC; George (t) WF; Cicia (g) WF; Holdash (c) NCU; Ittner (c) VT; Conard (g) W&L; Eborn (t) Davidson; Saunders (c) NCS; Moore (c) Clem.; Ragazzo (e) W&M.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Modzelewski (Md.); Smith (WF); Boyle (SC); Wiess (NCU); Thompson (Clem.); Davis (WF); Wild (Duke); Lesane (Va.); Bocetti (W&L); Woodlee (SC); Weber (W&M); Ruffin (NCU).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Kuhn (t) NCU; Dudeck (g) NCU; Trammell (e) W&L; Petree (e) VMI; Filer (c) W&M; O'Brien (e) NCU; Duncan (e) WF; Gonier (t) W&M.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Snavely (NCU); Walker (WF); Howard (Clem.); Wade (Duke); McCray (W&M); Tatum (Md.).

First Flight
BEST: Tulane 9-1
Tennessee 9-1 Mississippi U. 9-1
Vanderbilt 8-2
Second Flight
Ga. 9-2 Ga. Tech 7-3 Alabama 7-3
Third Flight
Florida 6-4 Kentucky 7-4 LSU 5-5
Auburn 1-8 Miss. St. 1-8 Miami 4-5

STARS

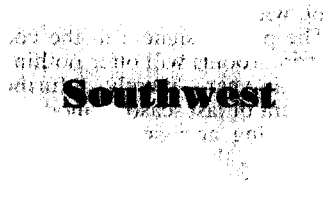
BACKS: Price 112 (Tul.); Hunsinger 93 (Fla.); Salem 28 (Bama); Rich 28 (Vandy); Dottley 19 (Miss. U.); Littleford 14 (Tenn.); McCoy 15 (Ga. Tech); Nalley 12 (Vandy); Davidson (Vandy); Avinger (Bama); Svoboda and Ernst (Tul.); Cox (Fla.); Southard (Ga. Tech); Toth (LSU); Tidwell (Aub.); Nixon and Tillitski (Ga.); I. Berry (Vandy); Campbell (Miami).

LINEMEN: Lea 83 (t) Tul.; Gain 52 (t) Ky.; Crawford 45 (g) Miss. U.; Doyle 23 (g) Tul.; Harvin 22 (e) Ga. Tech; Meseroll 19 (t) Tenn.; Payne 18 (g) Ga.; Copp 15 (t) Vandy; Vugrin 14 (g) Tenn.; Sheffield 14 (e) Tul.; Farragut 12 (c) Miss. U.; Lyle 11 (e) LSU; Kynes 10 (c) Fla.; Stribling (e) Miss. U.; Holdnak (g) Bama; Dempsey (t) Fla.; Bossons (c) Ga. Tech; O'Sullivan (c) Bama; Ulinski (c) Ky.; Stroud (t) Tenn.; Dale (t) Miss. U.; Steiner and White (e) Bama; E. Curtis (e) Vandy; Lorendo (e) Ga.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Roddam (Bama); Payne, Rechichar, Lauricella and Polofsky (Tenn.); Wade (Vandy); Cook (Ga.); Crawford (Ga. Tech); Hedges (LSU); Parilli (Ky.); Bradley, Puckett, Byrd and Boykin (Miss. U.); Nihart (Tul.); Tucker (Aub.); Wilson (Bama); Thompson (Ga. Tech).

SOPH. LINE.: Beck (g) Ga. Tech; Jasper (c) and Daffer (g) Tenn.; Potter (t) LSU; Watson (g) Miss. U.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Frnka (Tul.); Neyland (Tenn.); Butts (Ga.); Vaught (Miss. U.); Edwards (Vandy)



First Flight
BEST: Southern Methodist 9-1
Texas 8-2 Texas Christian 8-2
Rice 7-3 Baylor 7-3
Arkansas 5-5 Texas A&M 3-7
Border
Texas Tech 7-4 Hardin-Simmons
North Texas State Texas Mines
Arizona U. 5-5 New Mexico U.
Tempe 6-3 West Texas State
Flagstaff 5-3 New Mexico Aggies

STARS

BACKS: Walker 111 (SMU); K. Rote 86 (SMU); Berry 26 (TCU); Borneman 23 (Texas); Campbell 18 (Ark.); T. Rote 10 (Rice); McKissack (SMU); Parker (Baylor); Davis (H-S); White (Tempe); Lantrip (Rice); Burk (Baylor); Goff (Texas A&M); Parks (Ark.); Lee and Clay (Texas); Stell (New Mex.); Hall and Wolgast (Ariz.).

LINEMEN: Watson 66 (c) Rice; Kilman 28 (g-t) TCU; McFadin 26 (g) Texas; F. Williams 22 (e) Rice; Rowan (c) Texas; Flowers (c) Texas A&M; Lunney (t) Ark.; Stone (g) Baylor; Vann (t) SMU; Hillhouse (e) Texas A&M; Bailey (e) TCU; Roberts (g) Ark.; Stone (e) Texas; Folsom (e) and Collier (t) SMU; Ison (e) Baylor; Marable (t) TCU; Hix (e) Ark; Schmidt (t) Tempe.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Lippman (Texas A&M); Townsend (Texas); Knight and Stollenwerck (SMU); Morton and Bartosh (TCU); Burkhalter and Riggs (Rice); Rinehart (Ark.); Blythe (Baylor); Smith (Texas A&M); Benners (SMU); Medanich (TCU).

SOPH. LINE.: P. Williams (e) Texas; Hightower (c) SMU; Howton (e) Rice; S. Williams (e) Baylor; Fischel (e) and F. Williams (t) Ark; Dowden (t) Baylor; Price (t) Texas Tech; Casner (t) Baylor.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Bell (SMU); Meyer (TCU); and Cherry (Texas).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puts on His 1949 Map

season's end. Last year, in addition to the two top squads and six of the first 10, I had 10 of the final 20. (Who cares about the funny bounces? I do.)

Okay—we're away—on the good ship Pick-and-Hope, beginning with the East which is always hardest to unscramble because it has so many teams in widely varied categories.

East

Cornell popped out of the third flight last year, to embarrass me and probably surprise itself, when a fine collection of sophomores, led by Jeff Fleischmann and Frank "Moose" Miller, played with a winning spirit and victory poise unusual in men playing varsity ball for the first time. They are all back with added experience, plus more good sophs; and they don't have to meet Army, the only school which beat them last year. So it's "Cornell, I yell" in the East and the Ivy League.

Army's situation illustrates the importance of schedules. The Cadets will have another fine squad, led by Arnold Galiffa, one of the best of the T-quarterbacks. They will rank in the East with Cornell; but the Black Knights must also quest to Ann Arbor for a joust with the Michigan magic which has baffled all opponents for the last 23 games.

Dartmouth will be dangerous, fortified by Tuss McLaughry's always excellent coaching, and led by John Clayton—a master faker, passer and playmaker. But the Indians lost the left side of their line, have few good sophs coming up, and will be skimpy in reserves—a fatal defect in these days.

Penn State, where genial Bob Higgins has retired and his assistant Joe Bedenk has taken over, will have one of those "Go or Don't Go" senior teams, bulwarked by Fran Rogel.

Boston College with Ed Songin, an impressive 200-pound passer, leading

(Continued on page 53)

Missouri Valley

First Flight

BEST: Oklahoma U. 10-0

Missouri 7-3 Kansas U. 7-3
Oklahoma A&M 6-4

Second Flight

Nebraska 4-5 Iowa State 4-5
Colorado U. 4-5 Tulsa 4-6
Drake Kansas State 2-8
Wichita 5-5 St. Louis
Washington U. 5-4

STARS

BACKS: Royal 29 (Okla. U.); Griffith 25 (Kansas U.); Thomas 17, Heath 10, Pearson 10 (Okla. U.); Braznell, Ghnouly (Mo.); Gilman and French (Kansas U.); Hackney (Kansas St.); Hartman (Okla. A&M); Ferguson and Nagle (Neb.); Narcisian (Col. U.); Halbert (Iowa St.); Nutter and Morrison (Wich.); Handke (Drake); Miller (Col. U.); Modrcin and Amberg (Kansas U.).

LINEMEN: Walker 30 (t) Okla. U.; Fuchs 24 (c) Mo.; Novak 19 (c) Neb.; Owens 18 (e) Okla. U.; Tomlinson 15 (g) Kansas U.; Meisenheimer (g) Okla A&M; McNabb (g) Okla. U.; Toogood (t) Neb.; West (g) Okla. U.; Bienemann (e) Drake; Pudlick (e) Col. U.; Laun (e) Iowa St.; DeRoin (c) Okla. A&M; Prather (e) Kansas St.; Pepper (g) Mo.; Damkroger (e) Neb.; Thompson (t) Col. U.; Scholfield (t) Mo.

SOPHOMORES: Dickerson (b) Tulsa; Bogue (b) Kansas U.; Grabko (b) Okla. A&M; Weatherall (t) Okla. U.; Silva (b) Okla. U.; Henley (b) Mo.; Faubion (b) O'Connor (b) Kansas St.; Hunt (g) Wich.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidate

Wilkinson (Okla. U.).

Rocky Mountain

First Flight

Utah U. 8-2 Denver 8-2

Second Flight

Col. A&M 7-3 Wyoming 6-4
Utah State 5-5 Brigham Young
Col. State Col. College 5-4
Colorado Mines 3-6

STARS

BACKS: Talboom (Wyo.); Van Noy (Utah St.); Pavich and Parise (Denver); Allen and Anderson (Utah); Hanna (Col. A&M); Jones (Wyo.); Orr (Adams St.).

LINEMEN: McGraw (t) Col. A&M; Taucher (c) Wyo.; Schwab (t) and Hansen (e) Utah St.; Tangaro (t) and Nalder (g) Utah; Dodrill (g) Col. A&M; Westbay (t) and Ellis (t) Denver.

SOPHOMORES: Etcheverry (b) Denver; Gardner (c) Utah.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Armstrong (Utah); Baker (Denver).

Middle West

First Flight

BEST: Notre Dame 10-0

CONFERENCE CHAMPION
Michigan 8-1

Northwestern 8-1 Minnesota 7-2
Ohio State 6-3 Michigan State 7-2

Second Flight

Illinois 6-3 Purdue 5-4
Iowa 5-4 Pitt 6-3 Wisconsin 3-6
Indiana 2-7 Detroit 7-2
Marquette 4-5

Third Flight

Dayton Miami Cincinnati
Ohio U. Xavier John Carroll
Bowling Green Youngstown
Kent Baldwin-Wallace
Western Michigan Butler
Western Reserve Dennison

STARS

BACKS: (Numbers after names of leading candidates indicate votes received.) Murakowski 118 (NW); Szulborski 95 (Purdue); Ortmann 78 (Mich.); Sitko 73 (ND); Kocesski 24 (Mich.); Chandnois 23 (Mich. St.); Krall 21 (Ohio); Williams 18 (ND); Gay 15 (ND); Steger 13 (Ill.); Bye 10 (Minn.); Miller and Tunnicliff (NW); Krueger (Ill.); Gorgal, Adams and Hartman (Purdue); Kempthorn (Mich.); Burson (NW).

LINEMEN: Nomellini 154 (g-t) Minn.; Hart 107 (e) ND; Wistert 75 (t) Mich.; Tonnemaker 57 (c) Minn.; Wilson 34 (c) Wisc.; Martin 20 (t-e) ND; Lininger 19 (c) Ohio; O'Hanlon 15 (t) Ohio; Mason 12 (g) Mich. St.; Zuravleff 11 (e) NW; Wietecha (c) NW; Carnaghi (c) Beletic (t) and Karras (t) Purdue; Bagdon (g) Mich. St.; Levanti (c) Ill.; Groom (c) ND; Day (g) NW; Banks (g) Iowa; Grant (e) Minn.; Dittmer (e) Iowa; Allis (e) Mich.; Winslow (t) Iowa; Erben (c) Mich.; Kersulis (e) Ill.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Janowicz 16 (Ohio St.); Clark 7 (Ill.); Athan 5 (NW); Barrett 5 (ND); Hudak (Minn.); Riley and Reichardt (Iowa); Karras (Ill.); Putich (Mich.); Robertson and Marshall (Ind.); Skowron (Purdue); Petitbon and Gander (ND); Ciolek (Mich. St.); Hamilton (Ohio St.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Toneff (t) ND; Burns (g) ND; Johnson (t) Mich.; Rancic (t) Wisc.; Coleman (t) Mich. St.; Johnston (t) Iowa; Ulrich (t) Ill.; Mutscheller (e) ND.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Voigts (NW); Fesler (Ohio); Eliot (Ill.); Bierman (Minn.); Munn (Mich. St.); Holcomb (Purdue); Milligan (Pitt).

Pacific Coast

First Flight

Southern Cal. 8-1 California 8-2
Oregon U. 8-2

Second Flight

Stanford 7-3 Santa Clara 8-2
UCLA 4-5 Washington U. 4-5
Oregon State 5-5
Washington State 4-5

Third Flight

Nevada 9-1 St. Mary's 6-4
Idaho 3-5 College of Pacific 9-2
San Francisco U. 5-5
Montana U. 4-5 Loyola 4-6

STARS

BACKS: (Numbers after names of leading candidates indicate votes received.) Haynes 37 (S. Clara); Johnson 25 (UCLA); Swaner 20 (Cal); Martin 18 (So. Cal); LeBaron 17 (COP); Bell (Ore. U.); R. White (Stan.); Lewis and Stelle (Ore. U.); Carpenter (Ore. St.); Powers (So. Cal); Paul and Cross (Wash. St.); Jarvis (St. Mary's); Sanders (Ore. U.); Osborne (Nev.); Brogan and Mays (Idaho).

LINEMEN: Franz 80 (g) Cal; Stillwell 24 (e) So. Cal; Sterling 23 (g) S. Clara; G. White 20 (t) Stan.; McLaughlin 19 (c) UCLA; Williams 18 (e) S. Clara; Polsfoot 18 (e) Wash. St.; Payne (t) S. Clara; Cunningham (e) Cal; Kiilsgaard (t) Idaho; Turner (t) Cal; Peters (t) So. Cal; Pastre (t) and Nikcevich (g) UCLA; Chrobot (g) and Meland (g) Ore. U.; Eaton (g) UCLA; Hachten (c) McMurtry (g) Bird (t) So. Cal; Rau (t) Rose (e) Stan.; Robinson (e) Gibson (c) Ore. U.; Leon (t) Nev.; DeSylvia (g) Ore. St.; Bayer (t) Wash.; Beasley (g) and Johnson (t) St. Mary's; Torgerson (c) Wash. St.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: McElhenny (Wash. U.); Heinrich (Wash. U.); Kerkorian (Stan.); Fell (Ore. U.); Duff (So. Cal); Matson (USF); Roffler (Wash. St.); Horn and Hugasian (Stan.); Fouch and Bowers (So. Cal); Dung and Rasmussen (S. Clara); Klosterman (Loy.); Galloway (Wash. St.); Christian (Idaho).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: McColl (e) Stan.; Baldock (e) So. Cal; Thomas (e) Ore. St.; Richter (c) Cal; Reiger (g) Wash. St.; Patrick (c) Ore. U.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Cravath (So. Cal); Waldorf (Cal); Aiken (Ore. U.); Schwartz (Stan.); Casanova (S. Clara); Sanders (UCLA); Verducci (St. Mary's).

Bowl Prospects

Rose Bowl
SO. CAL vs. MINNESOTA
Sugar Bowl
OKLA. vs. TULANE
Cotton Bowl
SMU vs. TENNESSEE
Orange Bowl
MISS. vs. N. CAROLINA U.

Top Twenty Teams

National Champion: **NOTRE DAME 10-0**

2.	OKLAHOMA U.	10-0	12.	DARTMOUTH	7-1
3.	CORNELL	9-0	13.	MINNESOTA	8-2
4.	MICHIGAN	8-1	14.	CALIFORNIA	8-2
5.	TULANE	9-1	15.	VANDERBILT	8-2
6.	SO. METHODIST	9-1	16.	NORTH CAROLINA U.	8-2
7.	NORTHWESTERN	8-1	17.	MICHIGAN STATE	7-2
8.	ARMY	8-1	18.	GEORGIA	9-2
9.	SO. CALIFORNIA	8-1	19.	TEXAS	8-2
10.	TENNESSEE	9-1	20.	OREGON	8-2
11.	MISSISSIPPI U.	9-1			

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. AND MRS. JERROLD had been quarreling again. It was not very apparent now as they lay, side by side, on a wide green chaise on the lawn in back of their small house in Ridgefield. Ann Jerrold had just asked her husband for the sun-tan oil, and he had handed it to her; quite impersonally; he had even rubbed some of it on her shoulder.

"Fred," she said, her eyes half shut against the glittering sunlight, "I keep saying this over and over, but after all, Van *is* my boss, and you know he's been more than good to me. I simply can't offend him, without reason, even though I don't want to go to his party without you."

He said slowly, "I hate to sound as if I'm making a production out of my going away this time, because it's only for a few weeks, but tonight's the night before I leave. I was thinking we might do something by ourselves." When she sighed without answering, he said, "Won't you change your mind?"

She turned her head away. "I can't now, Fred. I've promised."

"You might have consulted me," he said mildly.

"You've never refused Van's invitations before. And especially when he said it was a kind of going-away party for you, and I had already told him we weren't doing anything. It seemed very rude to say then that we couldn't make it."

"Your boss Van is too interested in giving me a going-away party. Did you tell him I'd only be in Italy three weeks?" he said. "Do you think he'd give me a welcome-home party instead?"

"No wonder we're always quarreling," she said angrily. "You and your innuendoes."

"I'm just speculating," he said, and stood up and went toward the house.

She waited on the chaise until he had had time to change into his sun-tans, much faded now, and a T-shirt, and emerge again with his prewar bag of clubs to keep his golf appointment with Wayne. She went around to the driveway and pulled abstractedly at a brown flower head while he backed the car out. He stopped beside her, and she leaned against the car door.

"If you'll come home a little earlier I'll fix you some supper," she said.

"Thanks," he said politely, "but I think I can manage. And if I can't boil an egg or slice some cheese I can always run down to the hotel."

"You'll go to all that trouble," she said, "but you won't put yourself out a little and come with me to Van's."

"Since I don't particularly like Van," he said, "I don't think it's right for me to go to his parties."

"That remark sounds as silly this afternoon as it did last night," she said. "All right, then; I'll go by myself. And I'll try to think of some excuse to make for you."

"Please don't make any excuses for me," he said quietly. "I'd appreciate it very much if you wouldn't." He backed the car swiftly off the driveway into the road, taking the turn sharply, and then shot off furiously.

She watched him from the driveway, feeling the increasingly familiar sensation of resentment pressing leadenly in her throat. The house seemed strangely deserted with Patty away in camp and Bernice away on her odd-Sunday out; aimlessly she went into the kitchen, and then decided to fix a salad for Fred's supper.

He was grateful enough to Van for giving me the job when he went into the Army, so I could keep the house with Patty and me in it, she thought. I just can't overlook my obligation to Van now, not when he's been so nice to me; and, after all, we are old friends. She wondered if Fred weren't actually jealous, and couldn't help smiling; the idea was flattering, considering they'd been married eight years and had a six-year-old daughter. In a rush of tenderness she hunted assiduously through the pantry shelves for some anchovies to cut into the salad, because Fred liked them.

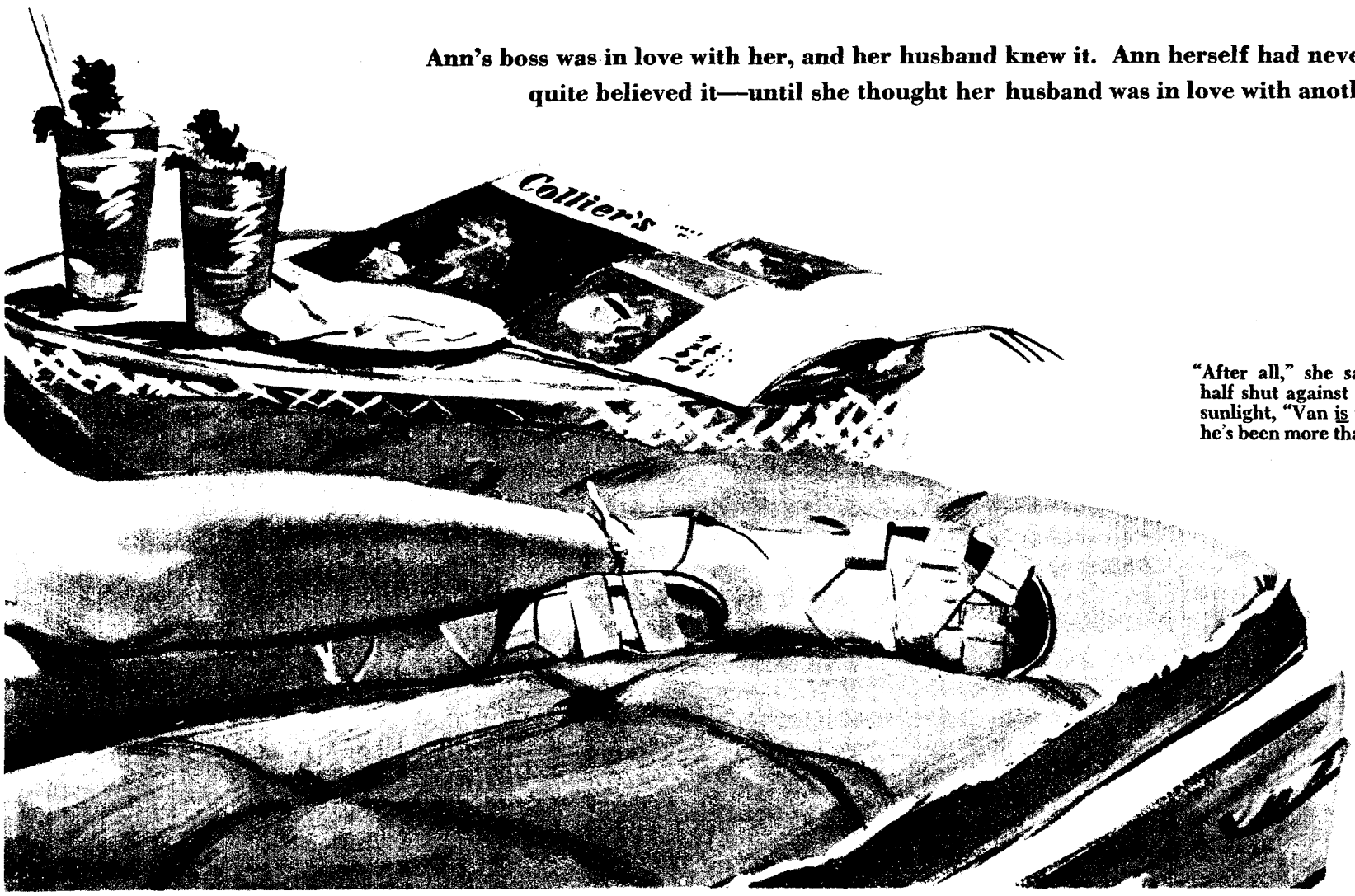
And she lingered, on the chance that he might come home early, until she was quite late herself,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Change of HEART

By ETHEL EDISON GORDON

Ann's boss was in love with her, and her husband knew it. Ann herself had never quite believed it—until she thought her husband was in love with another woman



"After all," she said, her eyes half shut against the glittering sunlight, "Van is my boss, and he's been more than good to me"

and then she set off down the road to Van's house, feeling unreasonably aggrieved and as disappointed as a child.

A well-known actress and the editor of a fashion magazine were at Van's house, and the dinner was served on Van's huge, screened terrace and lighted by candles under crystal globes. Van said he would try to make up for Fred's absence and so he kept Ann near him all evening. She could not help being gratified; Van *was* president of Parran Frères, and actually he need not have been as good a friend as he was just because his father and hers had been classmates at Williams and neighbors nearly all their lives. Afterward, when Van drove her home, he took her hand, but only for a moment and lightly, and told her that she had been the prettiest woman there, even counting Mary Forrest. She felt quite triumphant hurrying up her walk.

There was a light in the bedroom, and she ran upstairs immediately. Fred's valise was open on the rug and he was rolling up socks in balls to stuff into the spare pair of shoes; she stared at him, dumfounded, until he looked up and said casually, "I don't see why you should seem so stricken. I'm only packing tonight instead of waiting for tomorrow."

Flatly she said, "Oh," and then she unbuttoned her jacket and lay down across the bed, leaning over the edge to watch him. "For a moment I figured you were so impatient to leave that you might be going tonight."

"Would you be very put out?" he asked, and without giving her time to reply, continued, "Which reminds me. Did you have a good time?"

"A wonderful time," she said. "Mary Forrest was there in an Adrian dress, which of course would mean nothing to you, and Van really does things up right. I'm full of the most sumptuous food," she said, and when she caught his look fixed on her appraisingly, and somewhat absently, she said, "Don't try to make me feel selfish. You might have come instead of sulking here alone. I'm afraid my explanations sounded a little lame, although they were truer than I thought," she said, glancing down at the packed valise. "I said you had to get your things ready. I didn't expect that's what you'd be doing."

"I was thinking of driving up to camp early tomorrow and seeing Patty before I go. I packed so I'd be ready to leave."

She said, "But you'll be terribly tired, Fred."

"I can sleep on the plane." Without raising his head, he said diffidently, "Of course you couldn't manage to come with me."

"Now you're really trying to make me feel mean," she said bitterly, sitting up. "You know I can't get away just like that."

"I know," he said. "Don't worry about it. It was a token question."

"It's perfectly all right for your job to take you away from me so often," she said. "But my job can't interfere with *your* plans."

"There must be a difference somewhere," he said. "Maybe it's that I have to work. You only prefer to."

"If that's so, it's not my fault," she cried. "If I hadn't had to find a job when the war came along I might never have discovered I'd like it, or be successful at it."

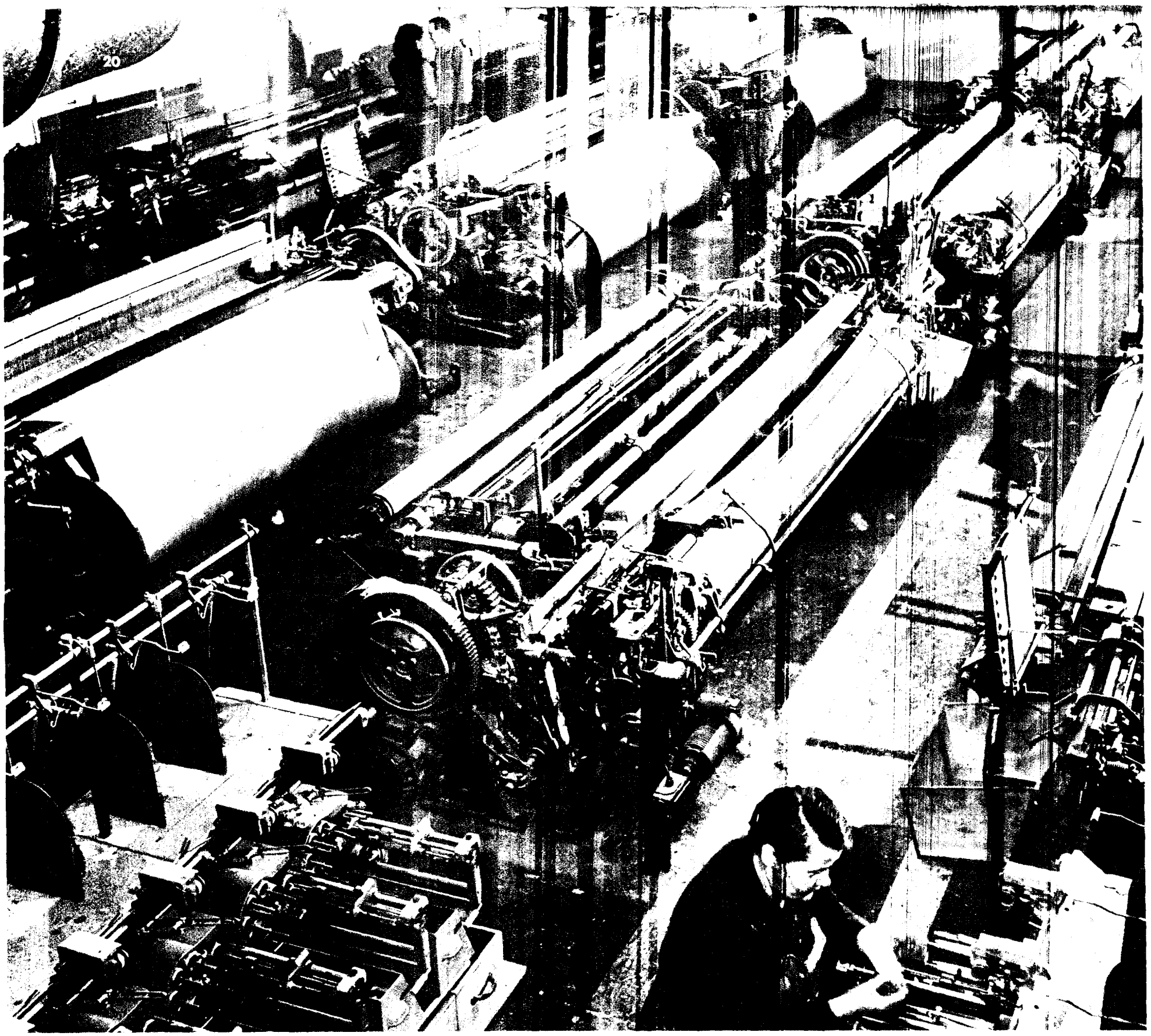
"Honestly," he said, "I didn't want the war either just so I could go off and have you work for a living."

"I didn't *say* I blamed you," she said. "You're blaming me."

He hesitated. "Ann, let's quit this nonsense, all this talk about blame," he said. "That's not the point. I want you to do what you like, and that's the truth," he said, rubbing his shoe against a worn corner of the valise, "but I'll admit it's been bothering me to feel that I'm out of the picture where you're concerned, Ann. All our time together seems to be taken up with your job, and the places you have to go. We're always running around with people you have to meet, because of the job. It seems as if *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EUCLID SHOOK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Encouraged by Marshall Plan aid, a French textile manufacturer in the Vosges area has replaced his war-destroyed plant with modern workshops

FOUR FRIENDS ABROAD

Étienne, Le[illegible], Jean

By W. B. COURTNEY

LIVE and indignant brook trout wriggled in the Frenchman's fist. "Half a kilo if it's a gram!" he exclaimed. He put the fish back into his leather water bucket. Then, with a sly twinkle, he said, "One might truly, I think, call it a Marshall Plan trout!"

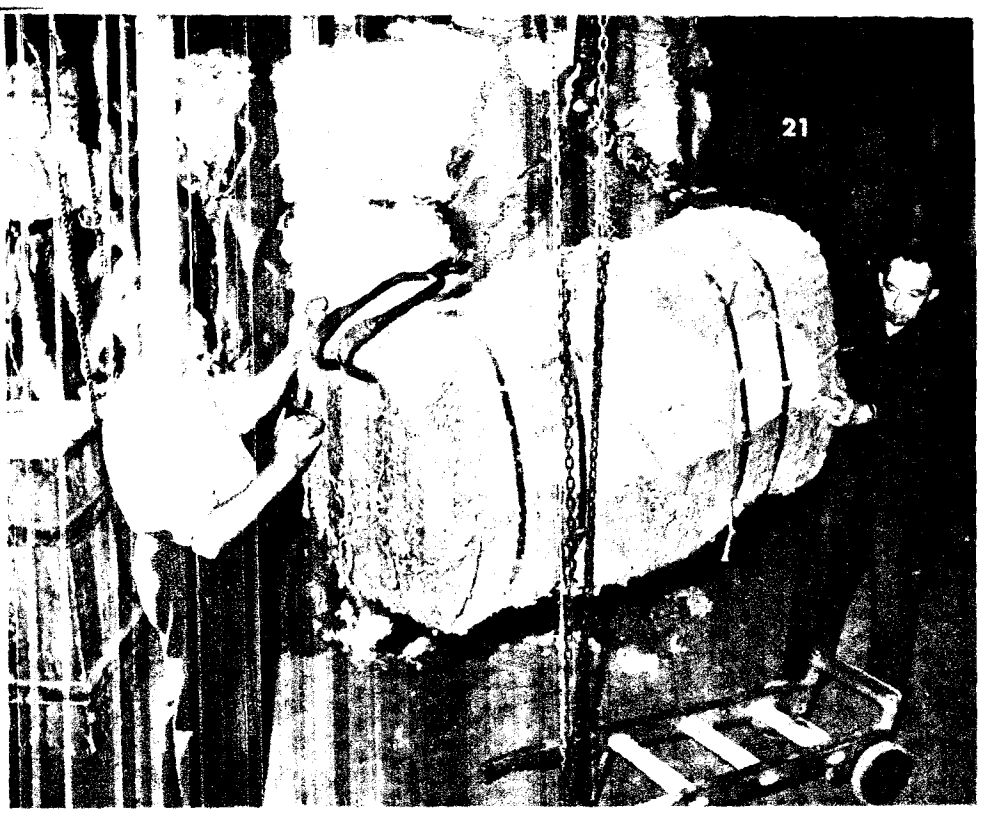
His name was Étienne—Étienne Ringen. We had met him on the stubbled-meadow summit of the Ballon d'Alsace after driving up through a wilderness of untouched forests which had been a Maquis haunt during the war. Below lay the whole craggy land of eastern France. It is an area once familiar to scores of thousands of Yank airmen—and is probably still remembered in their nightmares. It is also an area embracing a key zone of Marshall Plan aid to the farms, roads, homes, mills and forests of France.

We hadn't noticed Étienne at first. He was sitting quietly at the roadside, eying the automobile and listening to us.

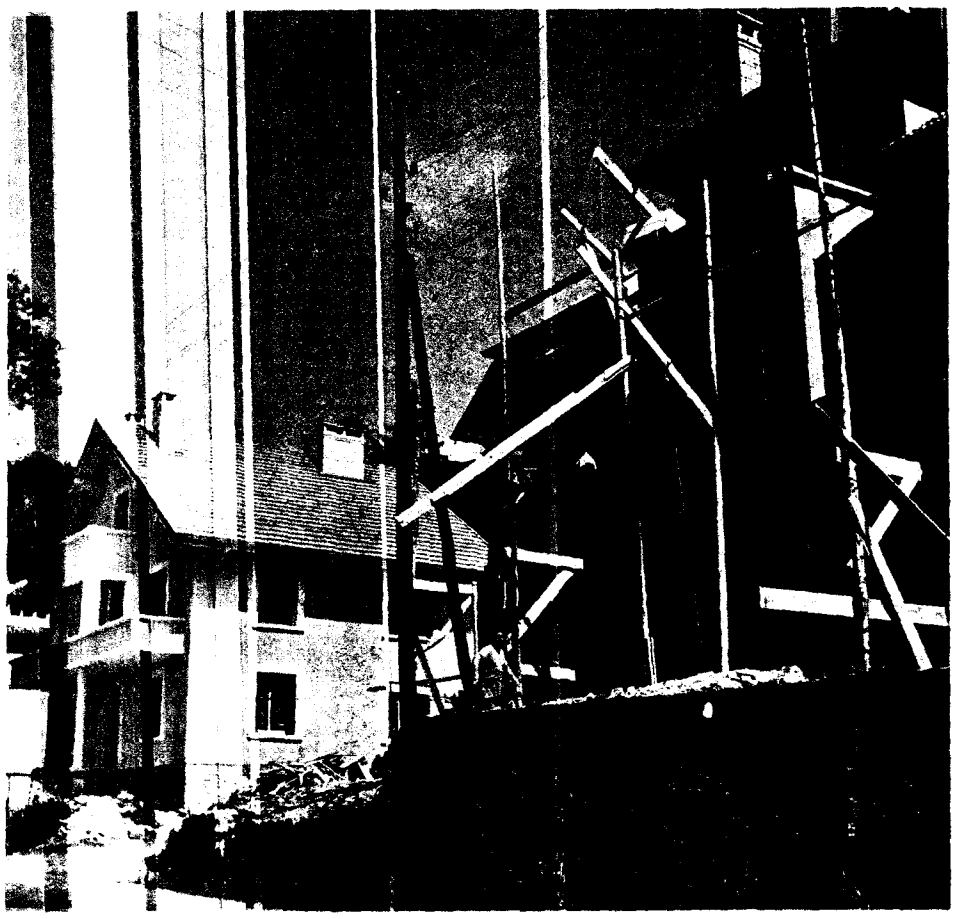
"*Américains?*" he cried, all friendly curiosity and eagerness to chat. Yes, he was going our way; he lived at the foot of the mountain. It was then, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

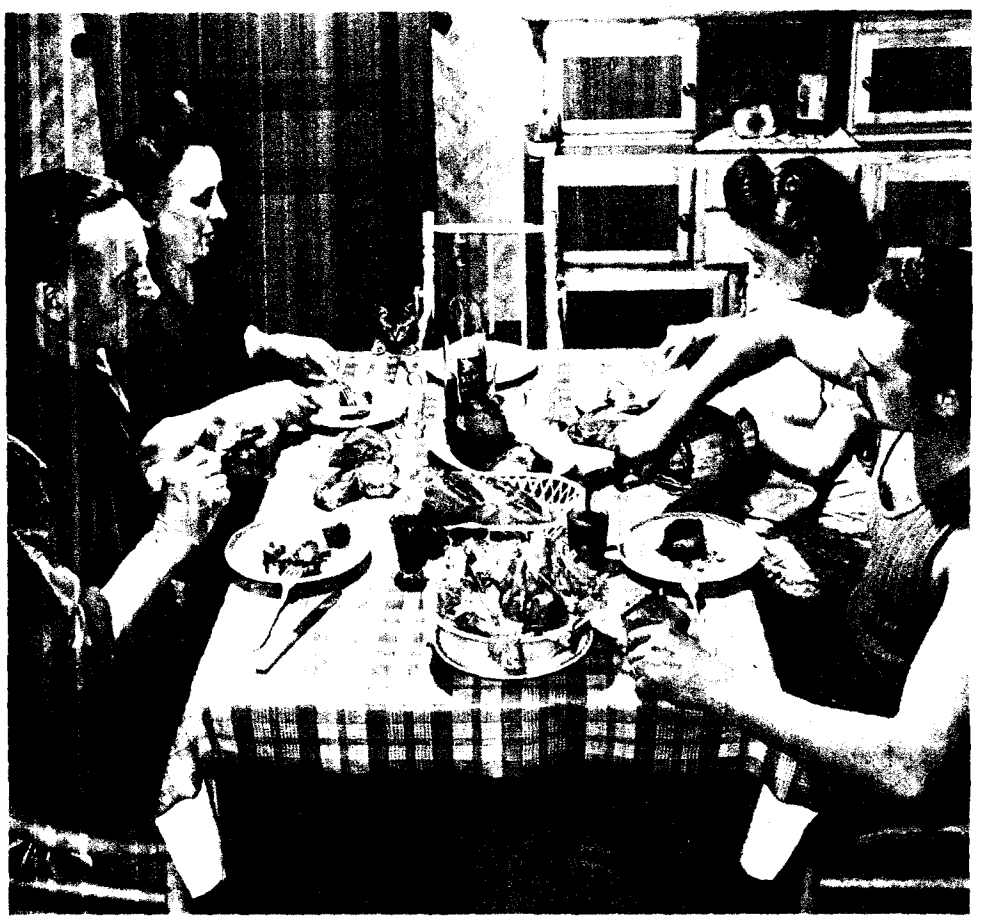
Je[illegible]ibry, center, confers with engineers who are building his American-style plant



Foundation of the Vosges's textile boom is U.S. cotton obtained through ECA



Modern company houses with electricity are a result of the Plan-produced prosperity



Construction work creates more jobs, means laboring families can buy better food

we got into the car, that he displayed his "Marshall Plan trout."

I could not recall ever having seen trout listed among the varied hundreds of Plan items—from salted cow intestines to helicopters. Étienne spread his muscular arms and wriggled his mustache. Then in simple, human terms he told me the direct, personal impact of the Marshall Plan on himself and his neighbors in that section of France known as the Department of the Vosges.

In the Vosges is concentrated one third of the French cotton-textile industry, traditionally a healthy source of foreign trade. Since the French don't grow their own cotton, they must import it to keep the mills running. Under the Plan, textile manufacturers in the Vosges have been able to ask their government officials in Paris for as many hundreds of thousands of bales of cotton as they need. These officials in turn transmit the requests to the Economic Co-operation Administration's French mission, which clears them through European headquarters of ECA to Washington. Then orders go out from Washington to cotton exporters in the United States, who buy the needed cotton from American growers and ship it to French ports. From there, boxcars carry it to the mills of the Vosges.

Étienne and his neighbors don't really care about the details of buying cotton or, for that matter, for the mechanics by which the Vosges millowners import new and up-to-date textile-making machinery direct from American manufacturers. What interests them is that the looms in their neighborhood are once more humming, that jobs in the mills are once more bringing in steady pay.

The Marshall Plan comes closest to Étienne personally in a very indirect way. For every bale of cotton and every machine they receive, the Vosges millowners pay in francs. The francs are salted away in a special French-government "counterpart" fund. The government uses this fund to launch all sorts of "recovery projects"—the building of roads, factories, bridges, and so forth.

The Vosges has got its share of these recovery projects. And the lumber of its forests has been in great demand for use in other projects elsewhere in France. The sawmills along the Moselle River have been busy. Étienne is a lumberjack.

"One does not feel like sport when all his days are days off, and he sees how it goes with his family," Étienne told us. "The Boche took me to work in a slave camp and when I came home there was little work here. Since eight years I did not go for the trout until today. It is thanks to your Marshall Plan that one feels like doing so again. Why? You will see as we pass."

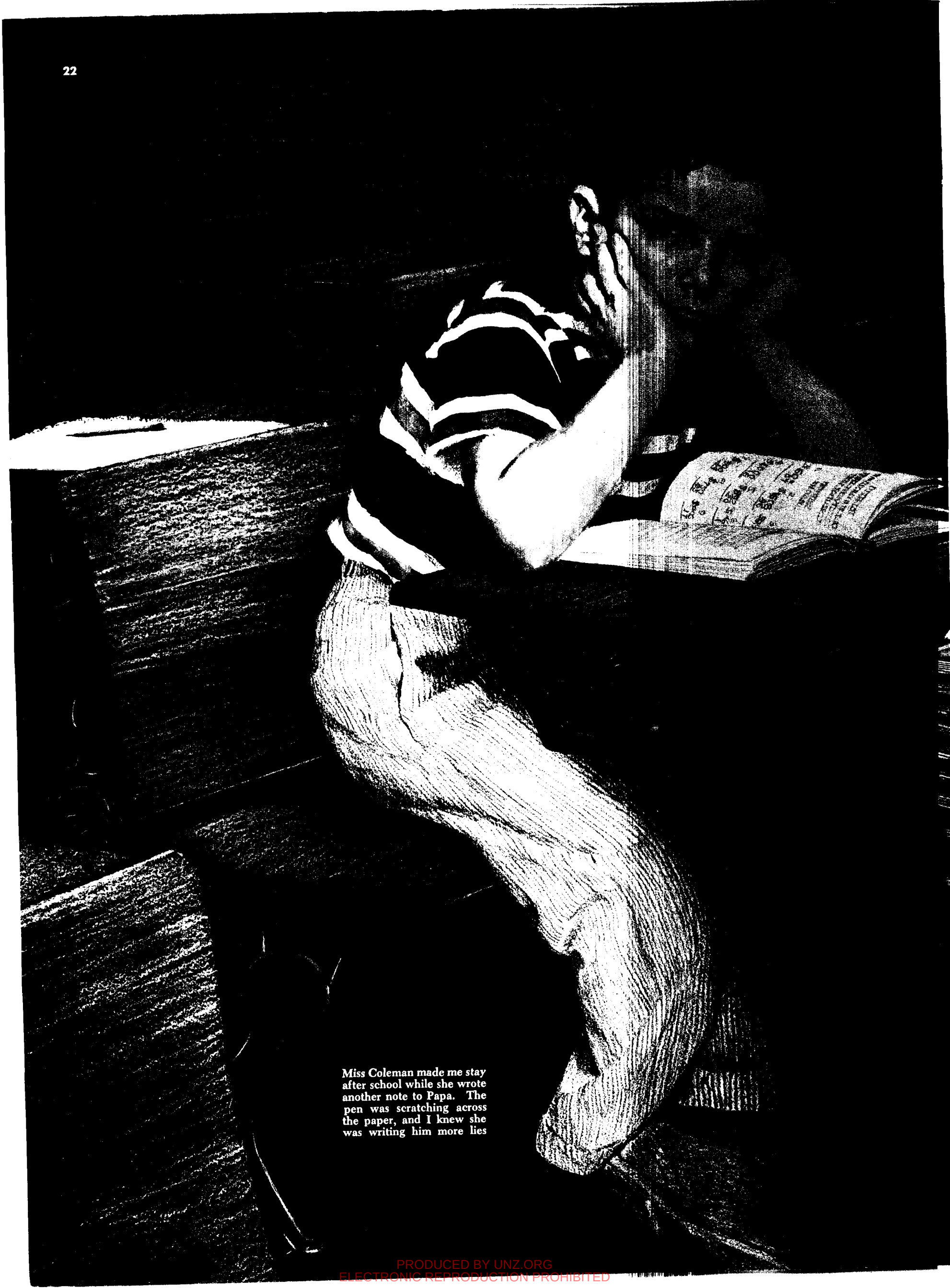
The road, laced with hairpin turns, dived suddenly through sunless glades of beeches, pines and firs almost as impressive as those of our Pacific Northwest. A sign begged *messieurs et mesdames les motoristes* to have a caution for the sliding trees.

"It is so steep up there where we cut," Étienne explained, "that the only way of getting the trees down to the road for transportation to the village sawmills is to lash them where they fall; branch and bark them; then glide the entire trunk down, butt first, until it rests on the road."

Étienne happily flaunted *(Continued on page 64)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ANDRÉ GAMET

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Miss Coleman made me stay after school while she wrote another note to Papa. The pen was scratching across the paper, and I knew she was writing him more lies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A story you'll remember—

Four Eyes

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

Papa Esposito was furi[illegible]

IF WE had been seated in an alphabetical arrangement instead of according to the marks we made on our tests, I would have been sitting in the second row someplace, up in front. Then nothing would have happened. As it was, I was sitting in the third row, last seat, which means that I was pretty far away from the blackboard. It meant, too, that I was just about the most average student in the sixth grade since there were just six rows of desks in the whole classroom, the rows numbered from left to right.

I was just about average, all right. I was smarter than the kids in the fourth, fifth and sixth rows, but the ones in the first, second and third rows were smarter than me. But they were mostly girls in the first three rows, and who wanted to sit with them?

It was the arithmetic lesson, and Miss Coleman was writing some figures on the blackboard, her chalk squealing so much that it sent electricity through my teeth. She put the chalk down, and, rubbing the powder off her fingers, turned and looked around the classroom for someone to do the problem. Immediately, Antoinette Mastrangelo, who was in the first row, first seat, shot her hand up to let Miss Coleman know that she had the right answer. And right away another half-dozen girls' hands went up, waving high and loose-wristed in the teacher's face. Miss Coleman ignored that side of the classroom and focused her eyes on the right side, the boys' side.

"Peter Curcio," she called, glaring at poor Petey in the last row, last seat, who was trying to hide by sitting way down on his spine. Petey was the oldest kid in the class and had already been left back twice, once in the fifth grade and once by Miss Coleman last term. He got up awkwardly and stood to the side of his desk, looking out of the window where you could see the big Edison smokestacks sticking up in the sky.

"The problem is right here," Miss Coleman said, rapping the blackboard with her pointer. Petey irritated her and she was getting nervous, waiting for him to answer. She gritted her teeth and ran her hand over her hair, which Petey said wasn't her hair at all but was a wig, because it had that dead red color. He claimed they weren't her teeth, either.

"Well?" said Miss Coleman through her tight lips. From the wild look in her eyes, she must have been remembering the humiliating scene the week before when Petey answered her back in front of the whole class. Miss Coleman held the tip of the pointer hard, her knuckles whitening.

"Let's see," Petey said, squinting with concentration at the blackboard. He was faking, I could tell. So could Miss Coleman. But she waited, tapping the pointer into her hand.

"I musta been absent the day we took that up," Petey offered lamely.

Miss Coleman snorted. "Sit down," she said, "and stay after school." Petey sat down slowly and looked across the room toward me, smiling.

"Joseph Esposito!"

That was me. I jumped nervously out of my seat and stood in the aisle, alongside of the desk. I wet my lips and squinted at the problem on the blackboard. But I wasn't faking like Petey. The numbers kind of blurred and ran together, as though I were seeing them through gauze. I couldn't make them out from way back there.

"Well?" said Miss Coleman, folding her arms and tapping her foot. While I was still squinting and trying to get the numbers to disentangle themselves, Miss Coleman asked in her sarcastic way, "Do you understand principal and interest?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, because I did.

"Then tell us all about it," she said, thinking to herself all along that I wouldn't be able to.

I told her. "Principal is the number with the dollar sign in front of it. Well, you take that number and you multiply it with the number with the interest sign in back of it, and after you get the answer, you count back two numbers and make a dot, and that's interest." It was a perfect answer, and I could see that Miss Coleman was flabbergasted.

"Then why couldn't you do the problem on the board?" she asked.

"Because you made the numbers too small," I replied.

"Too small?" Miss Coleman said, looking back at the numbers.

FOR a moment Miss Coleman didn't know what to say, looking at me as if I were trying to get away with something. Then she called out, "Peter Curcio!" and Petey scrambled to his feet.

"Yes, ma'am," Petey said.

"Will you read the numbers on the blackboard?"

"First, it says five hundred dollars," Petey said, "and then there's a dot, a naught and a six."

"That will be all, Peter. Sit down." Miss Coleman wrote some more numbers on the blackboard, larger this time, and said, "Read those, Joseph."

I chinked my eyes, wrinkled up my nose and thrust my head closer to the blackboard. Then the numbers began to stand out.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars is the principal—"

Miss Coleman interrupted me. "Just a minute." She looked around the room at the front-row seats, frowning and thinking. "Frank Grillo, will you change seats with Joseph?"

"Sure," Frankie said, jumping up. Frankie was in the fourth row, first seat, and all term he had been trying to get a seat in the back of the room, as far away from the teacher as possible.

We collected our books and pencils and made the swap, Frankie smiling at me as he passed. It was nice way back there *(Continued on page 69)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

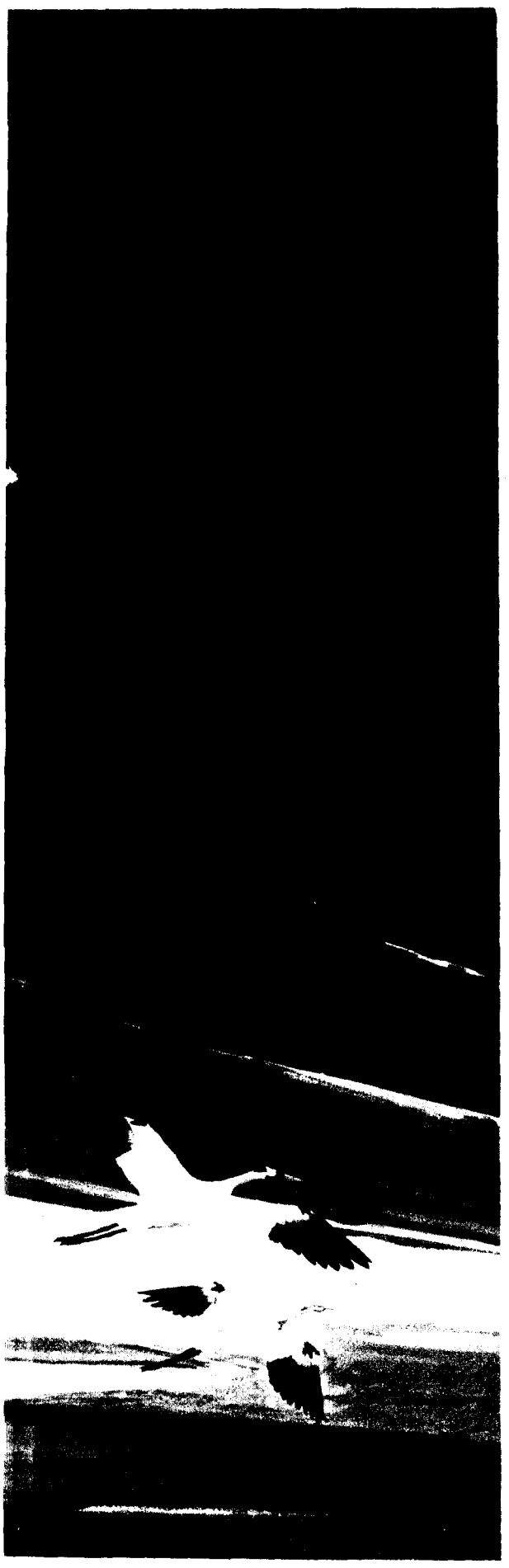
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Return of Our Soaring Giants

By JOHN O'REILLY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whooping cranes, once the mighty birds of American skies, vanished for half a century. A handful was rediscovered, and then began a long, desperate struggle to save them



PAINTING BY LEMUEL PALMER

WHEN people who don't know Robert P. Allen see him striding by, they gaze in speechless wonder at his swift and effortless pace. They note that his legs stretch their maximum length with every step, and enviously they put him down as a natural-born walker. This observation is only partly correct. Allen is a vigorous man by nature, but the size of his step is really a trait acquired from the whooping crane.

If you haven't heard of the whooping crane, don't develop an inferiority complex. Only 33 of the long-legged birds are known to be in existence, and they fly the continent like long-range bombers, too high to be seen from the ground. Along with the buffalo and the eagle, they are disappearing relics of the original unbroken wilderness of America. In fact, by 1894, they were thought to be extinct. Then in 1936, 14 of the birds were found on the bleak Blackjack Peninsula of the Texas coast.

Adult whoopers stand four and a half feet tall in normal posture. When they rise on tiptoe to sound their whoop—it carries for three miles—they reach almost six feet in height. When the cranes are just sauntering along, they take steps 23 inches in length. How much space they cover when they hurry has not been measured, for the simple reason that no human has yet been able to keep up.

Robert Allen has been tracking the whooping crane over thousands of miles since 1946. On the marshlands of Texas, in the 47,000-acre Aransas Federal Wildlife Refuge near Corpus Christi, he discovered that one pair of these rare birds customarily enforces tenancy restrictions over more space than would be occupied by thousands of sociable ducks. Before they will make a nest, Papa and Mama whooper must be alone in a region large enough to swallow a good-size town.

Allen is not alone in his concern for the whooping crane. Many individual bird lovers, plus the Northwest Mounted Police, fish and game commissions of a number of the 48 states, the National Audubon Society, and the United States and Canadian governments are working with him in what is called the Whooping Crane Project, designed to save the whooper from extinction.

But Allen has been at it so consistently and for so long that he has taken on the space-hungry characteristics of the bird he stalks. After three days in a town or city, he feels cooped up and fidgets until he's loose again.

Allen can even act like a whooping crane. He holds himself stiffly erect, chin drawn in, his arms held like wings. As he stalks about the room with the lordly walk of the huge bird, the imitation is so good that even the cigar he holds in one hand does not make it seem less like a wing.

"Suppose you are trying to approach the whoopers on the refuge," he says. "As you walk along, the lesser birds—pintails, widgeon, mottled ducks, dowitchers and, on higher ground, the wild turkeys and little brown cranes—are all in various degrees of alertness, ready to go into frantic flight. Through this scene stalks Grus americana. (That's the whooper.) His dignity is not lost in the face of man. He moves away with his long strides but pauses, rises on his toes, throws his head straight up with bill pointed to the sky and gives his wild bugle call."

Allen is one of a handful of men who have studied the dance of the whooping crane. He can also imitate the dance.

"It's a primordial thing that comes from within, not activated by outside stimulus," he explains. "It is usually performed by a pair of birds on a little rise of ground. First they leap into the air and bow deeply to each other—like this. (Allen bows.) Sometimes they run in a little circle, bent over with drooping wings. (Allen droops like Groucho Marx.) They leap again and then throw their heads far back. Usually the dance ends with the birds leaping high in the air together. Returning to earth, they throw their heads back with their plumes raised and wings flapping." (Allen flaps so briskly in his imitation that the cigar falls out of his wing.)

Weather-beaten and experienced from years in the open as a field ornithologist, Allen knew what the whooping crane looked like when he and his assistant (Olaf Wallmo of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service) first began the project. He knew that its plumage was white, except for jet-black wing tips, and that there were plumes over the bird's tail.

CRUICKSHANK FROM NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

The cranes normally stand 4½ feet tall and stretch to nearly six when whooping

The legs were black and strong, with great thigh muscles. The crown and face were covered with a rough, grainy skin of crimson. The forehead and cheeks bristled with black, stiff feathers—almost like horsehair—giving the bird an imperious look. The eyes were a cold, fierce yellow with small, black pupils.

Before he could learn more, Allen had to find out how many whoopers were in existence and where. And, finally, after he had succeeded in counting 29 of them at a distance and from an airplane, he had to devise some way of getting near enough to study them.

By long and patient watching through binoculars, Allen discovered that the cranes tolerated cattle which roamed the wild life refuge. So he decided to masquerade as a cow. Stretching canvas over a heavy wire frame, he fashioned an animal with bovine ears, a tail and an innocent appearance. He painted it a dull red, climbed inside, and tried to act like a ruminant. Lifting the blind by inside handles he moved across the prairie, peering ahead through the nostril holes, pausing now and again in simulated grazing. During one of these pauses he heard a loud snort and looked through the nostril holes into the eyes of a huge, red bull.

Allen retreated within the darkness of his disguise. The bull lowered its head and pawed the earth. Allen wished feverishly that he could travel as fast as a whooping crane. The bull stopped pawing and Allen felt better. After a bit the bull walked away. And in due time the canvas cow ambled off in the opposite direction.

Although he was able to dupe the bull, Allen couldn't fool the whooping cranes. The birds shunned his fake animal and he left the tattered carcass on the prairie.

A conventional blind *(Continued on page 77)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Being hired as a ghost writer to scrub up Sandra's past was bad enough without having my knees wobble every time her fiancé walked into the room

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tell me about YOUR

By HARRIET FRANK, Jr.

BOY gets girl . . . boy gets girl. Hang around Hollywood long enough and you'll start to believe it, if you aren't from Missouri. I am. That is, I was before Mr. Lopkin came into my life. I'd been going to Mrs. Marlowe's School for Girls when they discovered I had talent. That was the same week they took the braces off my teeth. Anyway, Mrs. Marlowe sent a story of mine to a little magazine and they published it. Three weeks later I got a poem into the Phoenix Nest and decided to have my picture taken in a boy's shirt looking soulful. Also I changed my name. I started out plain Lisa Cole, but I threw in Carleton for the hell of it. Lisa Carleton Cole, "promising young authoress whose flaming vitality and tender, searching prose marks her as . . ." well, in Hollywood circles it marks you as a shmoo who can be hired at a minimum to polish dialogue and change typewriter ribbons.

I'll never forget that bright windy day when I presented myself to Mr. Lopkin at Standard Pictures. If I don't stand in the light I look sort of like an undergraduate version of Sandra Taylor, the movie star, except that I cut my hair with nail scissors. But one of the publishers in New York who took me to lunch said I had a fine tawny look. He was fried.

Anyhow, all that malarkey they feed you about the razzle-dazzle glamor of a movie studio is a lot of malarkey. They had the same magazines in Mr. Lopkin's outer office as my dentist in Benton, and his secretary looked just as overworked and underpaid. I kept smiling at her with idiotic brightness until a buzzer rang and she jerked her head toward the inner door. "He's waiting," she said. I wanted to ask her where I got an apple for my mouth, but flippancy hardly seemed like the order of the day. One thing I'll say for Mr. Lopkin (there'll be others later) is that he stood up when I came in, and he smiled at me. He said to sit down, so I did. I'd made up my mind to rise above the feeling that I was about to lose my breakfast.

"You're kind of young, honey."

Dignity sat like a mantle around my shoulders. "Twenty-one," I squeaked.

"Say, I read your stuff." He nodded into space as though he were keeping time to unheard music. "You've got class."

What I had at the moment was a feeling of faintness. "Thank you," I muttered.

"I don't know what you heard about Hollywood—plenty of us got low foreheads, but speaking for myself, personal, I collect Bach." He looked at me as though he expected me to uncover my head. I smiled reverently.

"I'll start you at the minimum: one twenty-five."

I rose, my back straight, my eyes flaming fire. "Slave wages," I said ringingly.

"Listen—in New York I worked for twenty-two dollars and was glad to get it. You got some things to learn."

I realized, with my heart pounding, that one of the things I had to learn was that one twenty-five did not mean one dollar and twenty-five cents, but one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Meltingly, I leaned toward him. "When do I start?"

"Get yourself a place to live. Come in Monday."

At the door I turned back to him. "You won't regret this," I said, and sailed out.

Maybe he wouldn't regret it, but I almost did after three days of looking for an apartment. What I got could double in brass for a broom closet with fittings. The girl in the Iron Mask, that was me. I shared the bath with a night-blooming flower who lived down the hall. She was the kind of blonde that just naturally made a girl feel sterile no matter what.

The first fine careless rapture had definitely worn off by the time Monday rolled around. Mr. Lopkin's secretary took me over to the writers' building, installed me in a cozy corner next door to the men's john, and left.

For the next three days I sat stiffly on the edge of my chair and looked creative every time I heard a footstep in the hall. Try sitting for three days with no one to talk to and nothing to read but a printed sign saying: "Turn Off the Lights." It wears you down. I began to long for my classes at Mrs. Marlowe's, where we all talked about Keats and Shelley and Truman Capote. A kindly janitor told me there were other writers in the building and if I didn't make any frightening moves they might come out. I sashayed up and down the halls a few times and sure enough, a gray-haired man peered out at me.

"You new?"

"Yes."

"I bet you wrote an arty book," he said.

"Short stories," I said, "beautiful short stories."

"I don't figure it. What'd they bring you out here for?"

"I'm sure they have a good reason," I said coolly.

"Do you know anything about sex?"

"Only that mine is the opposite of yours."

We parted on a slightly cool note. . . .

An hour later Mr. Lopkin sent for me. He was eating crackers and milk. He spoke without looking up.

"Minnie Marsh. You've heard of Minnie?"

Even back East everybody reads Minnie Marsh. She's the great emotional release for the nation's housewives. Her columns read like somebody else's mail—and me and fifty million other women are only human.

Mr. Lopkin pushed his soda crackers away from him, rose, and prowled around the room. "She's after Sandra Taylor."

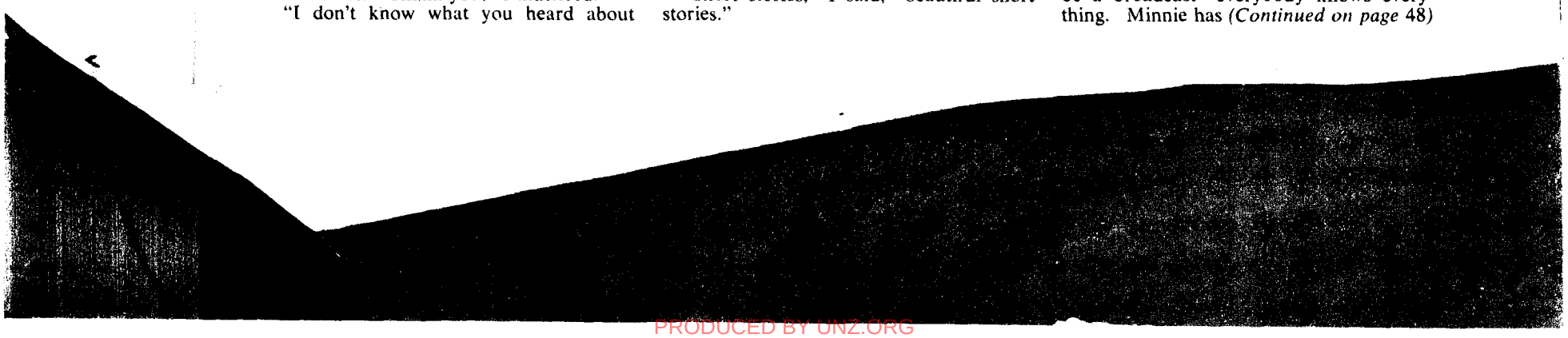
WHEN I was at school Mrs. Marlowe enforced rules about the movies. Educational films and those dealing with lives of scientists, artists and poets. But when Sandra Taylor made Dark Confession, two girls in my class who should have been wives and mothers became engineers. You remember, in that one Sandra was the first woman to bridge the Amazon. Then there was Remembrance. She offered herself as a human guinea pig to test serum. During the Christmas holidays I told my father, who is a general practitioner, that I was ready to offer myself to him as an experimental subject, but he just took my temperature and told my mother to watch me. Next to my course in eighteenth century poetry, Sandra was the biggest influence in my life. And now she was going to be ruined. I tensed as Mr. Lopkin explained.

"Sandra's had a run-in with Minnie. It so happens Minnie knew her when. By that I mean she knew her when it's better she shouldn't have. Minnie's gonna put our Sandra on a frying pan. Sunny side down."

I looked puzzled. Mr. Lopkin spread his hands in a gesture of embarrassment. "Honey, you're a nice girl. You come from a good family. Sandra in the old days you wouldn't ask to meet your mother."

"You mean she had a—a past?"

"Yeah, that's it—a past. Only some of it's in the future. When Minnie gets through with her article—or maybe it'll be a broadcast—everybody knows everything. Minnie has *(Continued on page 48)*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How a MOVIE Gets Made

When a company goes on location it's a Hollywood safari—dressing rooms, generators, limousines, a tent school and teachers may go along, even if it's just across the street

June Allyson, who plays Monty Stratton's wife in The Stratton Story, gets suggestions from Monty himself. Monty acted as film's technical adviser

CONCLUSION

ON LOCATION is one of the magical phrases of movie making. It connotes exotic journeys to Tampico and Tahiti. Actually location shooting takes in all photography done outside the studio lot proper, including shots that are made just across the street.

The work is expensive and subject to the vagaries of weather, light and the volunteer sound effects from airplanes, spectators and any circular saws that neighborhood hobbyists have in operation. To the studio personnel all locations are compounded of dust in the shoes, sun in the eyes and box lunches in the stomach. But everybody seems to have fun.

At least I had fun in gathering the backstage story of what really happens on location. And from watching the filming of The Stratton Story, the baseball picture starring Jimmy Stewart, here is what I learned.

The first location of The Stratton Story was a baseball diamond alongside a dairy, down the boulevard from the M-G-M studio in Culver City. Shooting began on Friday, November 5, 1948. Director Sam Wood and his staff had driven down a few evenings before and made plans to turn the California diamond into a Texas sand lot.

Designer Paul Groesse had disposed of an inappropriate concrete milkhouse behind the bleachers simply by hanging a big sign on it which read: R. B. Lorgan, Cotton Ginning; and he had blocked out other non-Texas backgrounds with ranch-type wagons, horses and mules placed in strategic locations.

At the studio around 5 A.M., crews started loading their equipment. When the fog began to drift away about nine, the street side of the location was rimmed with a dozen trucks that had transported all sorts of paraphernalia ranging from sun arcs to a home-plate marker. There were also a half-dozen limousines; several big passenger busses; dressing-room trailers for the principals; aluminum toilet trailers for extras and crew; a sound truck; a generator truck, and the snack wagon of an outside concessionaire.

Sam Wood, sound man Jimmy Brock and actor Frank Morgan were on hand, plus 60-odd men of the crew, 24 selected extras in homemade baseball suits, 250 crowd extras in ranch and country clothes, 25 drivers, and enough city motorcycle cops, working on their days off and paid by the studio, to block off the inevitable audience.

During the morning, Wood shot most of the field scenes for the ball game. Occasionally it was necessary to let Jimmy Stewart strike out a batter by M-G-M rules, under which the count sometimes went to nine balls and two strikes. Sam checked off most of his long-shot cuts by noon, and called the traditional, "Print it—lunch!"

The old hands had already marked off shady eating spots for themselves. The children—you can't have a baseball crowd without kids—were herded into the schoolroom tent. California law requires all child actors, including extras, to attend school for three hours during working days, so the tent and teachers have to be provided for all loca-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By CAP PALMER

James Stewart, left, Frank Morgan and Jimmy Dykes, former manager of the White Sox, right, confer on location. Stewart, as Monty, wore a full-length leg brace to give the effect of an artificial leg

tions. The younger kids took naps, the grips took over the ball diamond, the electricians went over in the far outfield for a peculiar sort of discus-throwing contest in which they sail those flat film cans for incredible distances, and most of the extras drifted into card games of hearts and gin rummy.

The afternoon's work began at an accelerated pace, and Sam got the last of his field shots just a few minutes before the late shadows crept over the third-base line. Then he picked up his crowd-reaction shots. The really old hands among the crowd extras kept their faces away from undue prominence, so they wouldn't be eliminated from the picture in subsequent scenes. The few new people were persuaded not to stare into the camera.

Borrowing a Trick From the Silents

Sam stalked across the field to a section of board fence to pick up the opening scene of the picture—a ball sailing over that barrier. Bob Gillespie repeatedly heaved the ball over the fence toward the camera located on the other side, but it always approached the lens too fast. Finally Hal Rosson, the photographer, remembered the old silent movie trick of cranking the film through the camera backward; Bob stood just behind the camera, tossed the ball gently away from the lens, over the fence and into the park. That was it. Reversed in the actual film, the ball would look as if it were coming toward the audience from the playing field on the other side.

The picture kept rolling along past Thanksgiving into the first weeks of December, and things kept happening. I remember the night scene depicting Ethel's (June Allyson's) front porch in Omaha. In rehearsal, Jimmy drew June close in his arms, and as she blandly chomped gum he murmured lovingly, "And I say so-and-so and so-and-so and then I make my turn."

Sam peered at the lovers, rearranged them again and again, and finally said, "This clinch might do it. Hal, how is it for mechanics?"

Hal climbed into the bucket seat of the camera crane, put his eye to the finder as he followed a run-through of the action and told Sam it would work all right.

Take One was ragged. From his sound panel Jimmy Brock complained that he was losing the soft dialogue under the creaking of rattan chairs and the shuffling of feet. A new chair was sent for and Wardrobe went for felts to put over the actors' shoes.

Then there was the day of location on a sunny hillside where Stewart "shot himself" and had to lie still on his back all afternoon in the dust and brush of the creek bottom while the entire company tried to persuade the dog to make like man's best friend and go get June. Sam Wood, on his knees behind the camera, called, *"Meow, meow,* damn it!" The great clotted "wound" on Jim's bared thigh was built up thickly of glycerine and carmine, and while Wood pleaded with the hound, Jimmy became the only known star of our generation to be the victim of an ant raid.

One day Sam and Hal Rosson spent half an afternoon literally casting knotholes. The shot was to be a closeup of Frank Morgan's eye as he peered through a hole in the fence at the sandlot baseball game. Half a dozen planks with different kinds and sizes of knotholes had been lined up for them to choose from.

"Damn it!" said Sam. "These knotholes are all straight. Gimme a *character* knothole."

Sam mentioned various of his headaches from time to time. He had more than the usual quota because the picture contained everything needed for upsetting a schedule: crowds, dogs, city locations, ballplayers who couldn't act, actors who couldn't play ball—and babies. The one baby seen on the screen was actually played by six on the set, since "he" had to appear at the ages of three, six and twelve months within the movie's six-week shooting schedule. And the studio had to use identical twins for each appearance to double the short permissible working period and guard against illness.

The casting department got the twins by advertising in the newspapers, and they were paid at the extra's rate of $15.50 per day. A memorable casting requisition asked for a "three-month-old baby, with experience." Also memorable was assistant director Sid Sidman's plaintive request to one mother: "Madam, can't the babies sleep a little faster?"

There was another day of location at the big Hollywood ball park when Jim Stewart swung stiffly in from the pitcher's mound with the strange request, "Hey, Tommy, will you unscrew me?" All that day and several others, he wore a full-length steel brace that held his whole leg straight and stiff in a facsimile of Monty Stratton's artificial leg.

Stratton Wasn't Self-Conscious

Monty said to me, earnestly and with no consciousness of self, "Ol' Jim's certainly earning his money out there today. Must be awful having to walk around all strapped up that way."

My eyes dropped to Monty's own leg as I nodded agreement, and I thought what an odd feeling it must be for Monty, watching his own life being re-created out there on the field.

I remember a lot of little, unrelated things. The corn thrown to the chickens on the farm stage which, when the company came back two weeks later, had grown to vivid green shoots six inches high. Then there was the scene where Stewart slid into first base and the umpire, a big-league veteran, yelled, "Yer out!"

Sam Wood gaped and said, "Hey, the script reads: 'You're safe!' "

But the umpire pulled down his cap and insisted, "He was out!" and the other umpires grimly drifted over to back him up.

There was the impressively jowled and bespectacled visitor, apparently so important that everyone was respectful; he turned out to be the chef from the commissary, who likes to spend his time off watching the movies being made.

And I remember Stewart's beef: "These writers —they rap out a simple little line like, 'Monty devours his pie with gusto,' but how much gusto can you work up when you have to eat nine pieces just before lunch? Or they type: 'It's raining,' and by the time the scene is in the can I've got pneumonia."

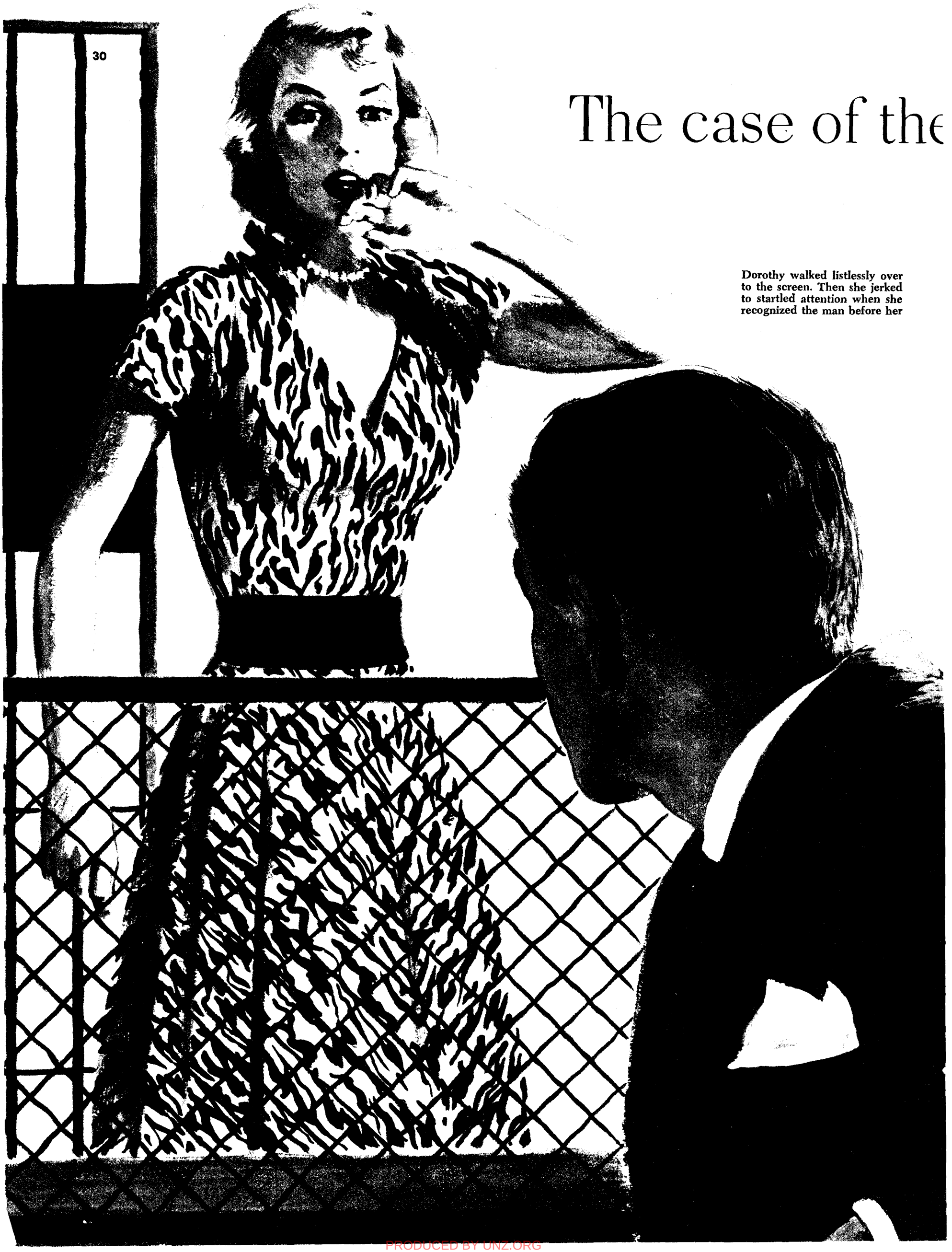
On Thursday, December 23d, just about two months had elapsed, and the thick shooting script had dwindled to one last page. It called for a short outdoor sequence for the early part of the story, the late-at-night scene where Jimmy brings June home from their blind-date first meeting. This would be the last day of shooting.

The company had this day off for Christmas shopping. The call was for six in the evening on Lot 2. The sky was losing its last red tones as everyone began to drift in. The night was chilly and smoking charcoal braziers were spotted around the street.

Electricians were hoisting the bulky arc lamps into position atop *(Continued on page 67)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The case of the



Dorothy walked listlessly over to the screen. Then she jerked to startled attention when she recognized the man before her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEGLIGENT NYMPH

Continuing the Perry Mason Murder Mystery

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The Story: PERRY MASON'S instinct for mystery was aroused by all that happened on the night he set out to investigate the affairs of GEORGE S. ALDER, wealthy real-estate operator who owned an entire island off the California coast. The island was barricaded like a fortress, and Mason approached it warily in a rented canoe. Through his binoculars he saw a girl, swimming naked toward the island. Once ashore, she put on an evening gown which she had carried in a waterproof bag, and entered the Alder home, which was brightly lighted. A great commotion followed. Mason saw the girl leap from a window, dash to the shore and plunge into the water. She was pursued by a savage dog, and by a group from the island in a speedboat. Mason helped the girl into his canoe, and they hid out on a small yacht owned by the girl, whose name was DOROTHY FENNER. She showed Mason a bottle containing a letter which she had stolen from Alder's home. The letter was signed by MINERVA DANBY, a friend of Alder's who had mysteriously disappeared from the millionaire's yacht some months before. The letter accused Alder of having cheated his half sister, CORINNE LANSING, out of her share in their father's estate, and of having connived to keep Corinne in a mental institution. The letter spoke warmly of CARMEN MONTERREY, Corinne's maid and companion. Dorothy had learned about the existence of the letter from DORLEY ALDER, George's uncle. Mason made Dorothy promise to return the original of the letter to George Alder. Taking a typewritten copy, the lawyer returned to the mainland, where his confidential secretary, DELLA STREET, was waiting for him in his car. Della told Mason she had learned that George Alder's house had been robbed, that same night of fifty thousand dollars in jewelry. Startled, Mason demanded to know where she got the information.

PART TWO OF SIX PARTS

ALL I know," said Della, "is what I heard over the radio a few minutes ago. A daring female burglar evidently swam or waded ashore from a light boat which had ferried her to the island and was waiting for her in the darkness. She was dressed in a dinner gown, and the servants took her for one of Alder's guests."

Mason listened intently, still making no move to start the car. Della continued: "The girl—woman—female—whatever she was—was caught by one of the guests while she was rifling Alder's desk. Or rather, she wasn't caught—she was interrupted. She jumped out of a window, ran to the water's edge and jumped in, clothes and all, and started to swim. She was picked up by her accomplice and managed to get away. The radio said the police believe she may have hidden out on one of the yachts anchored somewhere in the bay. The police are going to throw out a cordon, and they're already establishing road blocks."

"Just when did you hear all this?" Mason asked.

"It came over the radio about fifteen minutes ago," Della said. "I was a little worried. I thought maybe you might have got mixed up with these people and—well, you know, they must have been pretty desperate to take chances like that."

"Any clues?" Mason asked.

"The police have found a towel and a bathing cap which the young woman left on the island—also a waterproof bag."

Mason started the motor, switched on the headlights, backed the car out of the parking place, gunned the motor into life and shifted rapidly through the gears.

"Well," Della Street said, "you seem to be taking it quite seriously. What's the matter?"

"Believe it or not," Mason said, "*I* was the male accomplice who showed up with the means of escape."

"*You* were!"

"That's right. She made the getaway in my canoe."

She looked at him for a moment, then suddenly laughed. "I suppose," she said, "the purpose of this gag is to keep me awake during the drive back to town."

"The purpose of the statement, which you erroneously call a gag, is to point out that a man should never act impulsively when encountering a strange woman."

"You encountered her?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Splashing out from the island in a very thin dinner dress, and not much else, a savage dog in hot pursuit."

"And what did you do?"

"I acted on impulse and told her to get into the canoe."

"Well," Della Street said, "I can appreciate the impulse, but at least you should have made her kick through with half of the jewelry."

"She didn't take any jewelry," Mason said. "She took a piece of evidence, but the man in the case is too smart to be caught on anything like that so he's claiming that he lost fifty thousand dollars in jewelry. And you can see where that leaves me."

"How do you know she didn't take jewelry?"

"She— Well, she took off her clothes and let me search the dress."

"In the canoe?"

"No, aboard a yacht which she *said* was hers."

"She stripped in front of . . . ?"

"It was dark. She undressed and tossed me the dress."

"And that's the way you know she didn't take the jewelry?"

"I'm afraid it is."

Della Street made little tongue noises against the roof of her mouth. "You should keep me with you—even if just for the purpose of searching women."

"Damned if I shouldn't!" Mason said fervently.

"Did you find out anything about Alder?" Della Street asked.

Mason chuckled and said, "Now there I believe I have something."

"What?"

Mason said, "Alder bought that island and paid a fabulous price for it. He wants to have a feudal castle all his own. He's the type. If anything should happen so that he couldn't control every square inch of that island, I think he'd go crazy."

"But doesn't he own it all?"

"He owns it," Mason agreed, "but when they dredged the channel they put up a retaining wall and dumped soil against it. That formed the long, semicircular sandspit which projects out to the northeast."

Della Street laughed and said, "Of course I'm practicing law by ear, but doesn't property formed by accretion belong to the owner of the adjacent soil?"

"Sure it does when the accretion is the result of *natural* causes; but I think there's a Supreme Court decision somewhere holding that property formed because of governmental activities such as dredging in a channel is government property. Now if that's the case and someone should squat on the sandspit on the northeast part of Alder's island and put up a little shack overnight—well, you can see what would happen. Alder would—"

Mason broke off abruptly as a red spotlight suddenly blazed into brilliance ahead. A motorcycle officer motioned Mason to one side, "Get in line behind those other cars. Move up slowly."

There were a dozen cars ahead, and several officers were examining credentials, asking questions.

Mason exchanged glances with Della Street, then eased the car forward as one of the officers said, "May I see your driving license and the car registration, please?"

Mason showed him the documents.

"You've been down here— Oh, oh, you're Perry Mason, the lawyer."

"That's right."

The officer smiled and said, "Pardon me for stopping you, Mr. Mason. It's okay, go ahead. We're looking for some gem thieves. You can detour right around those other cars and around the end of the road block. Sorry I bothered you. However, as a matter of routine, I'd better check the person with you because it was a woman who—"

"Miss Della Street, Mr. Mason's secretary," Della Street said, handing the officer her driving license.

HE CHECKED the driving license, glanced at her, handed the license back, and said, "Sorry, but we've been instructed to make a check. Down here on business, Mr. Mason?"

"Just looking up some witnesses," Mason said noncommittally.

Another car, which had been coming up fast, screamed to a stop as the red light stabbed through the windshield and the motorcycle officer motioned the car to the side of the road.

"Okay," Mason said, "be seeing you." He eased on around the road block.

Back on the main road, Mason once more urged the car into speed.

"Chief," Della Street said, suddenly serious, "do you suppose that girl did steal any jewels?"

"I don't think so."

"But you don't know?"

"I looked her over pretty thoroughly, Della. She had a bottle in her right hand, a bottle containing a note which had apparently been thrown overboard from the Thayerbelle, George Alder's yacht, by a woman who was afraid she was going to be murdered and who was later found dead."

"Good Lord!" Della Street exclaimed.

"And," Mason went on, "I looked her over pretty carefully to make certain there wasn't anything concealed."

"Did you look in the tops of her stockings?"

"Not in the *tops* of her stockings," Mason said, "but when she climbed over the front of the canoe, I saw a pair of very symmetrical legs with no ugly bulges such as would have been made by fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. A wet dinner gown leaves but very, very little to the imagination."

"Did you get her name?"

"Dorothy Fenner was the name she gave. She is supposed to be related to Corinne, the half sister who's been missing for several months."

Mason took from his pocket the copy of the letter which Dorothy Fenner had made, and handed it to Della Street.

"What's this?"

"A copy of the letter that was in the bottle. The girl is a good typist. I held the flashlight and read the original letter to her. She balanced a portable typewriter on her knees and made a copy."

Della Street unfolded the pages, switched on the map light on the dashboard, and read with increasing interest. When she had finished she said, "Good heavens, Chief, doesn't that letter give us a strangle hold on George S. Alder?"

"Or else it gives George S. Alder a strangle hold on me."

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sloppy Louie personally waits on his friend, customer and fellow sea-food lover **John Von Glahn**

Make Mine FISH

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

John Von Glahn and Sloppy Louie, they really love their sea food. As for Horse Flanniger, just seeing fish gives him the shambles

ONE day about a month ago, a robust and bespectacled young man of thirty-odd, bearing the curiously euphonious name of John Von Glahn, walked into Sloppy Louie Morino's—a small, untidy establishment hard by New York City's Fulton Fish Market—and ate what was, for him, an ordinary lunch.

Von Glahn started off with about a half pound of fresh, pinkish-white Canadian lobster meat. He then put away, in methodical and pleasurable succession, a delicate, crumbling shoulder cut of newly caught Kennebec salmon; two crisp, fist-size Chesapeake soft crabs; a succulent bit of Campeche red snapper; a tender sliver of Block Island tuna; and a four-inch-square, inch-thick steak of juicy Nantucket swordfish.

At this juncture, his attention was drawn to a near-by table where a friend of his, a veteran fishmonger named Chisel Johnson, was working on a bowl of Louie's bouillabaisse. This savory mixture contained, among other things, a lobster head, some crab claws, and bits of squid, octopus, rock bass, shrimp, clams, mussels, scallops, conchs and periwinkles, all swimming in a rich oily tomato sauce flavored with indefinable spices. The sight and aroma of the stew was too much for Von Glahn, who forthwith ordered a cup of the stuff and ate it with obvious enjoyment.

As he finished he looked up to find Sloppy Louie himself standing by the table. Louie announced that he had just been wandering through the near-by market and had come upon a basket of particularly fine South Bay clams. He wondered if Von Glahn wanted to try them. Von Glahn did; he ate a dozen and a half of the quahogs, opening them with his own knife and drinking the liquor from the shells. After pronouncing them delicious, he sat back and, feeling his hunger slipping from him, lighted one of Louie's finest three-for-a-half-buck cigars.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Von Glahn is a man who likes fish. Half the people in the United States will understand this, the other half will not. For according to the United States Department of Agriculture, only 56.6 per cent of all Americans eat fish at home. And there is apparently no such thing as being moderately pro-fish or mildly anti-fish.

Fights about fish usually begin over the basic question of whether fish are fit to eat.

To pro-fish men like Von Glahn, this question is as ridiculous as asking whether milk is nutritious. Von Glahn not only eats fish—boiled, baked, fried,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

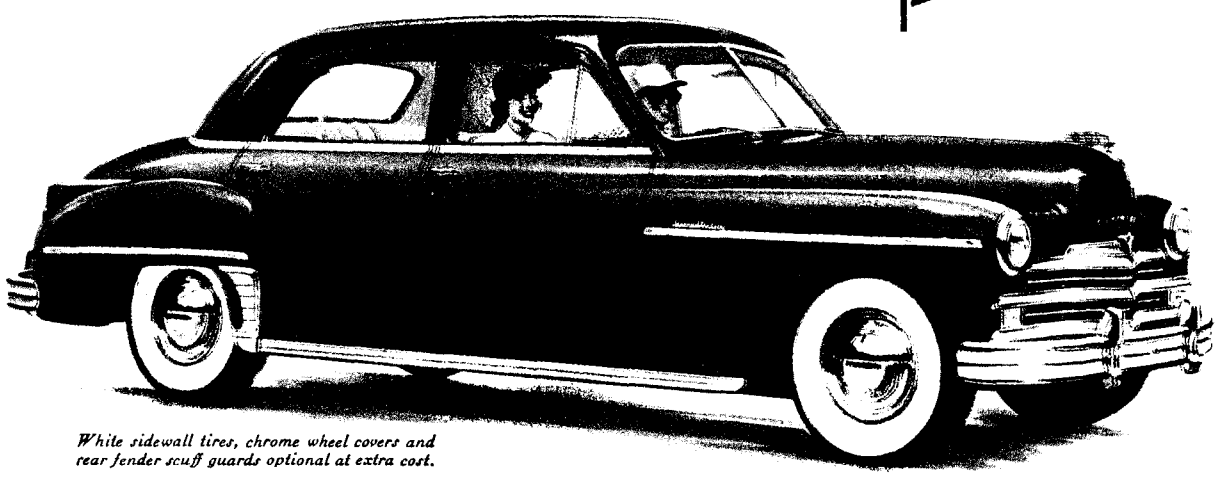
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Luxurious interior of the beautiful Plymouth Special De Luxe 4-Door Sedan. Insert is the newly designed instrument panel.

the car that likes to be compared

Inside and out...

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



White sidewall tires, chrome wheel covers and rear fender scuff guards optional at extra cost.

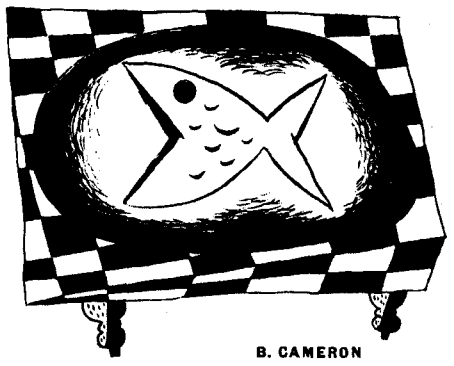
The instant you step through the wide-opening doors of the new Plymouth, you are taken with the interior roominess and richness of appointments. You relax in chair-height seats that are wider and deeper from front to back. There's room for long legs *and* high hats.

The new instrument panel, with its richly grained finish, groups gauges for easy reading. By simply turning a key, you turn on the ignition, start the engine, put the automatic choke in operation—all at once! Greatly enlarged windshield and rear window give better visibility. Whether you choose pile fabric or rich broadcloth, you get smart, long-wearing upholstery materials that harmonize with body colors. The luxury of the entire ensemble is highlighted with gleaming chrome and plastic.

But it's not just on its face value that the new Plymouth likes to be compared. Drive this great car and discover for yourself its greater power and safety, its luxurious riding comfort, its amazing ease of handling. Compare—and let the ride decide!

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



B. CAMERON

Crab Soup

Miss Eva Patt serves a fine crab soup that's comparatively easy to make. She makes it this way:

Clean and disjoint the number of crabs you want to use (three or four per person for generous servings) and cook them slowly for an hour in water. Add a few strips of bacon, then chopped-up celery, carrots, onions, string beans, peas (about ½ cup of each per person) and a little cabbage. Cover and simmer for three hours.

●

Cocktail Sauce for Oysters

Most avid oyster eaters hate the sight of cocktail sauce. Those who reluctantly admit that sauce adds to the oyster flavor, however, say that there's no better recipe than this one, which is recommended by a member of the Oyster Institute of North America:

Use a bottle of catsup and one of chili sauce; add a tablespoon of horseradish and one of Worcestershire sauce, and a half cup of chopped sweet and sour pickle. Mix all together.

●

Fish Sauce

Cod, haddock, halibut, flounder, fluke, boiled or steamed, all are enhanced in flavor by this fish sauce, devised by a Fishery Council cook:

Stir a tablespoon of butter into a half cup of heated milk. Add the yolk of an egg, salt and pepper, a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Simmer gently in a double boiler until thick. Add a cup of clam or fish broth and simmer ten more minutes. Remove from the fire and put in a good stiff slug of sherry. Makes enough for about six portions.

●

How to Cook Whiting

A lot of people would save money on food, the pro-fish people say, if they only realized that relatively cheap fish can be made to taste expensive. The whiting, for instance, makes a superb dish when prepared in this manner:

Take two pounds of whiting. Cut them up, clean them, put them in running water for about five minutes. Brown a clove of garlic, a small onion, and some rosemary leaves in olive oil or any cooking oil. When the garlic and onion are golden brown, put the fish on top, barely cover with water, and simmer for about 20 minutes. Eat with a spoon, like beef stew.

poached, broiled, steamed or simmered in a chowder or a stew—he also eats fish raw.

"Fish"—he pauses dramatically as he breathes the word—"are among the best sources of vitamins and minerals of all foods. You can get a whole day's supply out of an ordinary portion of most fish. They're superior as protein producers; you can eat a lot without getting fat; and, furthermore, they *taste* good."

This pro-fish point of view, to Von Glahn's acute anguish, isn't always shared by some of the Fulton Market mongers themselves. Horse Flanniger, for example, won't eat fish except as a last resort. Flanniger is a burly, angry-voiced man who handles a 200-pound tuna as easily as a kitchen maid flips a sardine.

"You don't catch me eatin' fish unless I have to," Horse recently said. "A man like me, handlin' fish every day from 3:00 A.M. to twelve noon—and sometimes until two, two thirty in the afternoon—I get sick of it. I hate the smell, I don't like their looks. You ever see the way a rockfish looks up at you? It's enough to give a man the shambles.

"When I have my meals, I want to get away from fish. I want meat—no sauce on it, nothin' but just plain meat. Once in a while I might have a cup of fish stew in Louie's, but that's only on the days when I hate the meat he's got worse'n I hate fish."

A Portrait of the Proprietor

Sloppy Louie, who has been cooking fish in the New York market for 30 years, strongly disapproves of this attitude. Louie is a white-haired, energetic Genoese who came here in 1900. As a fisherman's son, he has been on intimate terms with fish since boyhood, when he used to dive and wrench octopuses from harbor rocks with his bare hands.

When he first took over his restaurant, he noticed with distaste that there were 15 different meat dishes on the menu. Unobtrusively, he began to eliminate one every week or so, substituting a new fish platter. Today the bill of fare, scrawled in soap on a mirror at the rear of the dining room, contains 30-odd fish specialties and one forlorn meat item.

"Horse is a nice man," Louie sometimes says. "But he comes in here in the mornings around eight and he orders roast beef. I swear I don't know how he can eat it. Ever I eat a piece of meat for dinner, I roll and toss all night long.

"With fish, it's just the opposite. I have a nice piece of fish for dinner, I feel good. I sleep peaceful all night long, like some three-year-old kid."

Louie eats fish every day, sometimes for two or three meals. His principal reason is that he thinks it keeps him healthy, a notion that is shared by a large number of fish-market folk, both in New York and in Baltimore, the two cities which share the bulk of the mid-Atlantic catch.

"Today anybody can enjoy fresh fish," Louie points out, "whether he lives in Topeka, Jackson or Knoxville. Frozen fish are shipped out every day. You go down in the market, you see them yourself, putting those fish in deep freeze and on ice to ship out. A man likes salmon steak and he lives in Ohio, he still can get them. Same way with cod, halibut, fluke, flounder. Anything he wants. Shrimp, too. They send them out one day and next day they get eaten in Idaho. This freezing makes every town a fish town."

Fishmongers are even convinced that the fresh, mineral-laden aroma of the stalls works all sorts of wonders for the human constitution.

Among the firmest proponents of this point of view is Thomas J. Connolly, one of the oldest of the Baltimore fish marketeers. He testifies to the medicinal qualities of fish this way:

"I'm sixty-five years of age and I haven't been sick for years.

"I get in here every morning at four. The boys don't show up until around seven. There's never a day goes by I don't eat some kind of fish. I like anything that comes out of the water, and if you want my honest opinion, that's why I feel so good all the time."

As he talked, Connolly demonstrated how good he was feeling by tossing watermelons to one of his sons. The melons were giant specimens that had come up from North Carolina, some weighing sixty pounds. Connolly handled them like cantaloupes.

William A. Winant agrees with Connolly. A clear-eyed, calm-voiced gentleman of eighty-eight, Winant has been doing business in the New York market since around 1880. He still goes to the stalls every day. Winant attributes his longevity, his good eyesight and his general well-being solely to the fact that he eats fish virtually every day.

Even people on the periphery of the market believe in the beneficial effects of a fish diet. Maryland's Governor William P. Lane, Jr., has attributed his ability to campaign vigorously, and therefore some of his political success, to the eating of oysters. A well-known New York criminal lawyer stops off in the fish market on his way to work every day and has a dozen raw clams; on days when he's got a particularly tough case to try, he has two or three dozen. And there is even a legend in Fulton Market about a race horse that was practically invincible because his owner fed him oysters regularly.

With so much evidence uniting them against the people who dislike fish, fish lovers might be assumed to agree concerning a favorite dish. This is about as true as the old myth about a catfish's eyes dropping out when you pick him up by the tail. When such people as Von Glahn, Sloppy Louie and Connolly aren't arguing with the fish Philistines, they're arguing with one another—over which fish are best and where the best fish come from.

Baltimore people seem to prefer porgies, rockfish, croakers (hardheads), steak fish, and the famous Maryland blue crabs. Lobsters are scarce in the sheds on the Pratt Street wharves and in the stalls on Market Street, but some of the city's fine old restaurants get them directly from Maine.

In New York, Fulton Market is full of swordfish, tuna, cod, hake, haddock, halibut, salmon and sole —and the place literally crawls with angry, lively lobsters.

Then, of course, there are oysters. The Romans are reputed to have argued over whether the best oysters were those that came from Lake Lucrinus, or those brought back from Britain by Caesar's troops. Today, too, gourmets spend whole evenings arguing the relative merits of the oysters found in different markets.

One of the stoutest defenders of the Southern, or Chesapeake, or Chincoteague, oyster is Colonel Littleton Dryden of Crisfield, Maryland. The colonel, an amiable man ordinarily, gets himself in something of a sweat when he discusses oysters.

"You take these Northern oyster farmers," he said recently, "they plant seed oysters, then they transplant them and sometimes they transplant them again. I've heard tell that sometimes they do it five or six times. They say it's good for the oysters, that it makes their shells tough. They're tough, all right! They're so danged tough you can't open 'em with an ordinary oyster knife. And once you get one of 'em open and try the meat, it's like chewin' on an old belt.

"To my way of thinkin'," the colonel continued, warmly, "an oyster is just like an old man. He doesn't like a lot of movin' around. It's goin' to make him nervous and unsettled. Down here—Crisfield and hereabouts—we let our oysters grow wild. We let 'em develop for three years, and by that time they've got a flavor that you can't match —delicate, distinctive, so good that just smellin' a Chesapeake makes a man feel better."

Diamond Jim Liked His Oysters

A Northerner who takes sharp issue with the colonel is Lee Gerber, who in a good season handles around 50,000 gallons of oysters in the New York market. A rotund, outspoken man, Gerber has been in the oyster business for 30 years. As a boy, he sold papers to and hailed hacks for one of the greatest oyster eaters of all time, Diamond Jim Brady.

"I remember," Gerber said not long ago, "Brady always ate four or five dozen oysters *before starting* his regular meal. *Northern* oysters, too—Robbins Islands, Saddle Rocks, Mattitucks. He ate them because they're the best, and he was a man who knew oysters."

Dryden and Gerber are in agreement, though, on one thing: The big, six-inch oysters of Diamond Jim's day have just about vanished for good.

"They're pickin' 'em so fast they don't get a chance to grow," Colonel Dryden says, sadly.

But when it comes to *(Continued on page 63)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WEEK-END AT THE LAKE," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 33 in the series "Home Life in America."

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION 1862

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of the Negligent Nymph

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"You mean that the whole thing was a plant?"

"That," Mason said, "is what's worrying the hell out of me. Alder knows I'm representing that syndicate. He *could* have made a pretty shrewd guess that I was going to drop by and look his island over, and after all I didn't see where this swimming girl came from. The first thing I knew she was sliding along through the water, then she reached the island, walked out to the stand outlined against the light of that illuminated No Trespassing sign, and started drying herself with a towel. One can't imagine anything better calculated to arrest the attention of a prowling canoeist."

"And you with your binoculars!" Della Street said, laughingly.

"Me with my binoculars and my damn' curiosity, leading with my chin. The whole thing was perfectly timed. After her discovery, the girl had just enough head start to reach the water in front of my canoe before they turned the dog loose. And the dog was right at her heels. Naturally I pushed the dog away and invited the girl to get in. She was good-looking, casually flippant—she didn't seem like a thief—and you have to admit the approach was unusual."

"But," Della Street said, "you took precautions, you—"

"I thought I was taking precautions," Mason said. "She was wearing a strapless dinner gown without a darn' thing underneath it except a pair of stockings. She made a point of displaying this bottle quite prominently—and then, of course, when I read what was in the bottle, I realized it was right down my alley. You couldn't have asked for a better trap."

They drove in silence for a while, then Della Street said, "And then George Alder announces she took fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels and had a male accomplice waiting in a boat. Just where does that leave you, Chief?"

"Right behind the eight ball. If I'd done the obvious thing, told this girl who I was, persuaded her to let me take the letter—well, that would have left me really in a spot."

"But, as it is, she doesn't know who you are," Della Street pointed out.

"If it's a trap she does," Mason said. "In that case she knew before she ever swam ashore and started drying herself with a bath towel, which she conveniently left for the police to find—and I suppose there's a laundry mark on that bath towel which will enable the police to trace her."

Della Street folded the copy of the letter, handed it back to Perry Mason.

"It looks to me as though you've really got Alder on the defensive," Della Street said.

Mason said, "Just who has whom on the defensive is one of those things that events will have to determine."

She glanced up at him with eyes that were filled with confidence. "You have a way of determining events, Chief," she pointed out.

AT NINE-FIVE on Monday morning when Mason entered his office, Della Street, her finger on her lips, looked up from the phone in Mason's private office, said into the mouthpiece, "Yes, Mrs. Brawley, yes, indeed. Could you hold the phone just a moment? Someone is calling on the other phone."

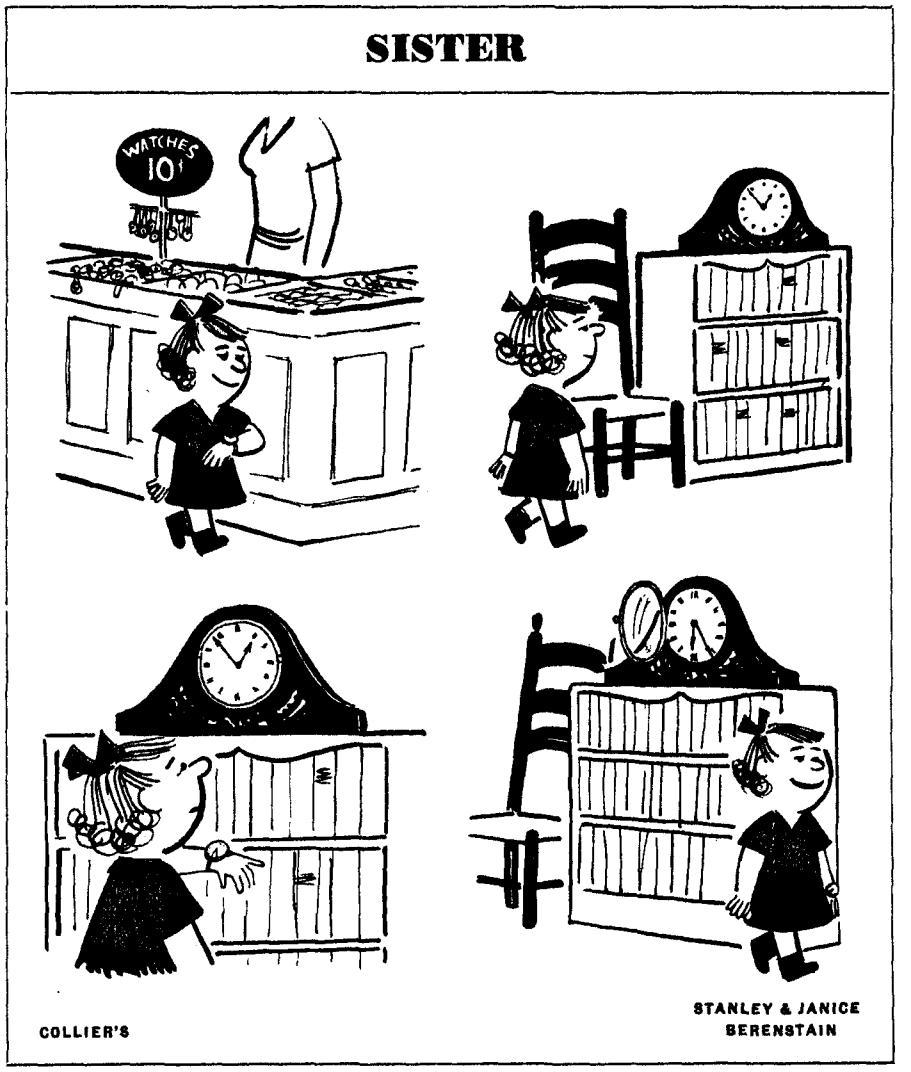
Della Street cupped her hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone and said rapidly to Perry Mason, "Mrs. Brawley, the matron at the jail in Las Alisas has a prisoner there, a Dorothy Fenner, held on suspicion of a jewel robbery, who wants to consult an attorney, and wants you."

"Oh, oh," Mason said. "It's a trap then. She knew who I was all along."

"Perhaps she didn't," Della Street said, her hand still over the mouthpiece. "Do you want me to send Jackson down there and let him talk with her? That way you can find out whether it's just a coincidence or—"

Mason grinned. "Thanks for the lifesaver, Della. That's what we'll do."

Della Street took her hand from the mouthpiece and said, "Well, I'm not in a position to speak for Mr. Mason, Mrs. Brawley, but I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll have Mr. Jackson, Mr. Mason's clerk, come down and interview Miss Fenner. You say she's in for a jewel robbery . . . Yes . . . Oh, within half an hour or so. He should be on his way



within thirty minutes . . . Yes . . . All right, thank you. Good-by."

Della Street hung up and cocked a quizzical eyebrow at her employer.

Mason said glumly, "George S. Alder is now beginning to turn the screw in the vise. So this girl was really bait for a trap after all."

"Is she really beautiful, Chief?"

Mason nodded.

"Well," Della Street said, "that's one consolation. Her beauty will be utterly wasted on Carl Jackson. Jackson will see only the legal principles involved, and for the rest of it will regard her owlishly through those thick-lensed spectacles of his, blinking his eyes as though trying to chop the situation up into small pieces so he can more readily feed them into his mental digestive apparatus."

Mason laughed. "Good description, Della. I've never noticed it before but he does seem to be afraid to trust himself to look at a girl all at once. Get him in here, Della, and we'll start him working on Dorothy Fenner."

Della Street arose from her desk, walked rapidly through the door to the law library and on to Jackson's office beyond. A few moments later she came back with the blinking, beetle-browed Jackson a few steps behind her, peering owlishly through his thick-lensed glasses.

Mason said, "Sit down, Jackson. There's a very interesting case down at the Las Alisas jail—a young woman whom we're going to represent. Her name's Dorothy Fenner. She's accused of having broken into the house of George S. Alder and stolen some fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels.

"Now, we're going to represent her. I want that definitely understood. The question of a fee won't be particularly important, but I do want to find out just how it happened that she asked me to represent her."

Jackson blinked.

"Then," Mason said, "I want bail fixed for her, and when you get a judge to fix bail, I want you to make the claim that the fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels is merely so much newspaper talk; that it's easy to say fifty thousand dollars in round figures, but that for the purposes of fixing bail we want to know exactly what jewelry was taken; otherwise we'll consider that the jewelry had only a nominal value and that bail should be fixed in a very nominal amount."

Jackson nodded.

"Think you can do that?" Mason asked. "I mean, get a judge to inquire somewhat into the nature and extent of the property that was taken before fixing the amount of bail?"

"Well, of course," Jackson said judicially, "a great deal, a very great deal, would depend upon the character of the young woman; and, of course, the circumstances under which the property was alleged to have been taken. For the purpose of setting bail, it will be necessary to assume that the charge is well-founded."

Mason said, "Just walk in there with your fighting clothes on and get in touch with whatever deputy district attorney is handling the thing and demand that he get hold of the complaining witness. Insist that we want to get a specific allegation as to what was taken and exactly when it was taken and the value of it. And above all, find out whether this young woman got in touch with me because of my reputation, because someone told her to give me a ring, or because she thinks she knows me."

"Do you know her?" Jackson asked, blinking inquiringly at Mason.

"How the hell do I know? Jackson, in my position would you know everyone who had served on a jury, everyone who had been a witness in a case?"

"No, sir, I don't think I would."

"I don't think you would either," Mason said, picking up some papers. "Skip down to the Las Alisas jail and get hold of this Dorothy Fenner. Tell her not to worry. Get started as fast as you can. We want some action. File a habeas corpus if you have to."

WHEN Jackson had gone, Mason turned to Della Street. "He does ask the damnedest questions."

"Doesn't he? And at the most unexpected times. Then you look at that impassive countenance of his and those eyes blinking away at you as though you were some sort of bug he was looking at through a microscope and you're darned if you know whether the guy is really smart, or just intelligent."

Mason threw back his head and laughed.

"Get hold of Paul Drake for me, Della. Let's start some detectives working."

Della Street dialed Paul Drake's unlisted number on the confidential line which Mason kept in his private office, detouring the outside switchboard, and in a moment said, "Hello, Paul? This is Della . . . How busy are you? . . . Do you suppose you could run down to the office? . . . That's fine. Right away, eh?"

She raised inquiring eyebrows at Mason, caught his nod, said, "That'll be fine, Paul. The Chief will be expecting you. I'll be waiting at the door."

She hung up the telephone and moved over to the exit door to the corridor from Mason's private office.

"He's coming right down," she said.

Paul Drake, head of the Drake Detective Agency, had offices down the corridor near the elevator, and it was only a matter of seconds until Della Street heard his steps in the corridor. As soon as a dark shadow formed on the ground glass of the exit door, Della Street jerked back the latch and opened the door.

"Service," Drake said, grinning amiably at them as he shuffled over to the big overstuffed client's chair and draped himself in his favorite position with his knees propped over one rounded arm of the chair, the other rounded arm furnishing support for his back.

"What's the pitch?" he drawled, lifting one knee and clasping his fingers around the shinbone as he glanced from Mason to Della Street.

"We want you to find out something about a nice murder case," Mason said.

"Murder cases are never nice," Drake told him, "particularly your murder cases."

"This is a swell murder case," Mason said. "It involves a Miss Minerva Danby—by all reports a beautiful girl—who is supposed to have been drowned by slipping overboard from a yacht—"

"You mean the Alder case?" Drake interrupted.

"You know about it?"

"I remember about it," Drake said;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seagram's
IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

OBVIOUSLY . . . PERFECT TASTE

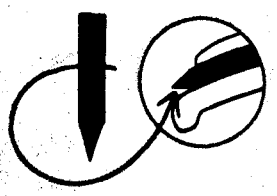
Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD—86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y.

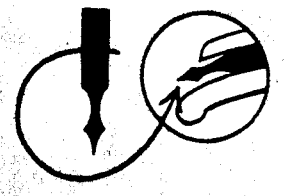
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what Hollow Ground means...and what it does for you...



USUAL BLADE

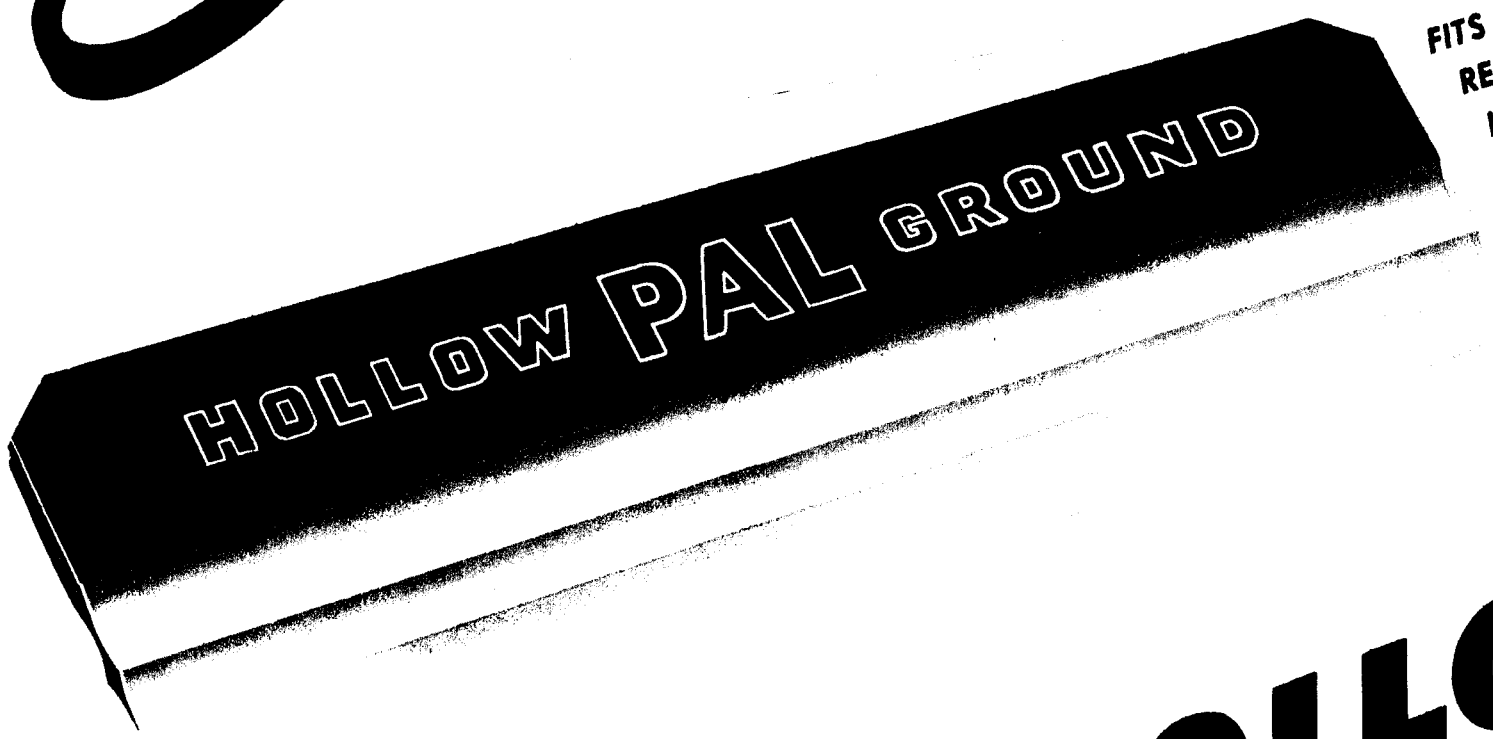
Ground like a JACK-KNIFE. Edge is rigid in razor — has no "give".



PAL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES

Ground like a MASTER BARBER'S RAZOR. Edge has "give"—gives a cooler, closer shave with a light, light stroke.

Sensation! a New and for Injector



FITS YOUR REGULAR INJECTOR RAZOR PERFECTLY

PAL HOLLOW GROUND

Ray Mead
Plant Superintendent
Pal Blade Co., Inc.
Plattsburg, N. Y.

"I have made over 5 billion blades in the last 25 years and it's my honest conviction that the new Pal Hollow Ground are vastly superior to any blade of their type ever produced.

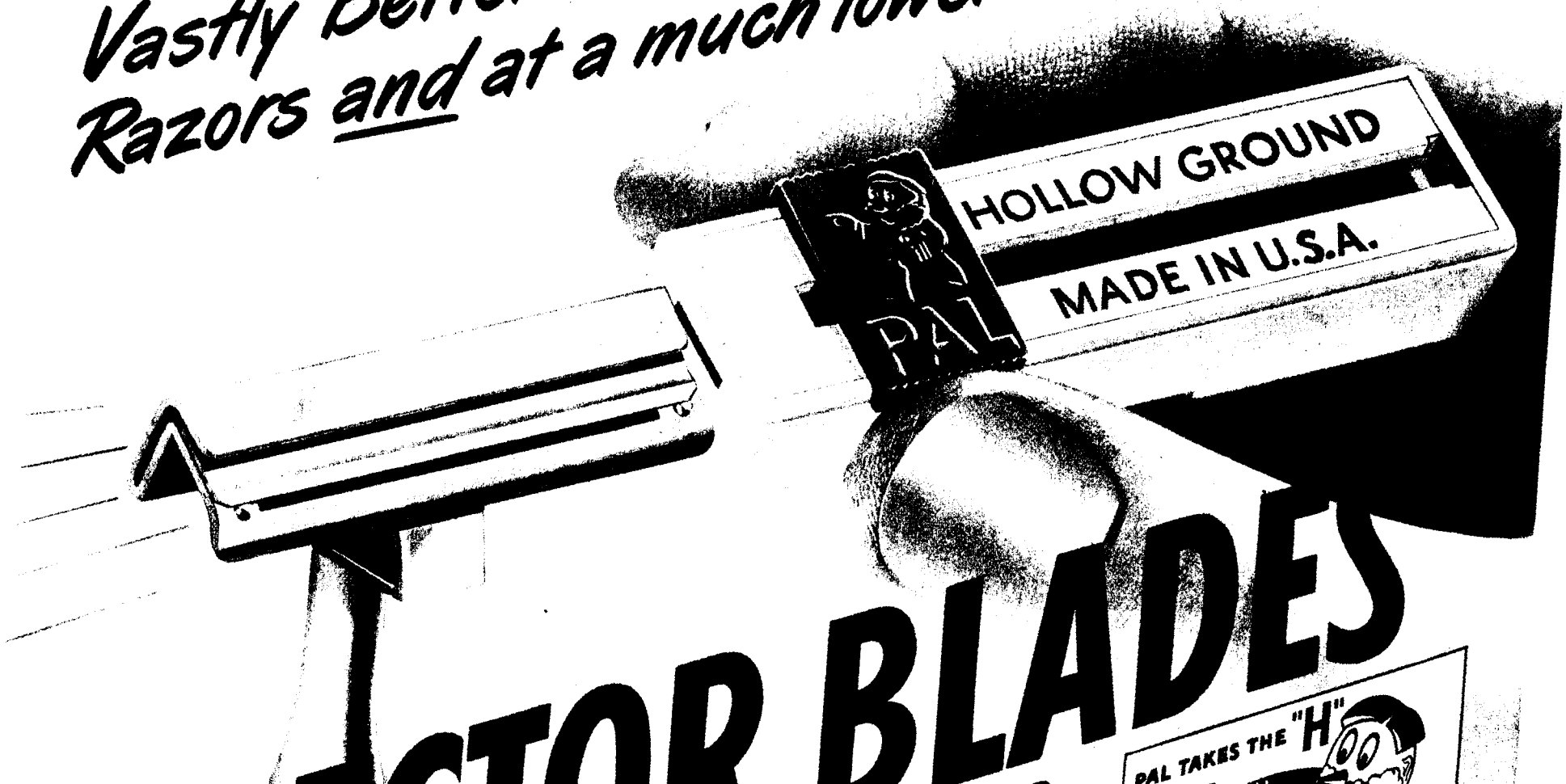
"There are numerous technical reasons for this, including the exclusive, patented Hollow Ground feature illustrated above. But I know you are more interested in shaving results. Therefore, I urge you to try these blades on my say-so. Under my Company's guarantee, there's no cost to you unless you're 100% satisfied."

G. R. Mead

PAL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES ARE MADE IN PLATTSBURG • MONTREAL • GLASGOW • BUENOS AIRES — AND SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vastly Better Blade
Razors and at a much lower cost!



INJECTOR BLADES

IN MAGAZINE DISPENSER

JUST COMPARE THE PRICE!

20 for 59¢

10 blades for 39¢ • 6 blades for 25¢ (Trial Size)

GUARANTEE

Buy a package of Pal Hollow Ground Injector Blades, or Pal Hollow Ground Double or Single Edge Blades in the Zipak. Use as many as you wish. If you're not satisfied return the container to us and we'll promptly refund your money in full.

PAL BLADE CO., INC., 43 W. 57TH ST., NEW YORK 19.

AVAILABLE WHEREVER FINE BLADES ARE SOLD, INCLUDING DRUG, VARIETY CHAIN, TOBACCO AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

For men who use Double or Single Edge Blades

NEW! radically improved

PAL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES

now in revolutionary plastic

ZIPAK® dispenser

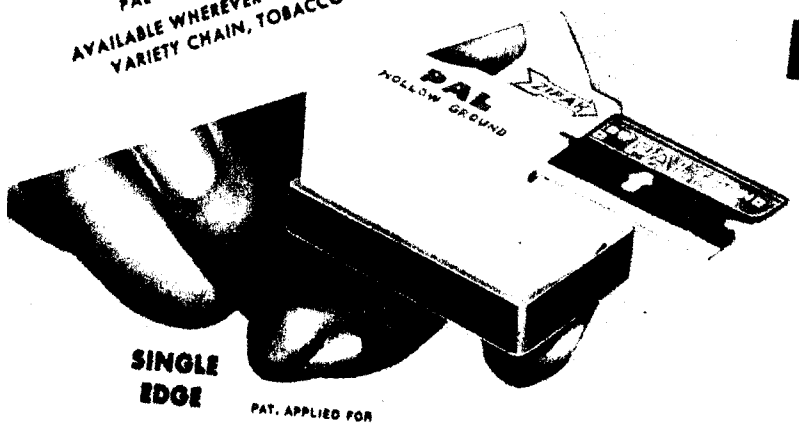
ZIP! Out slides a factory-perfect, unwrapped blade, ready for your razor.

same low prices

44 for 98¢

Also 21 for 49¢, 10 for 25¢

PAL still gives you 4 blades for 10¢, in regular package



SINGLE EDGE

PAT. APPLIED FOR

PAT. APPLIED FOR

DOUBLE EDGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vitalis "LIVE-ACTION*" care

What a wonderful wake-up glow in your scalp—when you use Vitalis "*Live-Action*" care. That's Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!" Nothing like 50-seconds' tingling massage with the *active* Vitalis formula to (1) stimulate your scalp (2) prevent dryness (3) rout flaky dandruff (4) help check excessive falling hair. Your scalp feels refreshed, *invigorated.* Then 10 seconds to comb and you're all set!

gives you HANDSOMER HAIR

Now see how much neater, how much handsomer your hair looks—set to *stay* that way all day! No "patent-leather" shine. Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil. For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "*Live-Action*" Vitalis at any drug counter today.

"LIVE-ACTION"
*VITALIS
and the
"60-Second Workout"

• **Many scalp specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout *stimulates* scalp. *prevents* dryness.

Product of Bristol-Myers

P. S. Your barber knows how to give you a stimulating, refreshing Vitalis treatment for scalp and hair. Ask him for a professional application of "Live-Action" Vitalis.

matron brought a swollen-eyed Dorothy Fenner into the room, a room with a long table, through the middle of which ran a heavy screen.

The matron said, "Come on over here, dearie. Here's Mr. Mason. He wants to talk with you."

Dorothy Fenner walked over to the screen listlessly; and then suddenly she jerked to startled attention. "Why, you are—"

"Perry Mason," Mason interrupted. "And very pleased to meet you, Miss Fenner."

"Why, what I mean is that you're—"

"Perry Mason," the lawyer interrupted, significantly.

"Oh," she said, and sat down as though her legs were buckling.

The matron smiled, patted her back reassuringly, said, "How's everything, Mr. Mason?"

"Fine," Mason told her.

"Let me know when you're ready," the matron said, and withdrew out of earshot.

DOROTHY FENNER raised her head and surveyed Mason with incredulous eyes. She looked back over her shoulder to make certain no one was within earshot and then said in a low voice, "Why didn't you tell me?"

Mason said, "Can't you appreciate my position? You were committing an illegal act."

"What are you going to do now?"

"The first thing I'm going to do," Mason said, "is get you out on bail, but I want to know exactly what happened."

She said, "I guess I was a little fool, Mr. Mason. I didn't do what you told me to. I had a bear by the tail, but I wasn't ready to go to George Alder. I thought I'd talk with Pete Cadiz about finding the bottle. I wanted time to think things over."

"So what did you do?"

She said, "I concealed that bottle where I thought it would never be found."

"Where?"

"In the fresh-water tank on my yacht. I unscrewed the cleaning plug on the drinking-water tank and put the bottle inside."

"Then what?"

"Then I went ashore to take the interurban for town, feeling very satisfied with myself."

"You have an automobile?"

"No. My one extravagance is the yacht. I love yachting. On the whole it costs me a lot less to keep this yacht than it would a car, and—"

"Okay," Mason interrupted, "what happened?"

She said, "I stopped in at a little restaurant for breakfast yesterday morning, read the papers, and learned about what Alder was saying. That someone had broken into his house and taken fifty thousand dollars in gems and—well, suddenly I realized that he had me. He'd been smart enough not to say anything at all about losing the bottle with the letter in it, but simply claimed that I'd broken in in order to steal jewels. And, of course, like a little simp, not intending to get caught in any such mess, I had left myself wide open. And then I realized that you were my only hope because you—of course I didn't know who you were at the time—could swear I hadn't taken any jewels from the house."

"So what did you do?" Mason asked.

"Well," she said, "at that late date I decided to follow your advice. I went back to the yacht, deciding that I'd get this bottle with the letter and—"

"You'd put the letter back into the bottle?"

"Yes. Just the way I found it. Screw the top on and all."

"All right, what happened?"

"Well, when I went back to the yacht the bottle was gone. I was absolutely thunderstruck. I couldn't believe it possible. I searched and searched, and then I pumped every blessed bit of water out of that water tank and looked in it with the flashlight. That bottle simply had disappeared."

Mason said, "You're dealing with a shrewd individual, Dorothy. He knew who had the bottle. He simply waited until you had gone ashore, and then he went aboard and started searching the yacht. Evidently he's a pretty good yachtsman and could figure out the places where something like that could be hidden. So now he has the bottle and the letter—and he has enough evidence against you to convict you of breaking into his house. Is that right?"

"I guess so, yes—I—I suppose I must have left fingerprints. Like a ninny I didn't wear gloves. What a mess it is!"

Mason nodded.

"Well," she said, "there's one thing. You can back up my story and now we can tell the truth. Oh, I'm so relieved, so glad to see you, Mr. Mason. I wondered how I was ever going to get in touch with the only man in the world who could show that I hadn't taken those jewels."

"Take it easy," Mason said. "You can't handle it that way."

"Why not?"

"Because if we tell that story now, it's going to look like an attempt to fabricate evidence so we can try and build up a case against Alder.

"Furthermore, when I put myself in the position of being interested in the letter that was in that bottle, and then letting you take it and put it in the water tank where someone could come and steal it, and all we can show is a typewritten copy of what we *claim* the letter was— No, my dear, I'm afraid we can't do that."

"Then what *can* we do?"

"At the moment it's what we *don't* do," Mason said. "We don't go rushing into court and say anything about the bottle. We don't show the copy of the letter that we made. I do wish we'd had a camera so that we could have photographed that document. Then we would have been in an entirely different position. But we didn't have, so there you are, or rather, here you are."

"But, Mr. Mason, don't you see what he's done? Why, if we let him get away with that, if he can put us in that position, I've lost my evidence, I can't ever say anything about it later on, and—and, good Lord, I did break into his house and he could have me convicted of a felony and—"

MASON interrupted her. "You leave it to me. I'm not too certain but that your friend, George S. Alder, may get something of a shock when he learns that I'm going to represent you. Keep a stiff upper lip, Dorothy, and you may be out of here by dinnertime."

"By dinnertime, Mr. Mason? Why, even if a judge made an order admitting me to bail, my financial resources are—"

Mason said, "I have quite a bit at stake myself. If it hadn't been for—Oh, well, you see now how it was. I couldn't possibly have done anything there Saturday night without making it appear that we'd been engaged in some sort of a scheme, either to concoct or steal evidence, and either would have been bad for me."

"Oh, if I'd only gone to Alder, the way you told me to. If I'd only known who you were, I'd have taken your advice unquestioningly."

"Well," Mason said, "we're in it now, and we'll see it through."

"What are you going to do?"

Mason said, "I'm going to use a little ingenuity for one thing, and perhaps a little bluff. The first thing you're going to do is to get out on bail. The next thing we're going to do is to sue George S. Alder, and serve notice that we want to take his deposition."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But can you do all that?" she asked.

"We can try," Mason said. "Keep your chin up, Dorothy. I'll be seeing you later."

Mason motioned to the matron the interview was over.

AFTER listening patiently to the concluding arguments of a long-winded lawyer, Judge Lankershim said, "The demurrer is overruled. Ten days to answer."

He glanced at the clock, said, "That winds up the calendar. Now we have a matter which I have continued until this time. It involves the question of bail in the case of People versus Fenner."

Vincent Colton said, "We're ready to discuss the matter for the prosecution, Your Honor."

Judge Lankershim said, "Mr. Jackson, of Mr. Mason's office, was— Oh, I see Mr. Mason is here himself. Are you ready to proceed, Mr. Mason?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Now, what seems to be the trouble?" Judge Lankershim asked. "Apparently a young woman is charged with theft. As I gathered the situation from Mr. Jackson, any attempt at escape on her part would be exceedingly unlikely. She has money in the bank, owns a yacht—"

"And the money in the bank could be drawn out overnight," Colton snapped. "The yacht is an old, small boat, of very questionable value. This young woman has no previous criminal record, so far as I know, but the fact remains that she entered this dwelling house during the nighttime, mingled with the guests at a dinner party, and stole some fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. To permit her to go free on a nominal bail would simply enable her to put up the five or ten thousand dollars' bail, sell the jewelry, and be forty thousand dollars to the good."

"Nonsense," Mason said.

"Just a minute, Mr. Mason," Judge Lankershim interposed. "You'll have an opportunity to state your case. Go on, Mr. Deputy District Attorney."

"That about covers the situation," Colton said. "Our office feels that this is a case where bail should be at least as high as the property that was taken."

"None of this property has been recovered by the police?"

"No, Your Honor."

Judge Lankershim thought for a moment, then glanced over his glasses at Perry Mason. "Well, Mr. Mason, what's the situation from your viewpoint? I think I have most of your views. Mr. Jackson made a rather complete presentation of the case when I was approached in chambers. Mr. Colton said he wanted time to correlate some other evidence."

Mason said, "In the first place, I don't think fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken. I don't think *any* jewelry was taken."

"I see," Colton said sarcastically. "Mr. Alder, a very reputable and established citizen, is going around hurling false charges at innocent persons. Is that your contention?"

"You might be surprised," Mason said, "to know that it is. I'd just like to have Mr. Alder make a list of the articles of jewelry which he claims were taken."

"I've told him to prepare such a list," Colton said.

"And then submit it to you?"

"Yes."

"Under oath?"

"That's not necessary. He'll give his testimony when he gets to court."

"Where is he now?"

"In my office, making out the list."

Mason said, "How long do you suppose it's going to take him to make it out?"

"Well, there were quite a few items."

"I'd just like to know some of the items," Mason said. "I'd like to have him definitely show where he gets this figure of fifty thousand dollars."

"He'll show it at the proper time."

"The proper time is right now, if he's going to try to prevent this young woman from being admitted to a reasonable bail."

TURNING, Mason addressed himself to the judge: "Your Honor, here is a young woman of position and refinement, and I think if you could see her you would appreciate immediately that there certainly must be some misunderstanding. I haven't as yet talked with her enough to know about all the facts of the defense. I understand that the only evidence which connects her with the crime is a bath towel which had her laundry mark on it on the premises.

"Obviously, any person who would steal fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry could steal a bath towel. I also doubt very much if any such amount of jewelry was taken. I think that the victim made a hurried guess to the police officers and I venture to say that if Mr. Colton would get his office on the phone right now he'd find that Mr. Alder is not

VIEWPOINT

"Let's sit right here. I like to kid this blond waitress. She really likes it. Looks for me every day"

"Oh! Oh! Here's your friend Buster with his cronies again. Tough luck, kiddo!"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

WARDROBE SUFFERING FROM ANEMIA?

Try a diet of Pastel Shirts

All my husband's suits looked tired, down-in-the mouth, until those new WINGS pastels came into his life.

It's not only the COLORS, but the COLLARS, too, that do things for him. And the tight-weave broadcloth has wear to spare.

So move over, white shirts, and make room for a rainbow of WINGS pastels---15 dusty tones to choose from.

Write Dept. CI for free fashion folder and dealer's name

WINGS SHIRT COMPANY • 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scientific Research Indicates You Can Help

Prevent Tooth Decay

With the New

COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder

Colgate's Amazing New Dentifrice Removes Dingy Film— Gets Teeth So Clean Your Tongue Feels the Difference! Tastes Refreshingly Minty, Too!

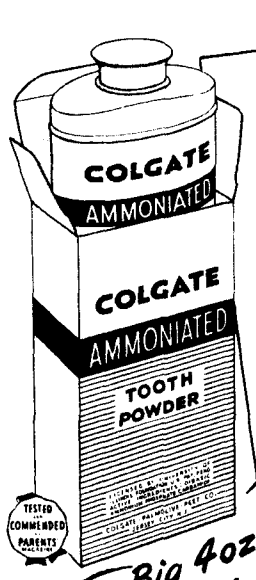
Here's the most wonderful dentifrice you ever used!

Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder contains the remarkable new discovery that, dental science indicates, helps you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay . . . plus *these Colgate advantages:* It *tastes* better, *foams* freely, gets teeth cleaner, brighter, immediately.

Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder is a product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet research laboratories, based on a formula developed by University of Illinois scientists. Its wonder-ingredients, Dibasic Ammonium Phosphate and Carbamide, give *three definite benefits* to help prevent new cavities.

Start using Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder to help prevent tooth decay. Brush regularly, as directed. Enjoy its foamy cleaning action and delightful minty taste. Notice how it removes dingy film, gets teeth looking their cleanest and handsomest. Leaves breath sweet, too!

GUARANTEED BY COLGATE—Try Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. If you don't agree it is the finest ammoniated dentifrice you ever used, we guarantee to refund your purchase price in full, plus postage. Just return the unused portion to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Jersey City 2, N. J.



3 Amazing Benefits To Help Prevent Tooth Decay

1. Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder helps neutralize destructive mouth acids, considered by many dental authorities *a leading cause of tooth decay.*
2. It inhibits growth of acid-producing bacteria, Lactobacillus Acidophilus, in the mouth.
3. It helps dissolve and remove from teeth gluey film in which acid-producing bacteria thrive.

Youngsters Need this protection during growing years, especially, when worst tooth decay damage occurs. And they love its minty flavor. Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder has been tested and commended by Parents' Magazine.

Dentists Themselves Use and recommend ammoniated dentifrices to aid in controlling tooth decay. For cavities already formed, and to safeguard mouth health, be sure to visit your dentist regularly.

Big 4oz. Can ONLY 43¢

Also 25¢ Size—At Any Drug or Toilet Goods Counter

COLGATE AMMONIATED TOOTH POWDER

With a Flavor the Whole Family Will Enjoy

only having exceedingly great difficulty in preparing such a list, but that he can't even list *any* jewelry which has been taken."

"Oh, that's absurd," Colton said.

Mason said, "What's the use of bothering with a lot of affidavits? We have the judge here on the bench, ready to hear the matter. If, as you say, Alder is in your office at the present time, why not have him take the elevator and come to court?"

"And if he says fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken you'll agree to a fifty-thousand-dollar bail?" Colton asked.

Mason said, "Put your man right on that witness stand. Ask him the question under oath. Give me an opportunity to ask a question or two on cross-examination to clarify the situation. If he then says fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken, I'll submit that the bail should be fifty thousand dollars. Let's also have it agreed that if he says ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken the bail will be ten thousand, and, if he says one thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken, the bail will be one thousand dollars, and, if he says no jewelry was taken, the defendant can be released on her own recognizance."

"If he says no jewelry whatever was taken," Colton said grimly, "I'll not only let the defendant be released on her own recognizance, I'll ask for dismissal of the case."

"All right, bring him in," Mason said.

"If I may use the phone, Your Honor—" Colton said.

"Go ahead. Take the telephone in my chambers," Judge Lankershim said.

The deputy district attorney went to the judge's chambers. Judge Lankershim glanced somewhat quizzically over his glasses at Perry Mason. "I see you took the matter over personally, Mr. Mason."

Mason nodded.

"Your Mr. Jackson made a very able presentation of the law," Judge Lankershim said.

"I'm glad he did, Your Honor. I'm going to try and make an equally able presentation of the facts."

Judge Lankershim's eyes twinkled.

VINCENT COLTON returned to the courtroom and said, "Mr. Alder will be right up."

"Did you ask him if he had that list?" Mason asked.

Colton said with dignity, "I told him to bring the list, and he could read it into evidence."

Mason said, "I want the court reporter to report this testimony."

"It will be reported," the court reporter said.

"And I want a transcript."

"I'll take a copy," Colton snapped.

They waited a few moments, and then the door opened and a spare, tight-lipped man in a double-breasted gray business suit walked into the courtroom with an air of quiet, competent authority.

"George S. Alder," Vincent Colton announced. "Just come forward and be sworn, and take the stand, Mr. Alder."

Alder's keen gray eyes glanced around the courtroom and came to rest somewhat curiously on Perry Mason. He held up his right hand and was sworn.

"Just sit down there on the witness stand," Colton said. "You have a list of the jewelry that was taken?"

"I have a very partial list. I find that it's a little difficult to trust to my memory in these matters. I really would prefer to return home and take a complete inventory in order to make certain."

"Well, can you tell the court generally just about the value of the jewelry that was taken?"

"I said approximately fifty thousand dollars, and I see no reason to change that figure," Alder said, glancing quickly at Perry Mason, then back at Colton.

"You're quite certain that fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken?" Colton asked.

"Well," Alder said, "I, of course, am making an estimate. I haven't as yet made a complete inventory, and then, of course, it's a question whether you mean wholesale or retail price. But I would say that approximately fifty thousand dollars in jewelry had been taken."

"I think that's all," Colton said triumphantly.

"Just a couple of questions on cross-examination," Mason said.

THE judge said, "Very well. Go ahead, Mr. Mason. This seems to be a routine matter and we're making quite a fuss about it. Let's try and get the matter disposed of. It seems to me that fifty thousand dollars' bail is rather high, but if that amount was taken—and, of course, that's the stipulation which counsel entered into."

"Quite right," Mason said. "I'm willing to be bound by my bargain, but I do want to ask a couple of questions."

"Go ahead," Judge Lankershim said, glancing at the clock.

"This jewelry insured?" Mason asked casually.

"What does that have to do with it?" Colton asked.

"Simply this," Mason said, "that if the jewelry is insured there will then be an inventory, together with values, attached to the insurance policy, and this might refresh Mr. Alder's recollection."

"Oh, I see. No objection."

Alder said, "Most of my jewelry is insured, yes."

"Don't you carry a general all-purpose insurance policy with complete coverage on everything?"

"Come to think of it, I believe I do, but the jewelry under that policy is ten per cent of the amount of the policy, I think."

"And what's the amount of the policy?"

"A hundred thousand dollars."

"All right, there's ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. Then you have another insurance policy specifically on your jewelry?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"In which the items are listed?"

"Well, some of them are listed."

"All right," Mason said, "now, tell me *one* item of jewelry, just *one* item, mind you, that's covered in that specific insurance policy and which was taken from your house in this burglary."

"I . . . I told you I'd have to make an inventory."

"Just one item," Mason said, holding up his index finger so that it emphasized the figure. "Just one item of jewelry covered in that insurance policy."

"I don't think I can do it, offhand."

"All right," Mason said, "now, tell me one item of jewelry that was taken that is *not* covered in that insurance policy."

"Well, for one thing, there's a wrist watch."

"What make?"

"It's a rather expensive Swiss wrist watch."

"How do you know it was taken?"

"I haven't seen it—it seems to be missing."

"All right," Mason said. "Now that wrist watch would be covered in your other insurance policy, wouldn't it? The ten per cent of your all-purpose coverage."

"I believe it would, yes."

"So," Mason said, "you're going to make a claim to the insurance company for this wrist watch in the event the police don't recover it. Is that right?"

"Well, I suppose so. I'm a busy man. I hadn't thought—"

"Yes or no?" Mason said. "Are you going to make a claim to the insurance company?"

"What does that have to do with it?" Colton asked.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Just this!" Mason said. "In the event that wrist watch was not taken and this man makes a claim to an insurance company, he's going to be guilty of perjury and of obtaining money under false pretenses, and I think he knows it. So he's not going to make any false statements in connection with a claim on an insurance policy. Now, then, Mr. Alder, you're on oath. I want you to tell us one particular item of jewelry that was taken. Just one, any one."

"Well, I saw this person, that is, she had been discovered trying to steal things from my desk, and I . . . I went in there and opened the locked compartment where I keep jewels, and—well, I took a look at the jewel box and estimated that a very large amount of jewelry had been taken."

"Where did you get this jewelry?"

"Most of it came to me from my mother, after my father died. That is, it was part of Father's estate. It was Mother's jewelry."

"And some of your own?"

"Wrist watch, cuff links, a diamond pin, a ruby ring—"

"Well, then," Mason interrupted, "we shouldn't have any trouble, so let's list these things. Now, the diamond pin is gone, the ruby ring is gone, the—"

"I didn't say they were gone."

"They're covered in the insurance policy?"

"I believe so, yes."

"Well, are they gone, or aren't they?"

"I don't know. I tell you I didn't make a detailed inventory. I took a look at the contents of the jewel box and estimated that about fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry had been taken."

"Fifty thousand dollars," Mason said, "is quite a lot of jewelry."

"Yes, sir."

ALDER moistened his lips, glanced somewhat appealingly toward the deputy district attorney.

"How much jewelry was in that box?" Mason asked.

"Quite a lot."

"Insured?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much was it insured for?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"That was the value of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then all of it must have been taken, if fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry is missing."

"Well, it wasn't all gone. I—I tell you I didn't take an inventory."

"Why not?" Mason asked. "Wasn't it good business for you to take an inventory?"

"Surely," Judge Lankershim interrupted, "you must have made some survey in order to find out what was missing, Mr. Alder."

"Well, I didn't go through everything that was there. I was excited and—Well, that was it, I was excited."

"You're not excited now, are you?" Mason asked.

"No."

"All right, tell us what was missing."

"I haven't the jewel box here."

"Were you excited this morning before you went to the district attorney's office?"

"Of course there was the shock of having someone I'd trusted burglarize my house."

"How much of a shock?"

"Quite a shock."

"So much so that you couldn't concentrate on making a list of jewelry?"

"Well, I was excited, yes."

"So, when you told the district attorney fifty thousand dollars in jewelry was taken, you were excited?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"You were so excited that you couldn't make an inventory of what jewelry was missing. Isn't that right?"

"Well, you might put it that way."

"I'm not putting it that way," Mason said, "you are. I'm simply trying to summarize your testimony. Now, isn't it quite possible that when you said fifty thousand dollars, you had in mind the figure of the insurance policy, and—"

"I guess perhaps that's right, perhaps I could have."

"Right now, at the present moment, you wouldn't swear that even ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken, would you?"

"Look here," Alder said angrily, "this young woman broke into my house; she was at my desk; my jewel case was open. Someone opened the door and surprised her. One of the guests started to ask her what she was doing there, and the woman grabbed this bottle, and dashed for the window, and . . ."

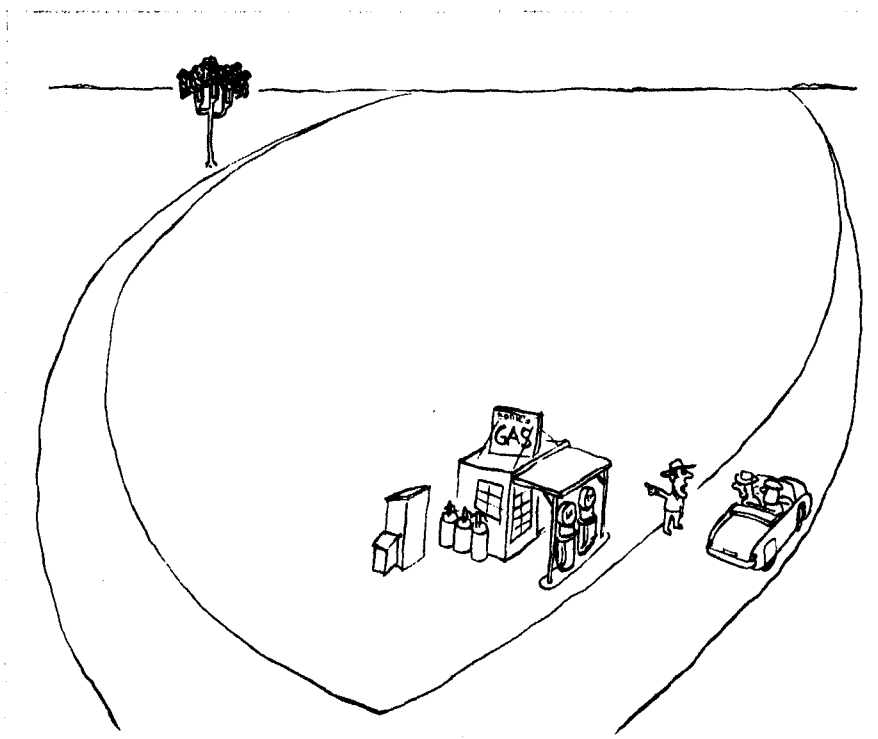
Alder stopped abruptly.

"What bottle?" Mason asked.

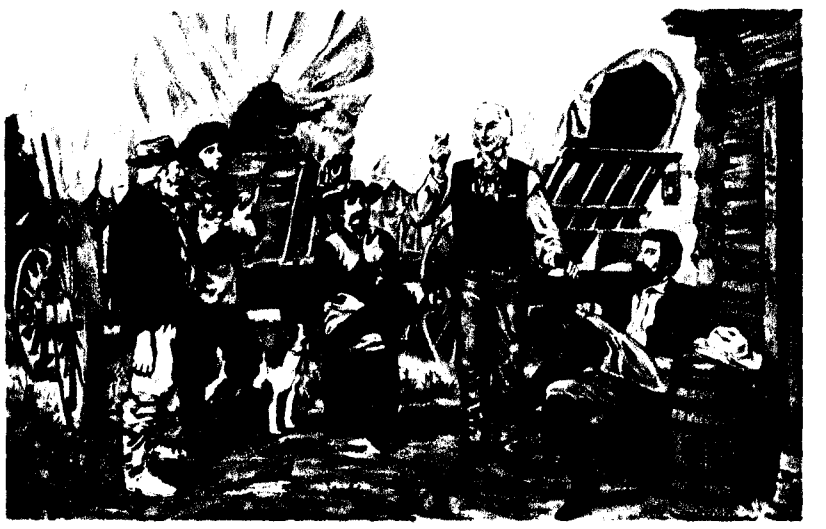
"The bottle with the jewelry in it," Alder said angrily.

Mason smiled, seeing the bewilderment on the faces of the judge and the deputy district attorney.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "Yeh. They both take you to Tucumcari, but that there's the scenic route" VIRGIL PARTCH



THE COVERED WAGONS PAUSE AT CROW'S DISTILLERY

Many a west-bound Forty-Niner stopped to enjoy a bit of Kentucky hospitality at Colonel Crow's little log cabin distillery.

OLD CROW

A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In My Day

By JAMES A. KIRCH

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

I AM not the man my father was. My father slogged six miles to school, through drifts four feet high, and at the end of the day slogged eagerly homeward to finish his chores before dark. There was no coddling of young men in my father's day. Men were men, and we of today are not the men they were.

I am quoting, of course. You will understand that.

I should never have written the letter asking if I could buy Phil Halpern's car. I realized too late how this request would affect my father. As he frequently reminded me in our "man-to-man" conversations, Father had earned his own way through this same university. In *his* sophomore year, he had had to transfer his living quarters from the fraternity house to a dormitory room. And there had been one terrible period in his junior year when he had lived on Chinese fried rice for six weeks.

All this I knew, and yet when the opportunity came to buy Phil's six-year-old roadster, I foolishly wrote to my father, requesting permission.

I was prepared for his refusal. I was not, however, prepared for the wire I received in reply: ARRIVING FRIDAY FIVE PM TO DISCUSS YOUR SITUATION MAN TO MAN. FATHER.

I was at the station at four forty-five, waiting, I will admit, with considerable trepidation. I never seem to distinguish myself in these little talks with my father.

We shook hands gravely. "Well, son," he said.

"A good trip, sir?" I asked politely. I gripped his elbow to guide him a little to one side to make way for a large man behind him. The stranger got off the train sidewise, like a monstrous crab, and accidentally jostled my father.

He turned to apologize. He was a florid-faced man, with a thin crown of red hair and bright blue eyes. "I beg your pardon," he said. He started on, then stopped, wheeling back to my father.

"Skunky!" he bellowed. "Skunky Edwards!"

My father was visibly affected. He took a step backward.

"Walter," he said. "Walter Hendricks."

The large man pumped my father's hand vigorously. "Skunky," he kept repeating. "Good old Skunky." He became aware of my presence. "The young one, eh?" he roared. "A chip off the old block, I'll wager."

"Horace, Jr.," my father said. "This is Mr. Hendricks, a former classmate of mine."

Mr. Hendricks threw back his head, laid an arm over my father's shoulders, and sang:

> "Here's to the men of '22,
> Drink her down, drink her down.
> Here's to the men of—"

He broke off. "What's the matter, Skunky? Lost your voice?"

My father coughed. "A slight cold."

"Perhaps we shouldn't be standing here, sir," I offered. "This damp air . . ."

"Right!" Mr. Hendricks boomed. "Let's get settled. Let's have some food." He turned to me. "You drive down?" he demanded.

It was an unfortunate question. "No, sir," I said. "I walked."

"Walked?" Mr. Hendricks said. "You mean you don't have a—"

"Look, Walt," my father interrupted. "Suppose you let me know where you're staying and I'll give you a ring later. I believe my son has made arrangements for us to dine at his fraternity house."

"Well, no, sir," I was forced to explain. "We closed the dining room. It lost too much money."

"That settles it," Mr. Hendricks announced. "We'll take a cab to the Stag. Our favorite hangout."

The Stag at Eve is a very fine restaurant. I know, because I have dined there twice—the night we defeated Claybourne U. and the night Sally agreed to wear my fraternity pin.

"That will be very nice, sir," I said.

My father said nothing. His cold was apparently growing worse. He cleared his throat several times during the ride. In the restaurant, he even permitted Mr. Hendricks to select our table.

Mr. Hendricks was a football enthusiast. "Four losses," he said. "Not much of a season. When your father played tackle, it was different. Of course, in our day, State took care of its players. Eh, Skunky?"

My father said, "I believe I will have the bouillabaisse."

"Boola boola!" Mr. Hendricks bellowed. "Get it? That's what we called your father for a while. Because of the way he lapped it up. But, like I was saying, State used to take care of its players. Your father ever tell you about the job they gave him?"

"No, sir," I admitted.

"He wound the clock," Mr. Hendricks said. "That eight-day clock on the chapel tower. They paid him—"

"Bouillabaisse!" my father said, in a firm voice. "And baked Alaska!" He summoned a waitress.

THE young lady who took our orders seemed to me unusually attractive; but when she left, Mr. Hendricks looked after her sadly. "They used to pick them more carefully," he mourned. "Remember Milly?" he asked my father.

My father said he believed he recalled the name.

"Believe!" Mr. Hendricks roared. "You *believe* you do! I should hope so. Why—"

My father said yes he was certain he recalled her.

"I should hope so," Mr. Hendricks repeated. "Milly," he informed me, "was the waitress at the China Doll."

"Speaking of China," my father began, "I've heard reports—"

Mr. Hendricks ignored him. "Quite a girl," he announced. "Your father had it so bad, he ate there for six weeks. If she hadn't married a salesman and left town, he'd have died. Chinese rice and shrimp for six weeks."

My father had never mentioned the shrimp.

My father appeared to have some trouble with the bouillabaisse. I could hardly distinguish Mr. Hendricks' words, but I gathered he had asked me where I was living.

"At the fraternity house, sir," I said, over the bubbling sounds that kept coming from Father.

"A fine life," he said. "Be sure you stay there."

I intended to. I assured him of that.

"Well, yes, of course," he said. "So did Skunky."

My father choked on his soup.

"Tell me," Mr. Hendricks demanded. "They still have that third-floor rule?"

"Yes, sir," I said. This is a rule common to most fraternity houses. Coeds are not permitted above the main floor of the building.

"Well," Mr. Hendricks warned, "mind you obey it. Eh, Skunky? Or you may find yourself in a dorm. Like Father . . ."

"Horace," my father said hastily, "I believe you had something to discuss with me about a car?"

"Well, yes," I said, "but—"

"But nothing!" Mr. Hendricks interrupted. "You've got the right man, son. Old Skunky knows cars. He had a Stutz Bearcat that would do close to seventy. In those days, that was speed."

The waitress placed the baked Alaskas in front of us. Mr. Hendricks raised a forkful toward his mouth, and then paused. "Say," he said. "That was during prohibition. And I remember one night—"

"Walt!" my father said sternly. "Your dessert is melting! About that car, son," he said to me. "I believe it can be arranged."

It was the perfect ending for a perfect meal. Father never hedges when he has reached a decision. The car was as good as mine.

We reached the street just as the chapel chimes rang out the hour. My father stopped, held, no doubt, by a nostalgic feeling for the old clock he himself once had wound. On the last stroke, he drew his watch from his pocket.

He replaced the watch with a crisp, efficient motion. The subdued air that had enveloped him in the restaurant vanished. He straightened a little.

"Three minutes fast," he announced. "They have that clock three minutes fast." His voice took on the authoritative ring of the chairman of the board. "Now, in *my* day . . ." THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

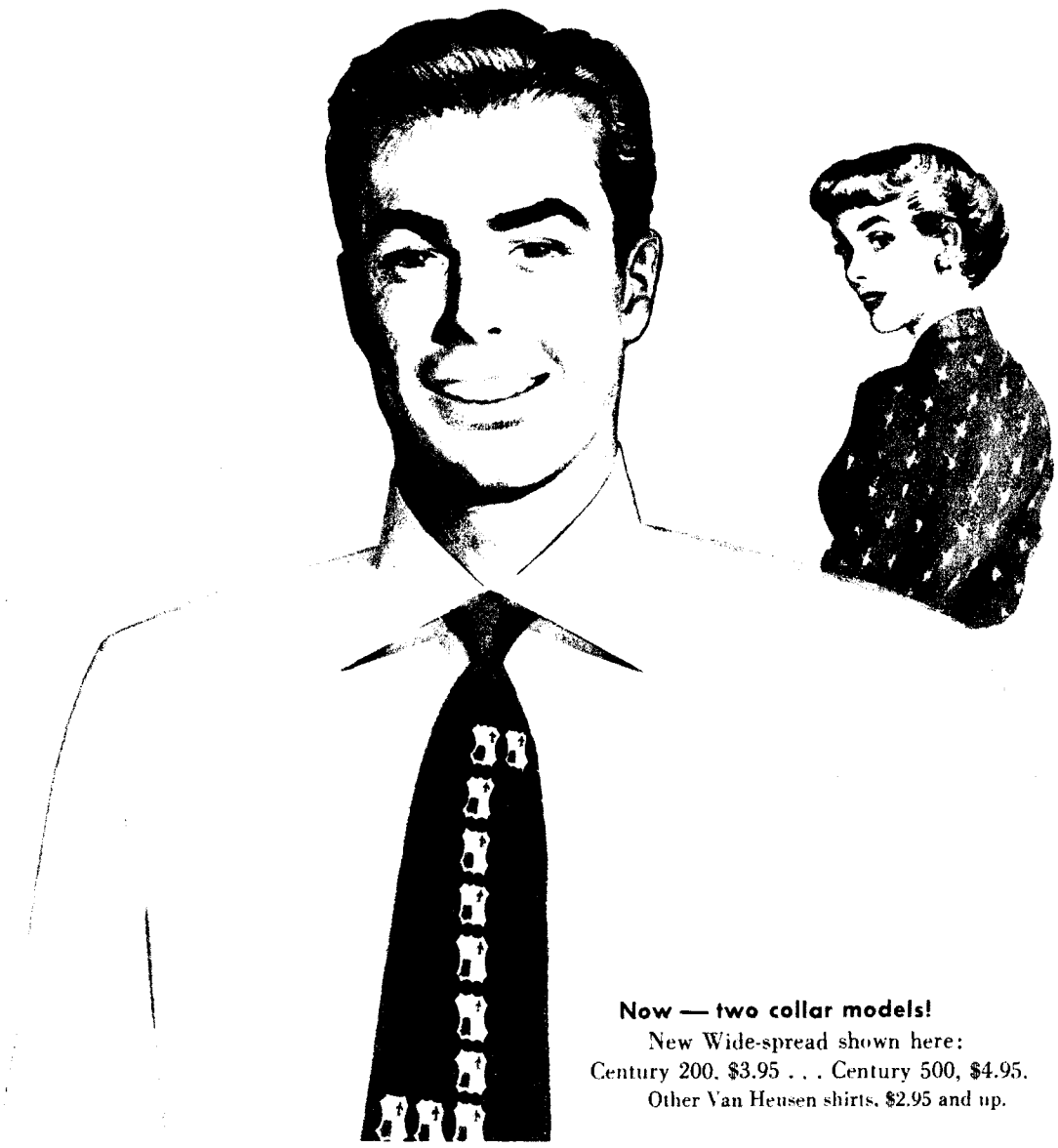
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new! for the first time in your life a shirt with a soft collar that stays neat longer

because it

won't wrinkle...ever

perspiration won't wilt it!
Not fused, not stitched, not starched, the *new* Van Heusen CENTURY collar is *woven* in one piece, with no lining to wrinkle. Even the super-smooth fold line is *woven* in by a new patented process.



work won't wrinkle it!
Needs no starch or stays to stay neat, look smart. That handsome, low-setting "Comfort Contour" styling is there morning, noon and night — and longer! The collar points refuse to — *can't* — curl up!

laundering won't hurt it!
You can't even *iron* wrinkles into *new* Van Heusen CENTURY. Woven-in fold line, can't be ironed wrong. No starch means comfort, more wear. Above: Regular collar model, Century 100, $3.95 . . . 400, $4.95.

Now — two collar models!
New Wide-spread shown here:
Century 200, $3.95 . . . Century 500, $4.95.
Other Van Heusen shirts, $2.95 and up.

the new Van Heusen Century

Here's tremendous news for you, no matter what kind of shirt you're wearing now! Just imagine a shirt collar as soft and comfortable around your neck as a fine linen handkerchief. Imagine this same collar fresh, neat, wrinkle-free *all day long!* Needs no starch or stays, doesn't feel starched or stiff—yet looks smooth and smart from dawn to dark—and then some! The collar points can't curl up. Perspiration won't wilt it, work won't wrinkle it, laundering won't hurt it.

It's the *new* Van Heusen CENTURY, the shirt with the patented collar. *No other collar* is like it . . . a single *woven* piece of special collar fabric with no fused or stitched layers to work apart or fray! The fold line is woven in by a new patented process so it can't be folded wrong . . . keeps smooth, comfortable, long-wearing!

But that's not all. These shirts boast figure-tapered fit, action-room tailoring, Van Heusen "Comfort Contour" collar styling, tug-proof pearl buttons, Van Heusen magic sewmanship. Fine lab-tested fabrics—*a new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size!* See your Van Heusen dealer now, and discover a world of smartness and comfort in the shirt that's way ahead . . . the *new* Van Heusen CENTURY.

•

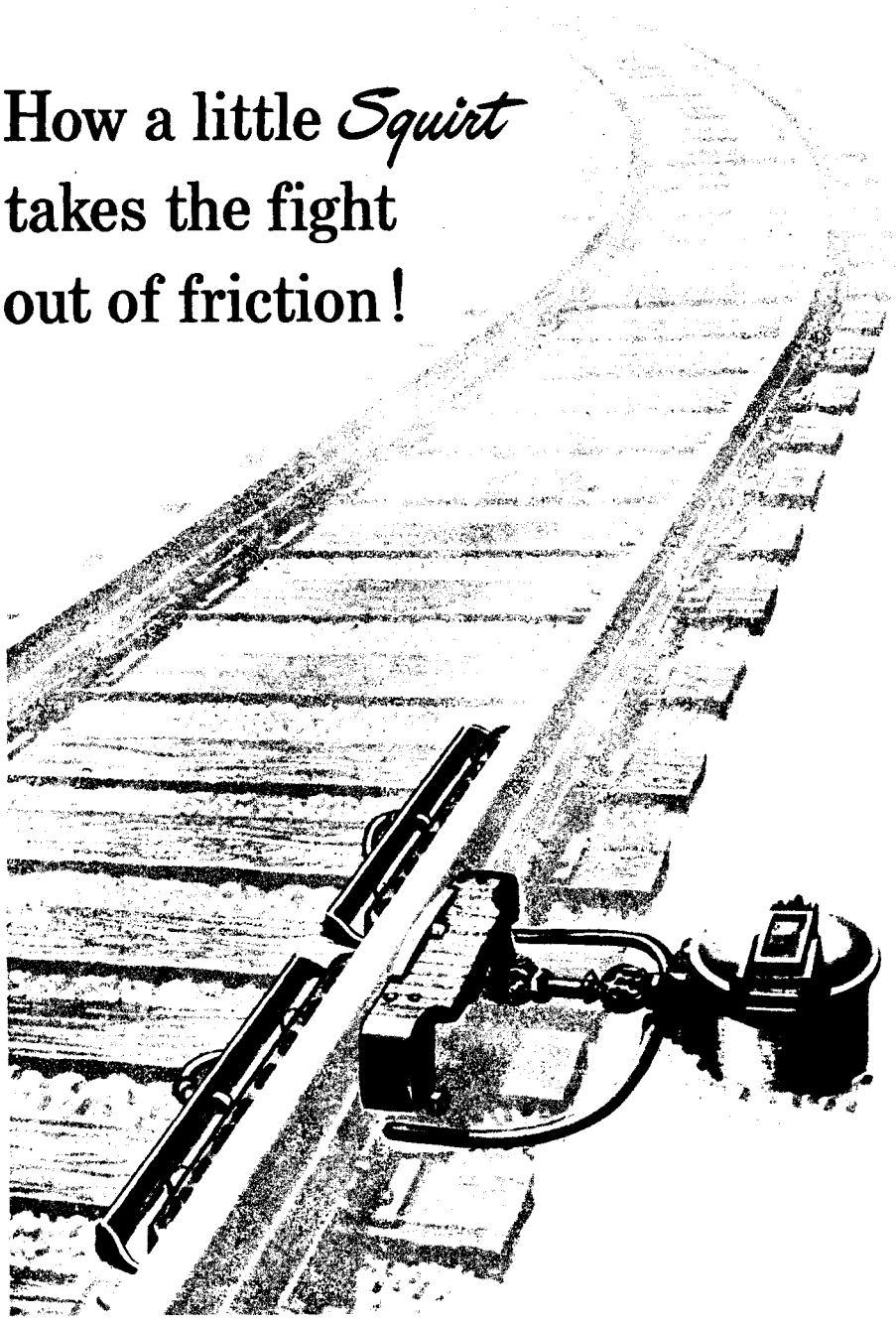
Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y.
Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

Van Heusen® shirts

"the world's smartest"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How a little *Squirt* takes the fight out of friction!



Pulling a train around a curve takes extra locomotive power due to the friction of the wheels against the rails.

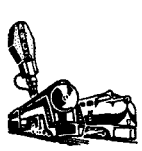
But another, and more serious, effect of this friction was the way steel wheel flanges *ground off* the rail head, making it necessary to replace the rail on sharp curves every few years.

So railroad research engineers developed an ingenious "flange-lubricator" which is installed on curves. As the train approaches the curve, the car wheels come in contact with a tripper bar which automatically squirts a measured amount of lubricant against the flanges. Friction is reduced to a minimum... the locomotive load is lessened... and the outside rails on curves wear two or three times longer.

Finding new ways to make *every* detail of railroad operation more efficient calls for continuous research on hundreds of projects. It's typical of how American railroads are constantly on the alert to cut the cost and to improve the service of the nation's most economical transportation system.

To keep improving America's railroad transportation network means constant investment, both in developing new and better ways of railroad operation and in the actual installation of research-proved innovations. And because the railroads have always given the "green light" to continuing improvement, the American people increasingly benefit from the thriftiest mass transportation in the world.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR
Every Monday evening over the ABC Network.

Tell Me About Yourself

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

a full schedule, so we got a couple of months' grace. Sandra just made The Other Woman—she plays a mother." He implored heaven with his eyes. "The fans read Minnie's article and we couldn't cast her for a stepmother."

"Can't you stop Minnie?"

Mr. Lopkin's eyes narrowed speculatively. "You can," he said.

"Me?"

"Listen, Lisa, I checked on you. You're the kind of clean-living, right-thinking girl that American womanhood stands for."

"Thanks," I said dimly, "but—"

"Let me finish. If you wrote an article about yourself it'd be about a clean-living, right-thinking American girl, wouldn't it?"

"Gee, Mr. Lopkin, I don't know."

"Lisa, you're going to write your own life story."

"I don't see how that'll help Miss Taylor any."

Mr. Lopkin cleared his throat. "It'll help her—on account of her name'll be on it. My Life by Sandra Taylor. You'll have to fake it up a little—write in some actual stuff about Sandra, but keep it on a high plane. Publicity will tell you what's gotta be included, stuff that's already been released about her."

"Won't we be sort of pulling the wool over the public's eyes?"

"You think it's better if Marsh breaks their hearts? We took a poll last year. 'Who Would You Most Rather Be?' You know how it came out? First, President of the United States—Second, Bing Crosby—Third, Sandra Taylor. Three million five hundred thousand people wanna be that dame. We've *gotta* give her a clean bill of health."

I looked at that fat little man who was the defender of the faithful. "I'll do it," I said.

HE SENT me home in his own car to get my bags packed. I was to move in with Sandra out at Malibu for two weeks and get a rough outline down. I took my bed booties, aspirin, two sensible suits and my courage and we were off. I felt the way I usually do before I go to a dentist. I'd been gently reared in the bosom of a nice middle-class family and I'd been sent to Sunday school. Malibu, glittering in the hot white sunshine, rose like Sodom out of the sand and then we were drawing up in front of a great Tudor house and the driver was handing me down. "Come out swinging," he said jauntily. I went in.

Somebody had gone mad with chintzes. They were draped everywhere, except on the bar—and a young man was draped over that. I hesitated politely in the doorway and coughed.

He turned around. This, I knew instantly, was a nice-looking boy. He was a kind of minor-league Cary Grant, except that his chin was all in one piece and he had premature gray hair and terrible posture. His spine sort of melted. So did my knees.

"Who are you?" he said.

"Lisa Cole."

He stared at me, through me, as though I were Plexiglas. When my feelings get hurt I can give as good as I get. "And who are you?" I said haughtily.

"Passion's plaything." He turned tenderly to his glass and ran his finger around the rim until it rang like a bell.

I ignored him. "Is Miss Taylor in?"

"Miss Taylor is all in. She has retired, leaving me to fend for myself. Do you fend?" He swung off the stool and started toward me.

"Now, look here," I said, "none of that."

"You're right," he said. "It could never mean anything. Have a drink."

"No, thank you."

"You deny yourself everything, don't you?"

Talking to this man was like trying to swim through cotton. "I've been sent," I said reasonably, "to see Miss Taylor."

"And I," he said, beckoning me toward him, "have been sent from heaven to protect you."

"I don't need protection," I said firmly. "I need to be shown to my room."

"Stop molesting the guests, Terry."

THE voice that spoke behind me was lower register. It made me think of Tallulah Bankhead and chocolate fudge. I knew it belonged to Sandra Taylor. I turned slowly. The way these things generally work out, the clean-scrubbed, wide-eyed little girl finds herself confronted by a silky blonde or a tall moody henna rinse. Ultimately, her simpler charms conquer all, and there's a happy ending. But what happens if Miss Goody-Two-Shoes comes face to face with herself? That's right. Sandra looked like me. Tall, scrubbed, of the earth, earthy. What's more, she wore some old black slacks and a raveled green sweater and her hair was short, shaggy and tied back with a ribbon. Granted, there was a swivel-hipped smoothness in her walk, and what is generally referred to as a "veiled promise" in her eyes, but it also could have passed for my squint.

"Terry's very bad about girls," she said graciously.

Terry uncoiled himself from the bar. "Some girls," he said, staring at her, "are very bad about Terry."

I could see that the blood between those two was both bad and hot. I sort of stood on one foot like a wallflower waiting to be asked to dance and finally they came out of it.

"Darling," said Sandra to me, "I'm awfully glad you came. We've got gobs to catch up on. Do you ever hear from old Pinkie Harrison? Lisa's from my home town, Terry. We grew up together. Didn't we?"

I stood there, bewildered, wondering if I were getting my signals crossed, but then I saw her nod her head at me and I nodded back. "Pinkie's great," I said heartily, "and so is his brother." I'll go along with a gag any time.

There was a long tearing gap in the conversation and then Sandra took my arm and led me out of the room. "I'll explain later," Sandra whispered. "Your room's at the top of the stairs, Duckie. I'll be right up."

She was, too. I'd barely had time to put my bed booties in the bureau drawer when in she came. You know that old saw about "masks dropping away"? Well, Sandra shed hers like a cocoon. I was suddenly glad I hadn't been brought up in her home town. She sat down on the bed and fixed me with her eyes.

"Lopkin called. He didn't say how old you were. I should have asked."

"You can ask now," I said politely.

"It doesn't matter." She took a cigarette out of her pocket. "What does matter is Terry—and this article business. He's got to think I'm writing it and he's got to think it's the McCoy. He's a sucker for the home and family routine. If you come through he'll get it both barrels. I told him he'd only seen the sham side of my life but this true confession ought to set him up in the right alley." Her voice skidded into a confidential tone. "He's a hard man to hook."

The prospect of me being bait wasn't much fun.

"I bet you didn't kiss a boy until you were eighteen," Sandra said.

This was a sore spot with me. "I had a rather painful adolescence," I said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loftily, "but I wrote some very good poetry."

"That's an angle. Terry loves it."

"I won a prize for a sonnet called First Love."

"Yeah?" She laughed. "My first love was a song-and-dance man I married in Scranton when I was sixteen. After that everything goes black."

I laid my hairbrush carefully on the bureau and put my clean hankies beside it. "Married?" I said.

"Let it pass, honey. I unloaded him eight weeks later. He might double in brass for one of your hayseed friends. Call him George."

"But I didn't know any George."

Her mouth thinned into a tight line. "Lopkin likes you but if *I* don't think you're co-operative—"

"I'm just not sure this'll work out," I said, grimly. "I mean, passing you off for me. I wore braces and a size-seven shoe. My brothers took me to dances until I went to college. If you think your public would like to buy that—"

"They love schmaltz. Make the shoe size six. We have dinner at seven thirty." She walked out.

I drew a bath and hopped into the tub for a long think. Well, Boswell had written about Johnson. I decided that Cole could substitute for Taylor. The only hitch was the man with the lazy backbone. I liked him.

NEXT morning the maid brought me a small noiseless typewriter and a key to my door.

"What's this for?" I said, holding it up.

"Miss Taylor says lock yourself in. She'll see you later."

"Tell her to ask the matron about visiting hours," I said bitterly.

I waited till the girl left, then I wandered to the window. There was Sandra, starting off for the beach with Terry. Put a small brown paper sack over my head and from the neck down we're practically sisters, only she had the nice man walking beside her apricot satin bathing suit and I had a second-story view of the high life. They found a little knoll and stretched out on it and I decided that staring into the sun was making tears come to my eyes. I always do best when I'm in a mood, so the article started off with a bang. It was lovely. Something about spring being a "rush and an awakening." That went on until noon and lunch call. The three of us ate together on the patio.

"Why didn't you come swimming?" Terry was looking at me over his broiled pompano. My mouth was full, and Sandra answered for me.

"She always sleeps late, don't you, Duckie?"

I, whose bed sheets were already neatly mitered at eight fifteen. "I am something of a slugabed," I said sweetly.

"And she takes a nap," added Sandra firmly.

"Maybe you ought to see a doctor," Terry suggested kindly.

"Leave her alone. After all, she is a guest here and she can do as she pleases."

I stared at her balefully. If I did what I pleased . . . I thought of the ream of white paper upstairs. Girlhood in Benton, eh? Shy young love, eh?

"We're driving up to Santa Barbara to get my teeth cleaned. Would that bring anything to your life?" Terry showed them in a wide grin. They were all white and gleaming like the toothpaste ads.

"She's got to write to her mother."

"What'll she have to say? She just got here."

"She'll think of something, won't you, darling?" said Sandra.

What I was thinking I couldn't write to my mother.

"Tell me about yourself, Miss Cole," said Terry.

The transition was like a quick left jab. Sandra didn't have time to get her guard up. Terry's voice went on smooth as cream: "Tell me about yourself and about my lovely Sandra when you were both young and undefiled?"

"Don't be crass, Terry." Sandra rose.

"You mean Lisa's no informer?"

I began to feel as if I were caught in a nutcracker. "Our hearts were young and gay," I said pertly, "and may I be excused?"

He rose and stood aside for me.

As I passed he patted me lightly on the head. I never hated anyone so much in all my life; what did he think I was, a Saint Bernard?

They didn't get back for dinner, so I just curled up with a peanut-butter sandwich and the first five pages of the article. It was no David Copperfield, but it made my life and times of Sandra Taylor sound reasonably appetizing. From what I'd gleaned hither and yon, this was a neat trick. I began to wonder if I had holes in my head. What was I doing? If the article turned out full of fresh rapturous charm, where did I end up? A spinster ghost writer, doomed forever to walk the halls of Standard Pictures. The peanut butter stuck in my throat. I was about to burst into a flood of tears when Terry walked in, alone.

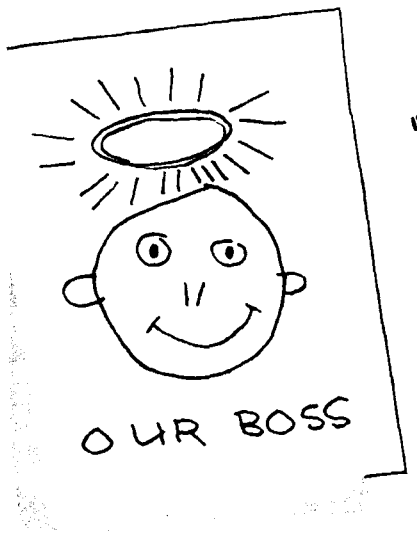
"Fee, fi, fo, fum—I smell peanut butter," he said.

"I've been eating it. Where's Sandra?"

"I saw you at the beach this summer, Miss Tanny. Wow!"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

How do you wear a halo anyway?



"I'm the boss who wants to know"

"You'd think I performed a miracle in the office. Even my secretary called me an angel, for bringing quiet working comfort to normal office routine. *Something* had to be done about the nerve-wracking din that was ruining dispositions, destroying efficiency, and costing me hours of overtime pay. So I called in a specialist who won me the office halo . . . overnight!"

"I'm the expert who solved the problem"

"When the boss realized what office noise was costing him in time, money and people, he called me in for a chat. Why me? Because I'm a member of the largest and most experienced Sound Conditioning organization in the country. Acousti-Celotex products have brought beneficial quiet and comfort to hundreds of thousands of offices, schools, hospitals, banks, churches, restaurants, stores. I'd be glad to give you a free analysis of *your* noise problem."

GUARANTEED

Acousti-Celotex products are backed by years of scientific research, a nationwide organization and quality-proved materials that enable your distributor to *guarantee* his work, his materials, his Sound Conditioning techniques.

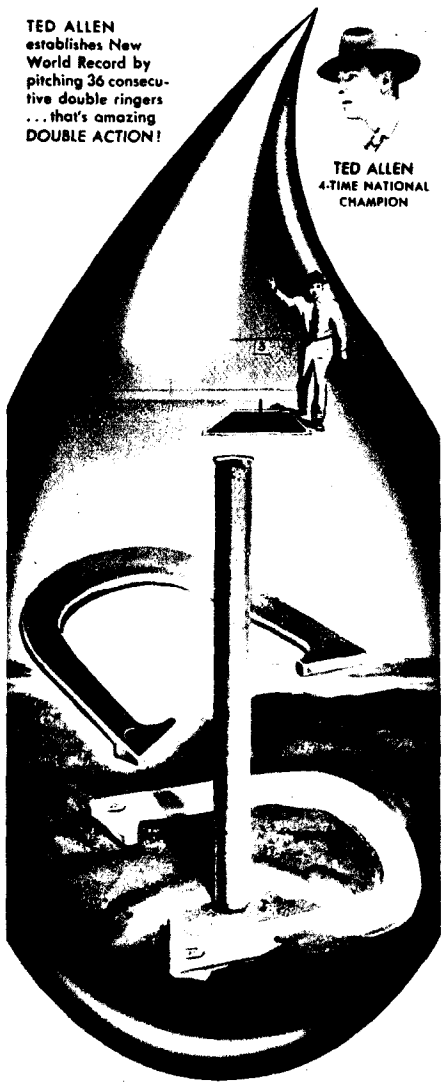
Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning can immediately increase personnel efficiency up to 10% and cut employee turnover and overtime hours. Saves you time and money . . . daily. Sound Conditioning to meet every requirement, specification or building code can be installed quickly, without disrupting your daily routine. And you can paint and wash Acousti-Celotex tile repeatedly, *without* reducing its superior sound absorbing efficiency.

For the name of your local distributor of Acousti-Celotex products in the U. S. or Canada and a free copy of the informative booklet "25 Questions and Answers on Sound Conditioning," write to the Celotex Corporation, 120 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.

ACOUSTI-CELOTEX
TRADE MARKS REGISTERED U. S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED *Sound Conditioning*

FOR OFFICES · FACTORIES · BANKS · SCHOOLS · CHURCHES
STORES · HOTELS · HOSPITALS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


TED ALLEN
establishes New World Record by pitching 36 consecutive double ringers ... that's amazing DOUBLE ACTION!
TED ALLEN
4-TIME NATIONAL CHAMPION

THERE'S AMAZING

DOUBLE ACTION

in motor oil, too! Sound your "Z" for PENNZOIL

IT FLOWS FAST-

instant protection while your engine warms up!

IT STAYS TOUGH-

lasting lubrication no matter how hard you drive!

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

At better dealers, coast to coast

*Registered Trade Mark Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n., Permit No. 2

Tough-film PENNZOIL* gives all engines an extra margin of safety

"At a large noisy party. Peanut butter doesn't stick as much with jelly. Want a drink?"

"Sure," I said expansively, "why not?"

"Why, because we're alone here." He handed me a small glass. I took a deep swallow.

"What's the difference—you think I'm a Saint Bernard."

"Do I?" he asked, sitting down close to me. "Well, they're man's best friend."

I turned on him sternly. "I accuse you of duplicity," I said, "duplicity."

"How so?"

I held out my glass. He filled it. I drained it off at a draught. Even with the fog that seemed to have crept into the living room, I could see a glint in his eye.

"You're not going to catch me," I said craftily. "Say, what do you do for a living, anyway?"

"I direct Sandra's pictures."

"I knew a man who directed traffic, once. He was a policeman."

"That seems logical enough."

"Yes, it does," I said solemnly. That's what was nice about this conversation, everything fell into place.

"And Sandra *is* my best friend—you can ask anybody."

"I will."

I had to get closer to him. He kept fading out. "You're gonna marry her, huh?"

"That depends."

"If there's anything I hate," I said grimly, "it's a snoop."

Suddenly he leaned forward. His hand closed around my wrist. It hurt but I *didn't mind a bit. "Are you honest?" he* said. He stared at me. "She looks like you, clean and unspoiled, but what's under it? You know her—tell me."

I leaned back against the couch and closed my eyes. "She liked pussy willows," I said gently, "and little children."

"You're drunk, honey."

"And Christmas cards and warm peppermint taffy."

"You don't say." His voice sounded far off.

". . . and tennis shoes and John Keats and a boy named Willie Miser." I leaned against him. I was so sleepy. ". . . and the wallpaper in her mother's room, and flannel pajamas and the public library . . ." Somebody was bearing me aloft, somebody who smelled of tobacco and shaving lotion. I protested vaguely. "There's lots more—"

"Tomorrow."

"There's tomato catsup and . . ." I was asleep.

MORNING came and I discovered that my foot was where I had left it the night before—in my mouth. I remembered chatting with Terry and the fact that I had been plied with liquor. I thought of calling Mr. Lopkin and telling him we were undone, but explaining just how that had come about seemed a little awkward—and besides, my head ached. I got to the table in time to see Sandra applying an ice bag to her head while the maid held out a glass of orange juice. I slipped into my place with a little moan, avoiding Terry's healthy smile.

"Women," he said looking at us, "the lost sex."

"Shut up," said Sandra crossly, "if you had stayed at the party this never would have happened."

"I had other things to do." He leered at me.

I turned my head away from a bowl of corn flakes and said pleasantly, "I'm hung over. Goodness knows what I said last night."

Sandra sat up and turned toward me like a beagle facing the wind. "You got drunk in front of Terry? What did you talk about?"

"Pussy willows," said Terry, "your favorite flower."

"They're not flowers," I said, "they're sort of buds."

"And Willie Miser and tennis shoes."

"What are you talking about?"

"You, darling, and all the labyrinths of your dark little soul," said Terry. "You loved Willie once."

Sandra wasn't a trouper for nothing. A gesture, a softening of the expression, a tiny guileless smile and she was twelve years old and in love. "I didn't know you then," she breathed, "and he had little sand-colored freckles."

The way she said it made something snap inside me. "He was a big, hulking peasant," I said flatly, "and he liked me better than he did you."

Terry looked from Sandra to me and then back again, as though he were at a tennis match. I watched him sourly. "What's more," I said, "he didn't even know you were alive." I knew I was living dangerously but I didn't care. "And now," said I carelessly, "if you'll excuse me I'll just go and pack."

Terry put out a detaining hand. The touch went through me all crackly, like when I have electricity in my slip. "Willie's a long time gone, girls," he said.

"But not forgotten." I wasn't going to lose any ground. All that was private and fondly remembered in my life had been sold for a mess of pottage. I had given Sandra my first love, the corner room in my mother's house, my two brothers, and roots that went down into Benton soil for a hundred years—not to mention a man who couldn't stand up straight.

"She's just jealous," said Sandra, with a long forgiving sigh.

"Of what?" said Terry.

Sandra leaned close to him. "Me," she said in a small voice, but she made it encompass the works.

I didn't want to hang around for the grand finale, so I left the room, telling myself all the way that I'd always remember him with the sun streaming across his uncombed hair.

I hitched a ride back as far as Santa Monica and then I called Mr. Lopkin and told him he'd better come and get me. He seemed worried when he showed up. I took one look at him and lapsed into a manic-depressive silence.

He put me inside the car and tucked the lap robe around me. That did it. I began to cry.

"There are lots of clean-living, right-thinking American girls," I sobbed. "Why did you have to pick on me?"

"You had a fight with Sandra?"

"No," I said, rubbing my nose inelegantly with the back of my hand, "but I'm going to."

He gave me his handkerchief. "Wha' about?" he asked.

"Her fiancé. I love him," I wailed, "and I'm selling him into bondage."

"You wouldn't be talking about Terry Morgan?"

"The very same—the poor fish," I began to cry again. "What he really wants," I said, hiccuping, "is a girl like me."

"You're sure?"

"Sure I'm sure. Only what'll happen? He'll read that article and love Sandra for the things I put down, things about me, including pussy willows, about which she knows nothing."

I COULDN'T have passed freshman English on that sentence but I was too far gone to care.

"He'll take that viper to his bosom and I'll die an old maid." I stared out of the window despairingly. "*Me*—an old maid. And my father said I was the most perfect mother type he'd ever seen." I grabbed Mr. Lopkin's lapels. "I can't go through with it," I said. "Here—" I shoved his handkerchief back at him. "I'm showing the white flag."

"I think," said Mr. Lopkin slowly, "that I'd better get some milk."

We stopped by a place and picked up a quart and then we went back to the studio. While his secretary heated the milk, Mr. Lopkin walked back and forth across his office.

"Poor Terry. He's been trying to make an honest woman out of Sandra before *he makes an honest woman out of her*, if you follow me. He wants to reform her before he marries her. It's like a dog chasing his tail."

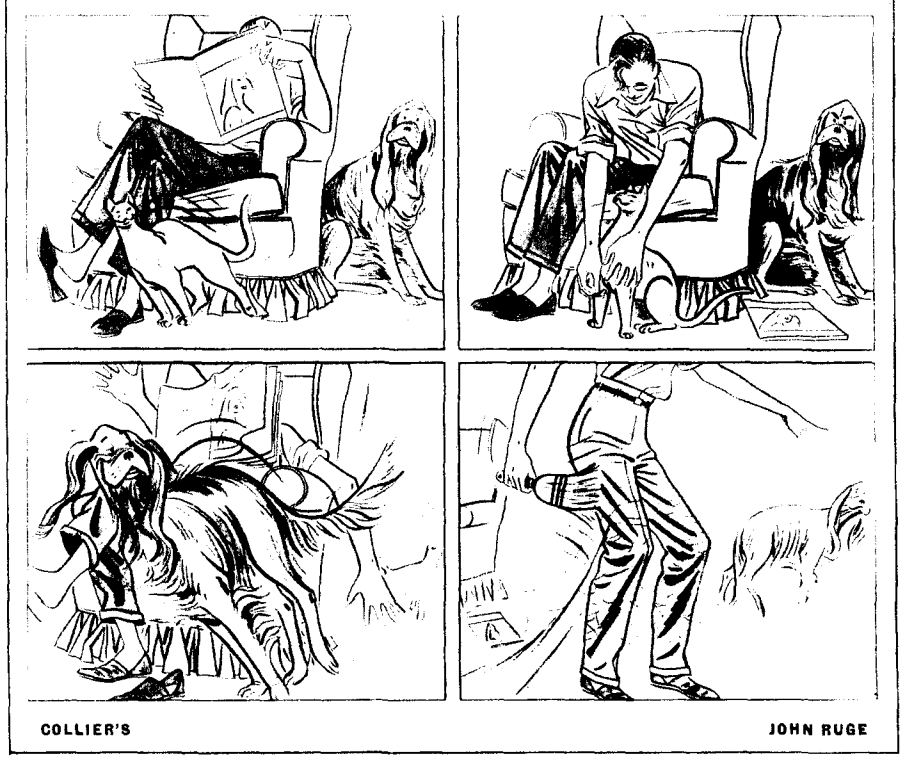
"If he catches it," I said dramatically, "he's dead. She's poison. I think in his heart of hearts he knows it. He kept trying to pump me."

"So let him."

"But what of the public? What about the poll?"

"Listen, Lisa, you can't make a silk purse out of a pig's ear. Maybe it would be smarter if the world knew that Sandra schlepped hash and worked in a fish factory. Nowadays in art pictures they don't even wear girdles. You sit down and write a nice little piece about Sophie Schonfield, which is Sandra's name, and call up Terry and tell him that Sandra knows from nothing about pussy whatever-you-call-'ems. In the front office

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet the New Measure of value

America's 4-Most Car

THERE is a new measure of motor-car value in the world today. It's the New Hudson, America's 4-MOST Car!

For Hudson, with its exclusive "step-down" design, brings you advantages that can't be found elsewhere at any price. Indeed, the New Hudson is so advanced in design that it is a *protected investment* for your motor-car dollars.

Yes, the New Hudson is a sound investment in value and a sure investment in driving satisfaction, for this years-ahead car proves what designers have always known:

The lower a car can be built (while maintaining full road clearance, as Hudson does), the more graceful its lines can be made, the better it will ride and perform, the more surely it will handle, and the safer it will be.

One thrilling Revelation Ride in the New Hudson will tell you that here is the car that gives you—not just a little "more" of this or that, but the *most* of all you want most in a motor car.

Hudson stands alone as America's 4-MOST Car!

★ ★ ★

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

1 2 3 4

MOST Beautiful

Voted by millions—"America's *most* beautiful car!" A low build is the basis for really modern beauty, and the New Hudson, thanks to "step-down" design, is the lowest car of all—yet there's full road clearance. Its stunning lines flow naturally, even to the graceful *curves* of its Full-View windshield.

MOST Roomy

Not just "more" roomy, but the *most* seating room, leg room to spare. The *most* efficient use of interior space in any mass-produced car; in fact, amazing head room. You enjoy the *most* riding comfort—ahead of rear wheels, within the base frame, down where riding is *most* smooth, *most* relaxing.

MOST Road-worthy

Not just "more" but *most* road-worthy! Only Hudson, with its exclusive "step-down" design and recessed floor, achieves a new, lower center of gravity—lowest in any stock car. Result: the safest, steadiest hug-the-road ride ever known! And to all this, Hudson adds the advantages of unit body-and-frame construction.

MOST All-round performance

Your choice of the high-compression Hudson Super-Six engine, America's most powerful Six, or the even more powerful Super-Eight. Center-Point Steering for easiest handling. Triple-Safe Brakes for utmost safety. Many more high-performance, low-upkeep features.

1909 1949 40th ANNIVERSARY

40 YEARS OF ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP

ONLY HUDSON BRINGS YOU ALL THIS: Automatic gear shifting with *Drive-Master Transmission** . . . all-new, high-compression *Super-Six Engine* or masterful *Super-Eight* . . . *Chrome-Alloy Motor Block* . . . *Dual Carburetion* . . . *Fluid-Cushioned Clutch* . . . *Monobilt Body-and-Frame*** . . . *Safety Jack Pads* under frame . . . *Full-View Curved Windshield* . . . *Wide-Arc Vision* . . . *No-Glare Instrument Panel* . . . Super-Cushion Tires . . . Safety-Type Rims . . . Weather-Control Heater-Conditioned-Air System*.

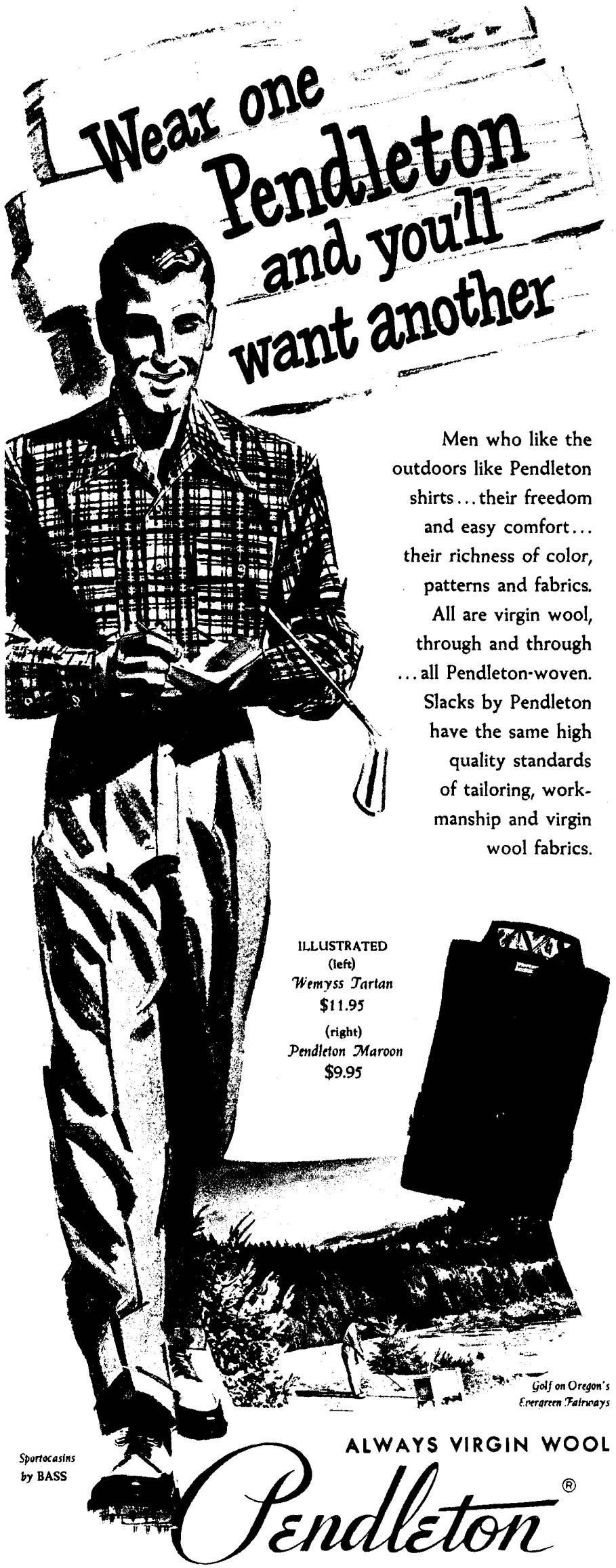
*Optional at slight extra cost

**Trade-mark and patents pending

New Hudson

ONLY CAR WITH THE STEP-DOWN DESIGN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Men who like the outdoors like Pendleton shirts... their freedom and easy comfort... their richness of color, patterns and fabrics. All are virgin wool, through and through ...all Pendleton-woven. Slacks by Pendleton have the same high quality standards of tailoring, workmanship and virgin wool fabrics.

ILLUSTRATED
(left)
Wemyss Tartan
$11.95
(right)
Pendleton Maroon
$9.95

Golf on Oregon's Evergreen Fairways

Sportocasins by BASS

ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

Pendleton®

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS • PORTLAND 4, OREGON

they're always hollering realism, so they'll get it."

I gave him a large teary kiss over the left eyebrow and then went back to the office. . . .

If I say so myself it was a good article. It had a kind of a John Steinbeck influence, a sleepy little California town, a dramatic figure rising out of fish canneries and sun-drenched daydreams to fight for fame and fortune. We broke it into installments and got it syndicated in ninety newspapers.

Two days later Mr. Lopkin got a letter from Sandra notifying him that she was bringing suit for a half a million dollars. And I got an interoffice memo requesting me to be in the Administration Building at ten o'clock in the morning.

I made immediate plans to go home and be sick to my stomach. . . .

When I got to my room Terry was sitting there, his tail bone resting gracefully on one corner of my bed.

"Tremendous," he said cheerfully, waving sheets of paper in my face.

I could see that it was a copy of my article. "All right," I said defiantly, "you might as well know it. I've been traveling under false colors."

"They're very becoming," Terry said pleasantly.

"Let me talk," I commanded loudly. "I never saw Sandra Taylor before the day I walked into her house. I was party to a conspiracy which I freely admit. I did it for Mr. Lopkin, and also for money."

"Why didn't you go through with it?"

"I became emotionally involved," I said tartly.

He got up and moved toward me. I noticed that his shoulders had straightened. It was an ominous sign.

"Anybody I know?" he asked softly.

"Look here, Mr. Morgan," I said, "I don't think you should consider abandoning any attachments you have because Miss Taylor has been revealed to you in another light."

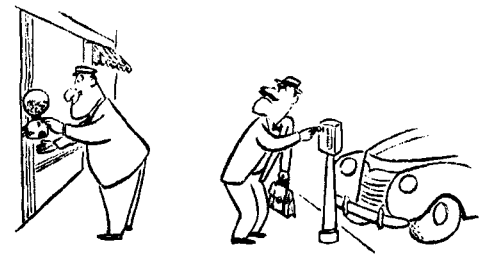
He reached into his coat pocket and drew out a small black book. "This, my darling," he said, "is a dossier on Sandra Taylor, and as far as I'm concerned she could have worked in an opium den, if she'd been honest enough to say so. She just shouldn't have tried to trade on your pussy willows, that's all. Now take you, you face up to things. I bet your teeth looked cute in braces."

"As a matter of fact, I looked as if I were wearing a mousetrap. And don't try your wiles on me."

But he did. His arms went around me. He had to hunch over a little to kiss me, but he looks best that way.

SO THE boy got the girl. I suppose I could wrap it up at that and have us walking off into the sunset together, but what about the lawsuit? What about Mr. Lopkin? What about Minnie Marsh? Well, Sandra got one look at the little black book and did a slow burn about Terry's keeping such close track of her, and called off both suits—the one for his hand, and the one for half a million dollars. Mr. Lopkin said it was better for a young girl to get married anyhow, and kissed me good-by. My articles appeared before Minnie Marsh could fire a shot, and everyone said they were full of human interest and imagine a movie star canning tuna fish, and wasn't that the American Way! I married Terry and started a new book all about him. It seems he was born in Benton, Missouri, on a spring day that was a "rush and awakening," or something like that . . . I'm making it up as I go along. THE END

FAIR ENOUGH



WILLIAM STEIG

LOCALE	
LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA	A World War II veteran who advertised an apartment to let specified: "No ex-officers."
NEW YORK	A woman arrested for stealing a mink coat from her roommate explained to police, "She stole my boy friend."
YONKERS	A bank sued a safecracker to recover the cost of fixing the vault he damaged.
BRISTOL, ENGLAND	A minister announced there would be an extra charge for brides who were late for the ceremony.
BALTIMORE	A man caught robbing a store explained he merely wanted to get enough money to pay his income tax.
LONDON	A group of men organized an Anti-Woman Society to fight for men's rights.
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA	A peanut-machine salesman caught putting a slug in a parking meter declared he was just getting even with people who put slugs in his peanut machines.
ST. LOUIS	A motorist put this sign on his garage door: "If anyone blocks this driveway, the air will be let from his tires."
WATERLOO, IOWA	A man who was sued for divorce submitted photographs showing unwashed dishes and unmade beds in his home.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wallace's 10th Football Preview

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

three-deep material, faces a rough schedule that includes four of last season's bowl teams. The Eagles have a chance to spring a major upset in their home opener against Oklahoma.

The seven teams in the third flight are all combustible—that is, the schedules figure to beat them; but a spark and any one of them might skyrocket. Harvard, key team of the section, has the best material and hottest spirit in years; but the Crimson takes on Stanford and all of the leading squads in the East except Boston College.

Princeton with George "Cyclone" Sella, a great all-round back, will concentrate on its opportunity to become the first squad in 80 years of Tiger football to win the Big Three diadem for the third successive season.

Penn, usually as well stocked as a department store, finds its shelves stripped to one first-class eleven. Navy, after years of submarine activity, is about ready to surface under Coach George Sauer; but its green young team will face a battle-wagon schedule, roughest of the season. Yale has the backs to do a job—Jackson, Nadherny and Fuchs—if the men can stay healthy, which they haven't always been able to do. Holy Cross and Brown have the proper potion—tried veterans and fine sophomores—for a major surprise. Tackle Dick Sweeny and back Mel Massucco are Crusader sophomores ticketed for greatness. So is Harry Agganis, a supersoph triple threat with Boston U.

Good old Lou Little, who has been coming in for a long time now on two wingbacks and a prayer, is down to the prayer and a good soph crew. Ed Danowski has Fordham ready to knock at the major-league doors again. So has Hughie Devore at St. Bonaventure, but the schedule is not impressive. Colgate has two good backs, and a great center in Brud Davis. While up at little Wesleyan, Coach Norm Daniels has a streak of 23 straight victories which should extend to 31 by the end of this campaign. (Anybody need a coach?)

Clipper Smith has taken over a good squad at Lafayette, which this year will play its 85th game with Lehigh in what must be football's most enduring relationship.

Other schools rebuilding with new coaches are Syracuse with Floyd Schwartzwalder; Jim Leonard, who inherited a tough nucleus at Villanova and should do well; Al Kawal at Temple; Phil Ahwesh at Duquesne; Bob Margarita at Georgetown; and Clarence "Chief" Boston at New Hampshire who will build around Bruce Mather, a superior T-quarterback.

Middle West

This football-feverish section will again dominate the national scene with Notre Dame—undefeated but twice tied in 28 games—and Michigan in their third year of battling between themselves for the top spot in the weekly grid polls. Both squads lost regular quarterbacks and sharp line blockers, and will be vulnerable to injury in key spots. But the scoring machines return comparatively intact. They will earn what they get. Notre Dame's schedule has stiffened. Michigan must hit an early peak and stay there.

The Irish, with the most potent running attack in football, will have a sophomore at one tackle and a converted end at the other. But the sophomore, Bob Toneff, is a terrific prospect and the end, Jim Martin, has been of All-America caliber for three seasons. Tremendous Leon Hart will be back at end; and reliable Bob Williams will direct the usual clattering cavalry, including "Six Yard" Sitko and a flock of other seasoned carriers, plus the best group of jet-legged sophomore backs the Irish have had in many years. Bill Barrett as top man and Elmer Layden, Jr., are among those present in the latter category. Notre Dame has dramatically solved its "schedule situation" by adding Charlie Justice and North Carolina for a Yankee Stadium date; and Doak Walker and SMU at Dallas.

Michigan, featuring the sharpest passing attack of the day, will probably strengthen its running game. It will need both, and all of its savvy and poise, against a card that begins with Michigan State and ends with Ohio State—with Stanford and Army, plus all the conference hot-shots in between. The Wolverines drew to a lot of inside straights last year—and made them; but they are so delicately balanced against their opposition that, if they lose one game, they might lose three. However, Ortmann, Koceski, Wistert, T. Peterson, Kempthorn and the versatile Teninga, who may wind up at quarterback, will be bulwarked by seasoned mates and the usual good sophomores.

Northwestern just might be the best team in the section and will have a chance to prove it against Michigan on October 15th. The Rose Bowl champs lost only two men from each of the first three teams and have more than closed the gaps. Murakowski is back; Aschenbrenner will be replaced by Johnny Miller, who probably will be better; and a big sophomore speed kid, Dick Athan, might steal the show from both. There is one flashing danger signal, however—"senioritis."

Minnesota will have grinding power in a line led by the terror twins, Leo Nomellini and Clayt Tonnemaker. It will have Billy Bye, a Tiny Tim among mastodons, and more backfield speed than usual—but probably not enough. The answer will come early, for the Gophers play Northwestern, Ohio State and Michigan in October. The Buckeyes will have an overlay of speedy sophomores on a sturdy veteran base. I saw their spring game, doubt if they will be able to handle Minnesota by October 15th; but they might be ready for Michigan. Vic Janowicz, best of the Ohio sophs, does everything and will play like a pro from the opening kickoff.

Because of the setup which bars Michigan and Northwestern from a repeat appearance this year, the conference Rose Bowl entry figures to come out of the Ohio-Minnesota game. It could be the third best team in the league; and, conceivably, the Rose Bowl could also be a replay of a regular season game between Ohio and Southern Cal.

Illinois is lying low with a knowing grin, waiting to raise havoc. It has a solid team, a favorable schedule, an overlooked passer in Bernie Krueger and some soph whizzes of its own, led by Ronnie Clark.

It is no secret in the Middle West that Michigan State—one of the power squads of '48, with triple-threat Lynn Chandnois and the best pair of guards in the nation in Mason and Bagdon—is out for blood in the opener with Michigan. They also have a shot at Notre Dame and it would be no great jolt if they beat either or both.

Purdue had losses, but will be back with more speed, better spirit—and Hurricane Harry Szulborski, the busiest and best runner in the conference. They'll be hungry and dangerous after last year's powerhouse blew a fuse, but have another killing opener—Northwestern. Iowa will be about as usual—stubborn and tough—with sophomore backfield

How happy is a Birthday?

It can be joyful,
full of loving remembrance
if you send wonderful
FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

FLOWERS . . .
the most Admired Gift!

Absolutely! Because FLOWERS say "Happy Birthday" so tenderly, so beautifully. And your personal message goes along on an accompanying card.

Gown & Jewelry by Hattie Carnegie

They're Lovely . . .
Smart . . . Inexpensive!

Gorgeous corsages and bouquets, beautifully packaged, dewy fresh, can be delivered *anywhere* in a few hours. Place your order *only* with a FLORIST who displays the Winged Mercury Emblem. That Emblem means we guarantee satisfactory delivery. For $5.00 and up (plus telegraph charges), you can send the finest, the most personal Birthday present ever!

Say it with FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, 149 Michigan Avenue, Detroit 26, Mich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speed added. Indiana may have a super-soph runner in Bob Robertson. Ivy Williamson, who succeeded Harry Stuhldreher in the only conference coaching change, will be installing his version of the T at Wisconsin and could make trouble if his plentiful material clicks.

I'm including border-line Pitt in this section because it plays four conference opponents. The Panthers, mostly four-season vets, are battle-hardened, apt to give anybody trouble on any day.

The Mid-American Conference, in its second real year of operation, will have three new "name" coaches—Carroll Widdoes at Ohio U.; Sid Gillman at Cincinnati and Woody Hayes at Miami.

South

North Carolina moans that "only the shell of the great ship remains," and points out that just nine men who saw extended service have survived the spectacular voyages of the last two gridiron seasons. But my advisers, blithely unimpressed, evidently figure that Justice will be triumphant once more and that he will also cover a multitude of deficiencies—with considerable help from Art Weiner, a fine end and pass receiver. The facts seem to be these: The Tarheels are filling up the gaps with rugged reserves and the best sophomore group in the section. Whether they will be ready for both Georgia and Wake Forest within their first four games, and Tennessee and Notre Dame later on, is a question of reasonable doubt. Carl Snavely might just be right when he predicts: "Prospects bad."

Wake Forest is a solid dark horse, with five fancy sophs infiltrating a hefty veteran group which includes Red O'Quinn, a superior end and receiver. Nor can Clemson, which surprised by going undefeated in 10 games last year, be counted out despite heavy line losses. It claims the best backfield group in the section and its schedule is much softer than those of the top two.

Duke is peering hopefully into the glory clouds again, with all-star candidates in tackle Lou Allen and back Jack Friedlund. But, unless it develops a better passing game and deeper reserves, the dream will have to fade. William and Mary will be as uncertain as Jack Cloud's knee, reported sound again after a '48 limp. Still, the Indians are always capable of uprising.

Maryland will be prominent again, with a favorable schedule, two fine linemen in Krouse and Ward; plus Ed (The Mighty Mo) Modzelewski, a coal-mining refugee from John L. Lewis, in whom 33 schools reputedly were interested. North Carolina State, with a strong line but untested backs, will be troublesome. South Carolina will have the backs, but fears its line—and six tough opponents. Virginia, with line troubles it hopes sophomores will solve, has one good backfield, featuring Johnny Papit as the work horse and Jimmy Lesane, one of those sophomore T-quarterback jewels.

George Washington has a young work horse back, Andy Davis, who is well-regarded by opponents. Washington and Lee will be rebuilding under George Barclay; and VMI will be doing the same under Tom Nugent. Virginia Tech is hoping that last year's sophomores will begin to assert themselves.

Southeast

Tulane has just about everything—a favorable sectional schedule, team intact, and All-America prospects in fullback Eddie Price and tackle Paul Lea—including a chance to step over Notre Dame to the national championship. Their attack, with Price, second-leading rusher in the country last year, booming through the middle, will be aimed at the very vulnerable sector which the Irish may not yet have cemented by October 15th.

Separating the next sextet gave me brain-strain. Vanderbilt still has most of the men who wound up '48 with eight straight impressive wins—plus Bill Wade, "the best sophomore T-back in the country." But they also have a new coach, Bill Edwards, who is installing the T he learned under Paul Brown at Cleveland. Mississippi, surprise showboat of the last two seasons, has finally lost Barney Poole; but added a calliope of rootin'-tootin' sophs to other seasoned backs and a two-deep leathery line. If Cap'n Johnny Vaught gets by Vanderbilt on October 8th, he should have smooth sailing until he steams into Tennessee November 12th.

There General Robert Neyland, formerly of the Army Engineers, has been building what might be one of the Big Snags of the season. Although he lost only three men from his first 22, he will open with 15 sophomores on his first two teams—including six of the first eight backs, among whom is Hal Payne a "potential all-time-Tennessee great runner." With Hal Littleford also around, the general, always tough when he has good tailbacks, would seem to be "a-sittin' in the pear tree." And while sophomores that bloom in the spring often wither when the frost is on the football, the schedule gives him time to pretty them up before the November big games storm in. Anyhow, I'm taking a flier on the Volunteers.

The Southeast has more promising T-quarterbacks than it provides Senate votes for Truman. Georgia will have 200-pound Mal Cook at the controls which Johnny Rauch operated so deftly last year. The Bulldogs could use a breakaway runner, but have a schedule on which none of the top four appears and could win them all. Georgia Tech, the big one last year until the blueprints blurred under hard use, has newcomer Darryl Crawford and other hefty urchins in support of Jimmy Southard, who completed 71 passes in '48. There were losses—but the Wreck may ramble.

Alabama has about everybody returning, including Ed Salem who will be backed up by J. D. Roddam, a triple threat with even warmer notices than any of the "hot-T" sophs. Travis Tidwell is reported fully recovered at Auburn. Bob Gain of Kentucky might be the best tackle in the land; and Charlie "Humdinger" Hunsinger of Florida, about whom they even write songs, could be an All-America.

It's "bottoms up" at Mississippi State where Slick Morton, Art Lewis and Mac Cara are starting with a basement that is no bargain.

LSU, "just good enough to give everybody headaches," will play eight games at home, which shows the good sense in having your own big stadium.

Southwest

Southern Methodist operated last year with old-time Rockne efficiency. Matty Bell and his diamond-in-the-rough assistant, Rusty Russell, adapted their system to their backfield stars, all of whom came through with sensitive performances and were at their best in the toughest spots. Outgained on the ground, they made marvelous use of the all-round talents of Doak Walker, Kyle Rote's hard running and the passing of Gil Johnson. This season Walker is expected to do most of the passing, following the July departure of Johnson to the pros; and three soph flashes, Stollenwerck, Knight and Benners, the latter a clutch passer, should take up the remaining slack. But prospects for an improved line were damaged when midsummer marriages took two men. The SMU "Schmoos" will again have many tight fits in this dogfight section where any team is likely to knock off anybody else.

Texas, for the first time in many years, will have the pressure off. It has a green line, except for the mammoth McFadin, and quarterback and passing trouble; but it does boast fine running backs and another griddleful of hot sophs, including runner Byron Townsend, one of those "most-sought-after" lads, among the herd of huskies from last year's frosh "Shorthorn" squad. Blair Cherry eases into his schedule and should finish strong. They have great respect in this sector for Dutch Meyer's coaching; and in his 16th year, he's coming up with a senior TCU squad, led by Lindy Berry, a great all-round back, and three soph surprises who may solve his passing problems. Meyer forced SMU to come from behind to eke out story-book ties in their last two meetings; and he catches them this time the week before their Notre Dame game.

The others rate a notch below, but all can be dangerous on a chosen day. Rice will have one strong first unit, led by a great center, Joe Watson, and by end "Froggie" Williams. Baylor, now strong again, may still be a year away. The Texas Aggies will be short of linemen, but will have perhaps the best soph running back of the year in Glenn Lippman. Glenn has "lightning in his shoes," but he is afflicted by leg cramps which compel him to rest frequently during a game.

Arkansas, with the usual Li'l Abner linemen but no Clyde Scott, is switching to the T. The only coaching change was at Arizona U., where Bob Winslow now heads up a new and top-notch staff. Hook Davis of Hardin-Simmons is one of the better backs; and Tempe claims that its Wilford "Whizzer" White is as good as they come.

Missouri Valley

It begins to look as if Oklahoma may have as long a run in its section as it did on Broadway—and the same words apply: good cast, smash hit—and fine direction by Bud Wilkinson, the most successful young coach of the day despite what happened to his College All-Stars in August. After losing the opener by three points to tough Santa Clara last year, the Sooners swept through 10 straight, applying the convincer to North Carolina in the Sugar Bowl. They lost some keymen but return a flock of linemen, led by Jim Owens and Wade Walker, and a quartet of fine backs with Darrell Royal as leading man. Boston College, Texas U. and Santa Clara provide menacing outside competition.

Missouri will miss Entsminger and Sheehan, its passing battery, but has four adequate backs and one of the top centers in Bob Fuchs. The first four games of the rough Tiger schedule include Ohio State, SMU and Illinois.

Kansas has a doubtful defense, but there are some good backs and the schedule has soft spots. The Oklahoma Aggies, who almost upset Wilkinson's team last season and lost three regular season games by a total deficit of 17 points, had high hopes for '49 until Bill Grimes vamoosed to the pros in July. But they're still not crying. Nebraska should begin to show improvement under Biff Glassford, the only new coach in the section, who is installing the T.

Iowa State is gradually creeping up on the bigger boys and could upset somebody. So might Colorado U., reported "quietly loaded." Tulsa has almost everybody back from its disastrous '48 season, and a needed spark plug in Tom Dickerson, the only one of those glittering sophomore T-backs reported in this section. Kansas State, long poverty-stricken, has at long last inherited some good sophomores. Coached by Ralph Graham, it has only nine seniors on its first three teams.

Rocky Mountain

Ike Armstrong, overlord of the Rockies, had important losses and may meet up with a little trouble this year in defending his Utah stronghold. The confidence at Denver, which developed a stuck starter last season but finally got moving, was higher than Pikes Peak as it contemplated this season.

While Colorado is now operating in the Big Seven, it would relish a victory over the Utes, which it almost got last year. But the Old Man of the Mountains will still be a tough hombre to shave.

Colorado A&M has been moving into contention with the Big Three; and Utah

"I'd better explain the ground rules—they're kinda complicated"

COLLIER'S — ROLAND COE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bet your boots – It's going Places

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR,
ABC Network, every Monday evening

YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

REPORTS are in—this one has hit the mark we were aiming at.

We were out to give still more people the fun that's in a Buick—and this brilliant new SPECIAL certainly does that.

In fresh styling ideas, for instance. In bumper and grille designed as a unit—in tapering fenders—in a "jet-plane look" in every contour.

In trimmed-down bumper-to-bumper length to make it handy in traffic, easy to garage, a breeze to maneuver.

In roominess—which you've always liked.

With plenty inches added to rear-seat cushions, here are the biggest interiors you have ever known in a Buick SPECIAL.

You go for power, so here's Buick's own high-compression Fireball power. You like comfort, so here's that Buick dream ride.

And if you like to put clutch-pedal-pushing out of your life forever, here's Dynaflow Drive* which has neither clutch pedal nor gears-that-shift—yours as optional equipment!

Finally, we came to price. There we really did things for you.

**Optional equipment at extra cost.*

For at the figures on this beauty, an extra year's driving brings your annual investment down to "lowest-priced" levels.

So it's not surprising that this new Buick SPECIAL is going places. Heading still higher in public preference—and in the public's purchasing.

That's why we invite you to look—to try—to compare. After that, the nearest Buick dealer will be glad to take your order!

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

TEN-STRIKE!

Only Buick SPECIAL has all these Features!

TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE • MORE ROOM FOR THE MONEY • DYNAFLOW DRIVE optional at extra cost • JET-LINE STYLING • NON-LOCKING BUMPER-GUARD GRILLES • HIGH-PRESSURE FIREBALL STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE • COIL SPRINGING ALL AROUND • LOW-PRESSURE TIRES ON SAFETY-RIDE RIMS • STEADY-RIDING TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE • GREATER VISIBILITY FORE AND AFT • SELF-LOCKING LUGGAGE LIDS • THREE SMART MODELS WITH BODY BY FISHER

SPECIALLY NOW "Buick's the Buy"

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3-WAY FAVORITE!

CHOOSE THE ONE BLENDED WHISKEY THAT GIVES YOU ALL 3

Every drop
90 PROOF
rich, robust, delicious!

CHOICE QUALITY
* 35% Straight Whiskies
65% Grain Neutral Spirits

WINNING PRICE
—America's Greatest Whiskey Value!

FLEISCHMANN'S
PREFERRED

* THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 65% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. BLENDED WHISKEY. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

State may get back into big business again with George Melinkovich as the boss. The others are reported enough improved to insure some right lively times among the pines and crags.

Pacific Coast

Interesting things are happening out in the Far West, stimulated by the stinging string of Middle Western defeats. A rugby league served as a prespring training conditioner at some schools; and they have a practice which permits a freshman to make up scholastic deficiencies and learn the fundamentals of a football system at a junior college "farm"; after that he transfers to a university and becomes eligible as a sophomore. But the item which should return Coast football to the big time is the rediscovery of the simple fact that the surest way to win a game is to hit harder than the other fellow.

In no section is the crop of high-caliber backs so thin or the opportunity for sophomores, of whom there are many, more favorable. Jack Jensen and Norm Van Brocklin carried Cal and Oregon into the Rose and Cotton Bowls respectively last year; but when each gave up his remaining season of eligibility for pro gold, their teams immediately dropped a notch to put the Trojans in the favored position. Jeff Cravath at Southern Cal has the material, including badly needed sophomore speed backs, and All-America candidates in end Bob Stillwell and back Bill Martin. Besides, that Notre Dame tie last year was a terrific shot of hop which has put ginger and snort into the old Trojan war horse.

But Pappy Waldorf at Cal still has most of his Rose Bowl players, with Jack Swaner as the scoring punch and All-America guard Rod Franz as defensive anchor. Jim Aiken at Oregon has the best starting backfield in the league, led by rugged George Bell and supported by Bill Fell, a junior college prize rated as "the fastest back in football." Stanford, which lost to Cal and the Trojans by identical 7-6 scores last year, has most of that crew back, plus end Bill McColl and T-back Gary Kerkorian, rated among the season's best sophs. But Marchy Schwartz's line may still be on the green side.

Santa Clara will be rough again, and could knock off California in the first game; but the schedule is too soft in spots to permit a higher rating. Henry Sanders, who left so much fine material at Vanderbilt, inherited plenty more, including Ernie Johnson, at UCLA which rates as the conference dark horse. It may take Sanders a year to get his single-wing installed but new coaches have a habit of going places in this league.

Washington's Howie Odell drew two top sophs—Hugh McElhenny, already described as "being ready for pro ball," and Don Heinrich, an ace passer; but wait till you see this season's visiting list!

St. Mary's, again a factor, will be shooting for upsets, with Oregon U. as the first target. Quarterback Dick Jarvis is one of the best.

Kip Taylor will be wafting the Michigan magic over Oregon State where he has a genuine star in Ken Carpenter. And Jordan Olivar has come from Villanova to resuscitate Loyola. San Francisco landed Ollie Matson, another junior college speedster. Eddie LeBaron, of the College of the Pacific, is a great little T-quarterback whom Bay critics class with the best. He's small but has averaged 54 minutes' playing time over the last two seasons.

Key Games

I see the season beginning with such a clatter of irresistible forces banging into immovable objects that many of the regional titles may be decided by October 15th. First thing, of course, is to locate the key games. Last year, in 28 such, I had 15 wins, three ties and 10 headaches. This time I see 36 "titanic struggles." *Last* year's scores, if any, are in parentheses; capitals indicate possible upsets, though there's not a game on the list that couldn't go either way.

On September 17th—California over Santa Clara (41-19). September 23d—Oklahoma U. over Boston College. September 24th—Northwestern over Purdue (21-0); Michigan over Michigan State (13-7). October 1st—Army over Penn State; Dartmouth over Penn (13-26); Southern Methodist over Missouri (14-20). October 8th—Michigan over Army; Notre Dame over Purdue (28-27); Northwestern over Minnesota (19-16); Oklahoma U. over Texas (20-14);

COLLIER'S "The school canceled the paper drive today" DON TOBIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTHERN CAL over OHIO STATE (0-20); MISSISSIPPI U. over VANDERBILT (20-7). October 15th—Notre Dame over Tulane; Minnesota over Ohio State; Michigan over Northwestern (28-0); SOUTHERN CAL over CALIFORNIA (7-13); Utah U. over Denver (17-0). October 22d—Southern Cal over Oregon U. (7-8); Michigan over Minnesota (27-14). October 29th—TENNESSEE over NORTH CAROLINA (7-14); Northwestern over Ohio State (21-7); Southern Methodist over Texas (21-6). November 5th—Southern Cal over Stanford (7-6); HARVARD over PRINCETON (7-47). November 12th—Tulane over Vanderbilt; Notre Dame over North Carolina; Cornell over Dartmouth (27-26); California over Oregon; TENNESSEE over MISSISSIPPI (13-16). November 19th—OHIO STATE over MICHIGAN (3-13); STANFORD over CALIFORNIA (6-7). November 26th—Army over Navy (21-21); Notre Dame over Southern Cal (14-14); TENNESSEE over VANDERBILT (6-28). December 3d—Notre Dame over Southern Methodist.

Last year I casually indicated that Purdue might upset Notre Dame in the opener, and picked Navy, an almost invisible underdog, to beat Army. (Thank you!) So this season, and for the first time, let's take a stab at these Games of the Year, from the standpoint of sheer excitement: Army-Michigan; Tennessee-Vanderbilt; Ohio State-Michigan; and—what could develop into a really dramatic climax thriller—Notre Dame-Southern Methodist.

The importance of schedules shines sharp as a lighthouse beam. The lone defeats I've marked against Tulane, Southern Methodist and Southern Cal figure to come from Notre Dame; but if any of these clubs beat the Irish—and all of them could—the prestige of such a victory might shoot it straight to the top. Notre Dame, again the key national team, should be trailing drama all season long.

There are always spoilers, the boys who come from nowhere to make monkeys of their supposedly superior opponents—and me. Last year I named Northwestern, TCU, Oklahoma, Navy and Vanderbilt among the eight teams most likely to succeed in this department, and they definitely did. The ones who could splatter me this time are Ohio State, Vanderbilt, Minnesota, Santa Clara, California, Stanford, Texas, Michigan State, Purdue and—anybody got an aspirin?

Last season four of my eight bowl selections came through—California, Southern Methodist, North Carolina and Texas.

While the bowls toll for the losers, they also leave a nice pot of gold and prestige; so this time I see a Happy New Year for these parties:

ROSE BOWL: Southern Cal over Minnesota.
SUGAR BOWL: Oklahoma over Tulane.
COTTON BOWL: Southern Methodist over Tennessee.
ORANGE BOWL: Ole Miss over North Carolina.

Gridmen of the Year

Last year Doak Walker gave me my seventh winner in eight stabs at Back of the Year. Again it's SMU's "Old Doak," as they call him in Dallas, where his father is assistant superintendent of schools, and this time he brings even more credentials: In 1948 he carried the ball 532 yards for a five-yard-per-try average; completed 26 of 46 passes (56 per cent) for 304 yards; caught 15 passes for 278 yards; threw six and received three touchdown passes; returned intercepted passes 75 yards; returned 10 punts for 169 yards and five kickoffs for 161 yards; averaged 42.1 yards for 35 punts; scored 11 touchdowns and kicked 22 conversions. (Totals: 1519 yards, 88 points.) He calls signals, handles the ball on all three offensive formations, is great on defense; and in the last three games last year they kept him in there with a bum leg because he's the morale man. Nice kid, too.

Charlie Justice, of North Carolina U., my second choice this year and last, is almost as good and even more indestructible. Chandnois (Michigan State), Sella (Princeton) and Berry (TCU) are the same back-of-all-trades type; and many of the T-stars would also be if their jobs called for it.

I also hit Lineman of the Year with a one-two poke last year, selecting Bednarik of Penn and Fischer of Notre Dame. This year it's Notre Dame's Leon Hart, almost as versatile in his spot as Walker. He's a young giant who tackles, blocks, catches passes, runs—and is harder to bring down than most backs, as he proved with an amazing 40-yard gallop against the Trojans last year.

Minnesota's Leo Nomellini, who plays offensive tackle and defensive guard, looks like a solid second choice despite an unimpressive spring practice; and for third I'll take Tonnemaker, also of Minnesota, who the people of Gopherland seem to think is just as fast, even rougher and more consistent. And add Jimmy Crawford, of Ole Miss, who specializes in setting up punt return plays when not busy in the line.

Last year I had Kyle Rote of SMU, Koceski of Michigan and Bob Williams of Notre Dame as three of my four sophomore backs of the year, missed only on Chuck Ortmann, who got an unexpected chance when Derricote was injured, and became the Michigan lifesaver. Picking the best from the terrific list of this year's cupids is a brain scrambler for sure; but at this stage of the game, what have I got to lose? So what follows is not just a sophomore team of the year; rather, it's a whack at the All-America Team of 1951:

Ends—McColl, Stanford; Baldock, Southern Cal. Tackles—Toneff, Notre Dame; Sweeny, Holy Cross. Guards—Beck, Georgia Tech; Burns, Notre Dame. Center—Patrick, Oregon U. Backs—Janowicz, Ohio State; McElhenny, Washington U.; Lippman, Texas A&M; Barrett, Notre Dame. Vic Janowicz is my choice for Sophomore Back of the Year, followed by the others named. Soph Lineman of the Year will be Bob Toneff, backed up by Sweeny, McColl and Baldock. Hightower, SMU center, might just squeeze in here.

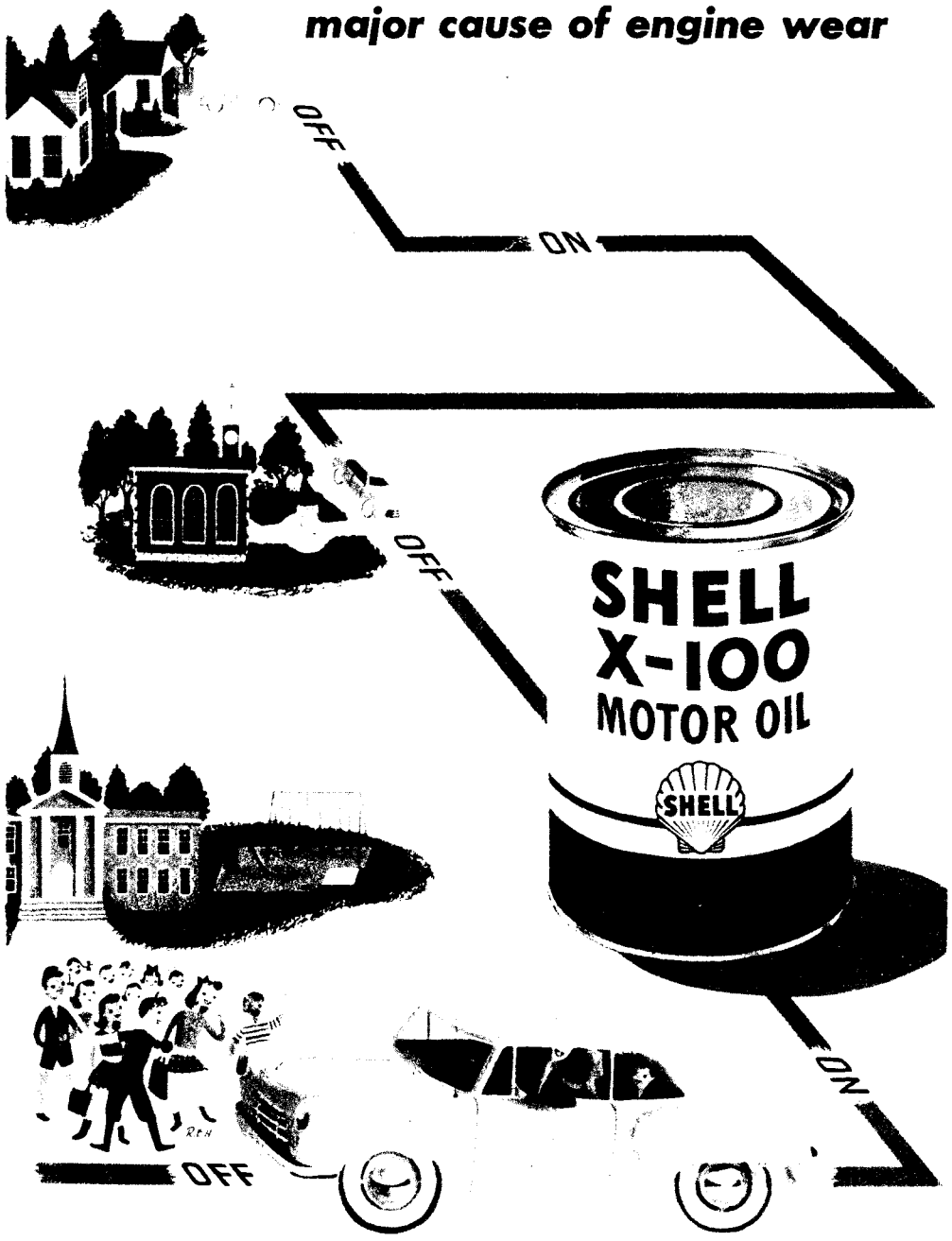
Coach of the Year is always a rough one because the selectors—the coaches themselves—have a habit of passing up previous winners, which is why I've not included Leahy, Blaik and Oosterbaan in the sectional lists. Last year I overlooked Oosterbaan, the winner, because I didn't expect a first-year man to be picked; but my first choice, Waldorf, finished second; and my second man, Bell, wound up fifth.

Because I think he did a great job last year—and will have to do an even better one this time—I'll take Madison Bell of Southern Methodist, followed by Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma, Bob Voigts of Northwestern, Henry Frnka of Tulane, Bob Neyland of Tennessee, Bernie Bierman of Minnesota, John Vaught of Ole Miss, Wally Butts of Georgia, Pappy Waldorf of California and Jimmy Aiken of Oregon U., in that order.

Let's sign off with a toast to the unsung heroes who, like Tempe's "Whizzer" White, bloom more or less unseen in the desert air. They give the best they have, which is often as good as the best anywhere. I wouldn't pretend to know them all; but there are people who do—their moms and pops, brothers and sisters, girl friends, coaches, teammates and—you may be sure—the pro football scouts. THE END

Acid Action from "On and Off" driving

major cause of engine wear



Unique "X" safety factor in Shell X-100 Motor Oil counteracts Acid Action

You may have thought it's friction that causes the most engine wear. Now it is known that this is *not* so!

It's *Acid Action*—chemical etching of engine parts that takes place in the low operating temperatures of today's "On and Off" driving!

In your short trips about town, to City Hall, to school—your engine is intermittently "On and Off" . . . runs for brief periods of time only. Hence it seldom warms up to efficient operating temperatures. It runs "cold." In these short "On" periods, combustion may be incomplete and partially burned fuel gases and moisture attack the smoothly polished metal surfaces *chemically*. It's this biting *Acid Action* that accounts for up to 90% of your engine's wear!

Shell research worked all out on this problem . . . developed a unique "X" safety factor to combat *Acid Action*. Now, 2½ million miles of road testing—and millions of miles of use by motorists—prove conclusively that with this "X" safety factor *Acid Action* is effectively counteracted—engine life is prolonged.

This triumph of Shell Research—another Shell "first"—comes to you only in Shell X-100 Motor Oil. This oil, long famous for its ability to protect your engine under the stresses of sustained high speeds and extreme driving conditions, now has this added protection for every mile you drive.

Let your Shell Dealer drain, flush and refill your crankcase with Shell X-100 Motor Oil today.

It's Incomparable!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Change of Heart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

that's all that's important to you," he said.

"But it isn't. I've been telling you that," she said. "You find your work interesting and exciting, too, and I don't feel I'm being left out."

"You make it sound so logical," he said. "I'll be more specific then. I don't want to sound like a medieval husband, but"—his face reddened—"well, I may as well say it, I'm a little jealous, and I can't talk myself out of it. I've been resenting Van and his attentions to you, the lunch dates and the dinner parties, and I can't help feeling you enjoy all that too much, and that's why you find the job so damn' fascinating. You—"

She interrupted him swiftly. "You have no right to say such things, Fred. Of course I'm flattered that he takes an interest in me, but I'm grateful to him, too, as you should be, for being so helpful. Especially when I needed him, when you were away."

"I'll bet he was, at that," he said.

SHE opened her mouth to answer, then stood up from the bed and turned away, staring down at the open valise packed so neatly and efficiently and waiting to be closed and locked, and then the Cellophane packets that protruded from the side pockets and glinted in the lamplight arrested her attention. She looked at them dully at first and then with curiosity, and then she bent down and lifted one out. It contained a pair of nylon stockings; she looked at him in astonishment.

He seemed more impatient than embarrassed. "Yes," he said, "they're stockings. And yes, they're for a girl."

"Are they?" she said carefully. "Anyone I know?"

"Now you listen to me," he said. "You're not in Parran Frères being utterly too sophisticated. And you're not with Van Parran either. You're with me, remember, and I knew you when you weren't so wise, or so bright." He took a long breath, looking at her steadily. "Those stockings are for a girl in Rome. She works for the company I do business with, she's a nice sweet kid who can't afford nylon stockings and I want to give her some."

"And you go on so about Van," she said. "At least I don't buy him socks. Or call him sweet, either."

"Van isn't sweet," he said. "Van likes you altogether too much, and you like him altogether too much, and I don't like any of it."

"Really, Fred," she said faintly, "you do have nerve. Van is our friend, and my boss, and that's all, and meanwhile you're taking stockings to a girl in Rome," she said, gesturing at the valise. "All this time you've been complaining about Van, those stockings—" She put her knuckles to her lips and sat down again on the edge of the bed.

He pushed aside the valise and sat down on his bed, facing her. "I'll tell you about her if you want to hear," he said. "I would have told you before except that we've been scrapping so much. She lives with her father and a young brother in two rooms that look as if they had been scooped out of a brick pile. She doesn't have money for clothes or a movie or anything but food. She did some typing for me—that's how I first met her—and she's barely twenty, and you would call her pretty, I guess, and she would be prettier if she ate a little more. She's got bright brown eyes that light up every once in a while and you get an idea of what she could be."

"And I suppose those bright brown eyes light up for you," she said evenly, staring down at her crumpled dress.

"Now that you mention it," he said, "maybe they do. I try to take her something each trip. Last time it was a blouse; and if you'll look in the left-hand pocket of the valise you'll find a silk scarf and a lipstick; nothing that'll make my baggage excess weight but still will make her feel very good. I might as well tell you this, too," he said. "I've taken her to lunch twice, and last trip we went to a movie." He went on stumbling over his words, "You probably can't understand what it means to her. For a couple of bucks I'm Santa Claus to her. She waits for my trips like, well, like"—he looked at her intently—"well, the way you haven't waited for me in a long time."

Ann said, "She must be in love with you."

"You think so?" he said politely. "I couldn't say."

"Do you love her?" she said, looking at him quickly but without any change in tone. "Just tell me the truth. One of the advantages of my being on my own so much during our married life is that I can take this reasonably and sensibly. So just tell me the truth."

"You're a remarkable girl," he said. "Did I ever tell you that being reasonable and sensible isn't becoming to you at all? All right," he said, "I never even thought about being in love with her, but I will, this trip. I'll be very reasonable and sensible about it, like you."

"Then that's that," she said, and stood up and went past him carefully to avoid brushing his knees, and went to unfasten her earrings in front of her dressing table. "Not that it won't take some adjusting to." Her face in the mirror seemed a little pale but controlled, and not until she was under the shower did she realize how much she was trembling.

Nor could she fall asleep after Fred had snapped off the light and punctiliously said good night, turning his back to her with a decisive creak of the mattress; she stared at his relentless shoulders silhouetted darkly against the pale light that glimmered through the white blinds, and her breath came quickly and irregularly in her indignation. At least, she said silently to her husband's shoulders, at least my life won't fall apart just because now there's another girl for you. I have my job, and there's Van. . . .

She caught herself short, and lay there still and tense with the suddenness of her realization. There *was* Van: Fred had known it, and though she had continuously denied it to him and to herself, and though there had been no overt signs on Van's part to make her say otherwise, still, she must have known it, too. She turned her head uneasily and somewhat guiltily on the pillow. I suppose I've known for a long time that Van wouldn't act as he's been acting out of mere friendship; I couldn't be that naïve. Fred's resentment of him has always seemed so preposterous and uncalled-for because I've never thought of Van seriously. But I can think of him seriously, don't think I can't now, she said silently to her husband; if you can talk that way about another girl, then I can change toward Van. She moved her head miserably on the limp pillow, and then raised herself on her elbow to prod the pillow again into puffiness. If you want that other girl, don't think I'm going to act the outraged, abandoned wife. I'll manage all right; you'll see. . . .

The alarm sounded at seven thirty and woke her, and it seemed improbable that she should have slept at all as she moved wearily about the room putting on her clothes. Fred's bed was empty and she assumed he was already downstairs, and if she had not put her hairbrush down on the folded slip of paper she might not have seen it at all. She picked it up and read: "I've taken the car and gone up to see Patty. I may be home before ten tonight, but if I can't make it by then I won't take a chance and I'll go straight to La Guardia from camp. I've taken the valise with me. See you tonight, or in a few weeks."

All right, Fred, she said to herself, if that's the way you want it, and she dropped the note into the drawer and went downstairs firmly and ate all her breakfast and called a cab to take her to the station. She bought her newspaper and while she waited for the approaching train, she remembered—for no accountable reason except perhaps that it was the same kind of day, cool for summer and with a light, brisk breeze and the kind of depthless blue sky dappled with small white clouds that appears only in color movies, an incongruously happy kind of day—she remembered that other day when she watched the train pull in as it was doing now. Fred had left on that other train, on that other incongruously delightful day, for Camp Kilmer, and she remembered watching him get onto the train: It had been crowded and he had not found a seat and had stood outside on the platform. And her eyes had clouded over with tears of rage against the New Haven Railroad that was letting him ride into the city on this final trip without even providing him with a seat, and through her blurred vision she had been scarcely able to see him waving good-by to her. How silly I was, she thought grimly; he needn't think I'll ever be that silly about him again.

BUT all morning she found herself acutely aware of the telephone, and as it rang frequently, her work that morning was barely getting done, between the alternating excited beating of her heart and the dull disappointment that followed each call. She was still sitting at her desk at two o'clock, a sandwich and a waxed cup of coffee from the drugstore set out on her blotter, when she looked up and saw Van Parran grinning at her from the doorway.

"Are you awake?" he said. "I've been talking to you for a whole minute."

She lifted her shoulders despondently. "This has been a bad day for me," she said. "I might as well have stayed home for all the work I've done."

"You were home early enough last night," he said, coming into the room and sitting down on the tufted armchair that was too small for him so that he completely concealed it. He leaned forward to look at her inquiringly. "What's the matter, Ann?"

She said, "Nothing, I suppose," but hesitantly, and then, because she wanted very much to tell someone, she said, "There is something. It's about Fred. We've had another quarrel."

"Why sound so serious?" he asked. "You'll make up. That's supposed to be one of the pleasures of quarreling."

"You say that because you're not married," she said wryly.

"Don't snap at me," he said. "That's what my married friends tell me."

"It's not so," she said. "Not when you've got something serious to fight about. And not when there doesn't seem to be a chance of making up."

"Fred wouldn't be that foolish."

She said, "Fred has a girl in Rome."

"Aah," he said, looking at her in disbelief. "You're imagining things."

"He has. He told me. He takes her out to lunch and gives her presents."

"Fred! I can't believe it."

"He says she can hardly wait to see

"How was I to know he was filthy-rich? All evening he kept throwing money around and leaving twenty-dollar tips—just like a phony!"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This industry does not want the patronage of the few who abuse the right to drink in moderation

This message is sponsored by the producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages. As citizens, and as businessmen, we stand for the attainment of the following aims in your community:

. . . the encouragement of moderation by word and by example.

. . . the licensing only of orderly places of business.

. . . the strict observance and enforcement of the law.

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After years of studying the human mouth in anti-decay research, scientists developed the exclusive Amm-i-dent formula, with more anti-decay (ammonia-releasing) ingredients than any other toothpaste . . . now

Genuine

Amm-i-dent

Ammoniated

Toothpaste

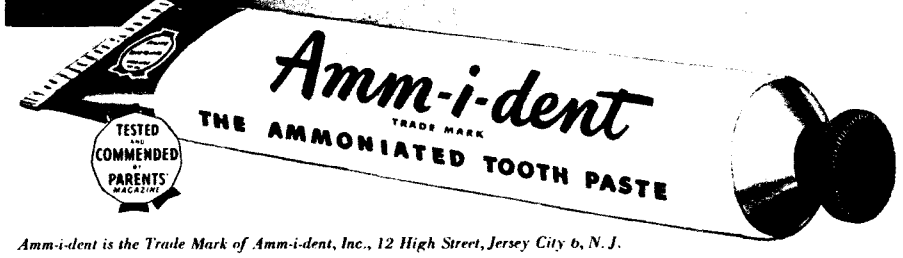
IS HERE TO REDUCE TOOTH DECAY!

❶ **CLEANS SUPERBLY** *and fights tooth decay!*

❷ **CHECKS BAD BREATH** *and fights tooth decay!*

❸ **TASTES DELIGHTFUL** *and fights tooth decay!*

More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent Toothpaste than any other ammoniated toothpaste.



Amm-i-dent is the Trade Mark of Amm-i-dent, Inc., 12 High Street, Jersey City 6, N. J.

him again," she blurted out. "He says she thinks he's Santa Claus. He wishes I would act that way."

He said reasonably, "You can't blame him for that."

She stared at him in consternation. "But he doesn't want me to think of anything but him, or anyone!"

"Do you?" he said.

"You expect me to say that, don't you? Well, I won't!" Even if it were true, she thought, I wouldn't say it now, not after what he said about that girl.

"Don't misunderstand me," Van said. "I'd much rather you said there was room for someone else in your life."

She flushed, and averted her head. "Of course you're joking."

"I'm not, actually," he said mildly. "And any time you feel Fred isn't the only man for you I want you to promise to let me know."

She said almost defiantly, "I'll make that promise."

"Just don't you forget," Van said. "When is Fred leaving?"

"On the midnight plane, with stockings and a scarf and lipstick for that girl," she said.

"I'll bet you make up before he goes."

"And maybe send along a little gift of my own for her," she said bitterly. She stared abstractedly past him, her voice low. "I may not even see him until he gets back. He's gone to see Patty, and he'll probably go right to the plane."

"But you'll be seeing him off, won't you?" he asked.

She flared, "He didn't ask me to."

He looked at her with interest. "You must have made him plenty mad," he said. "I'll tell you what, you have dinner with me tonight, and I'll do my best to distract you."

She smiled at him. "Thanks, Van," she said. "I might do that."

SOMETIME in the afternoon, Fred called, between an important customer and a store-wide meeting, and she went to the telephone with a breathlessness which she scrupulously put out of her voice when she picked up the receiver.

"Ann?" he said. "I'm still in camp."

"How's Patty?" she asked stiffly.

"Fine," he said. "I told her you'd be up on Saturday. There's something doing up here today, a swimming event she wants me to see. I told her I'd stay, and so I won't be able to get home at all. I'll leave the car in Berkey's Garage and you can pick it up there tomorrow."

"All right," she said.

There was a pause. "Look, Ann," he said, "forget what I said about Van. It's not important."

"No, it's not important," she repeated, thinking: Not now it isn't, not when you're on your way to Rome to see that girl.

There was another pause and then he said, "Well, take care of yourself."

"You too," she said. She hung up the receiver and went back to her meeting and sat numbly through it, and when it was over she went up to Van's office and looked in uncertainly. "If you meant that about dinner, Van," she said, "I'd like to go." . . .

They had dinner in a converted barn off the Merritt Parkway, sitting beside a water wheel that all through the dinner hour made the muffled splashing and musical dripping sounds of all water wheels, except more prettily now in the dusk. From a distance came the faint incessant hum of the passing cars, any one of them possibly Fred on his way back to New York, and she sat in strained silence. Van said, "I guess I was a little overconfident. About being able to distract you, that is."

She could say only, "I'm sorry, Van."

"I give up for now," he said, pushing back his chair. "Come on, I'll take you home."

But when he cut off the motor in front of her house that was lighted with a solitary lamp in the living room and Bernice's dim light almost obscured by the clematis, and in the sudden quiet she could hear only the prolonged shrilling of the crickets and the lost, lonesome bark of a far-off dog, she felt all at once strangely reluctant to be alone. She said without confidence, "Would you like to sit around a while on the porch? Or do you have something to do?"

"You know I don't have a thing Ann," he said, and leaned across to open her door.

SHE went into the kitchen and fixed two drinks and carried them out to the porch where he sat rocking idly on the glider; she put the glasses down on the table and sat beside him.

"I like your house better every time I see it," he said, making conversation. "You certainly seem to have a lot of room, for such a little place."

"It's not so little," she said with instant defensiveness. "Six rooms and bath, *and* powder room." She added, "Of course it would seem little to you. How many rooms do you have—thirty or forty?"

"Hey," he said, "I have twelve, and if you're going to snipe at me I'm leaving."

She said again, "I'm sorry." There was a silence, and then she reached down and handed him a glass. "Peace offering," she said, and sighed. "I'm in a hole, I might as well own up. I'm not as independent as I thought. I'm confused, and I'm mad, and I'm hurt. Do you think I'm just jealous over that other girl?"

"I don't know, Ann."

"It's funny," she said, but without amusement, thinking: This is what Fred has been feeling for a long time now, this irritation and even anger, imagining things that might or might not be true, and I've been only indignant and offended without trying to understand him. "It's funny," she repeated slowly, "but what brought this whole business to a head was not my being jealous over that girl, but Fred's being jealous of you."

"It's not exactly inconceivable, you know. You're a very attractive girl, and it's not hard to suppose that I might be very fond of you."

"I'm glad you are, Van," she said hesitantly, "and if—" But he interrupted her, first setting his glass back on the table and then putting his arm around her easily as if he had assumed she would not push him away; he kissed her firmly and smoothly, and she was too taken aback to stop him.

He drew away and said with some annoyance faintly ruffling his voice, "Aren't you carrying this businesslike attitude a little too far?"

She sat without stirring, staring at him in bewilderment: she was not so much shocked as she was curiously surprised that his kiss should have moved her so little. I felt nothing at all, she thought with a quite scientific detachment, and he *is* nice-looking, and I *do* like him, but with Fred even after eight years of being married . . .

Still with numb astonishment she stared at him, at the square and perhaps too solid outline of his head, and the well-cut collar of his suit now standing up crookedly behind his shoulders. He lighted a cigarette, and in the brief glow she saw the annoyance on his well-formed features. She said, "It seems I've told you nothing all evening but that I'm sorry. I'll say it again. I'm truly sorry, Van. It's been my fault as much as yours, maybe a little more. I should have known I couldn't be this disturbed about him if he weren't so important to me."

He said shortly, "It's my fault. I knew that right along." He waited, and when she did not reply, he said, "Well, it appears that without actually meaning to I've managed to toss you right back to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your husband. It's not exactly a compliment to me." He looked at her sharply. 'Are you still there?"

"I'm here, Van. And I'm so thoroughly miserable."

He stood up. "Get your purse," he said. "I might as well drive you out to the airport."

She looked at him blankly. "But his plane left at midnight!"

"You've got an hour and a half to midnight," he said. "How this evening must have dragged for you." He took her arm. "Let's go."

During the entire trip they were silent, because she could find no small talk to make and he seemed intent only on covering the distance swiftly on the almost deserted parkway, and not until they drew up in front of the terminal did he speak to her. "I'll leave you here," he said. "I don't think it would help much if he knew I was outside waiting to take you home." He looked at her questioningly, and she nodded. "I'll pick you up here after the plane goes," he said, and pulled the door shut after her.

She hesitated. "No, Van. I think you'd better not. I'll get a cab back into town and pick up the car."

"Whatever you say," he said, and drove off.

ANN hurried inside and stared in momentary confusion at the well-filled waiting room, and then with nervous thoroughness she searched it, but he wasn't there; she looked for him outside and up in the restaurant and she did not find him, and so she went back to the waiting room and sat down miserably in a place where she could watch all the doors. And then he came in, his face tired and his hair rumpled from the long ride back from camp, and when he saw her he stopped for an instant, and then a little awkwardly he came toward her.

His face seemed angry as it usually did when he was embarrassed, or moved. "Let's get out of here," he said, and he took her by the elbow and led her outside; in the darkness he said, "I'm glad you came. I was hoping you would," and then: "Today was a mess, wasn't it?"

"Fred," she said, "all the way down here I've been thinking of what to say, because I've suddenly understood everything, how you feel about Van—"

"Let me tell you first," he said. "That girl in Rome—you understand about her, don't you? A couple of years ago when I was in the Army I would have given her a candy bar. I admit I get a kick out of taking her these things, but that's all there is to it. I guess I'm not so noble a character that I don't enjoy feeling important to someone. Or that I can sit by and watch some guy trying to horn in on what could be a happy married life for us. But do you think I'd be eating my heart out about Van if I were interested in anyone but you?"

She began to laugh, irresolutely at first, and then with relief. "You don't know how I ate my own heart out about you today," she told him. "Do you think I would have, if there were anyone else but you?"

"Did you, honestly?" he said, looking discomfited.

"Oh, *honestly*, Fred."

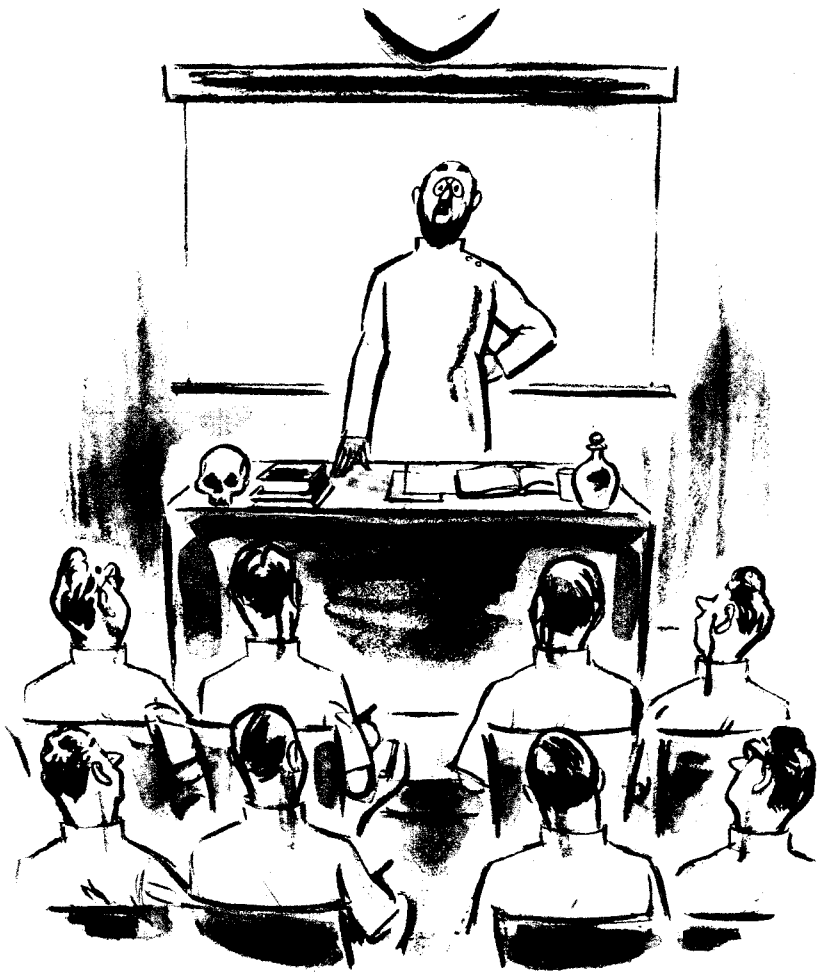
He pressed her arm against him. "I've got the car parked. Wait here and I'll bring it around."

"But the plane!" she cried, and put her fingers over her mouth when he held out his wrist for her to read his watch; it said ten minutes after midnight.

"Did you suppose I'd go away for three weeks with things the way they were between us?" he said. "This is a business trip. I didn't want to spend the three weeks worrying about whether I'd have a wife and child when I got back."

"But your reservation!"

"They changed it for a seat on Wednesday." He kissed her quickly on the cheek. "I guess my girl in Rome can wait that long for me," he said. THE END

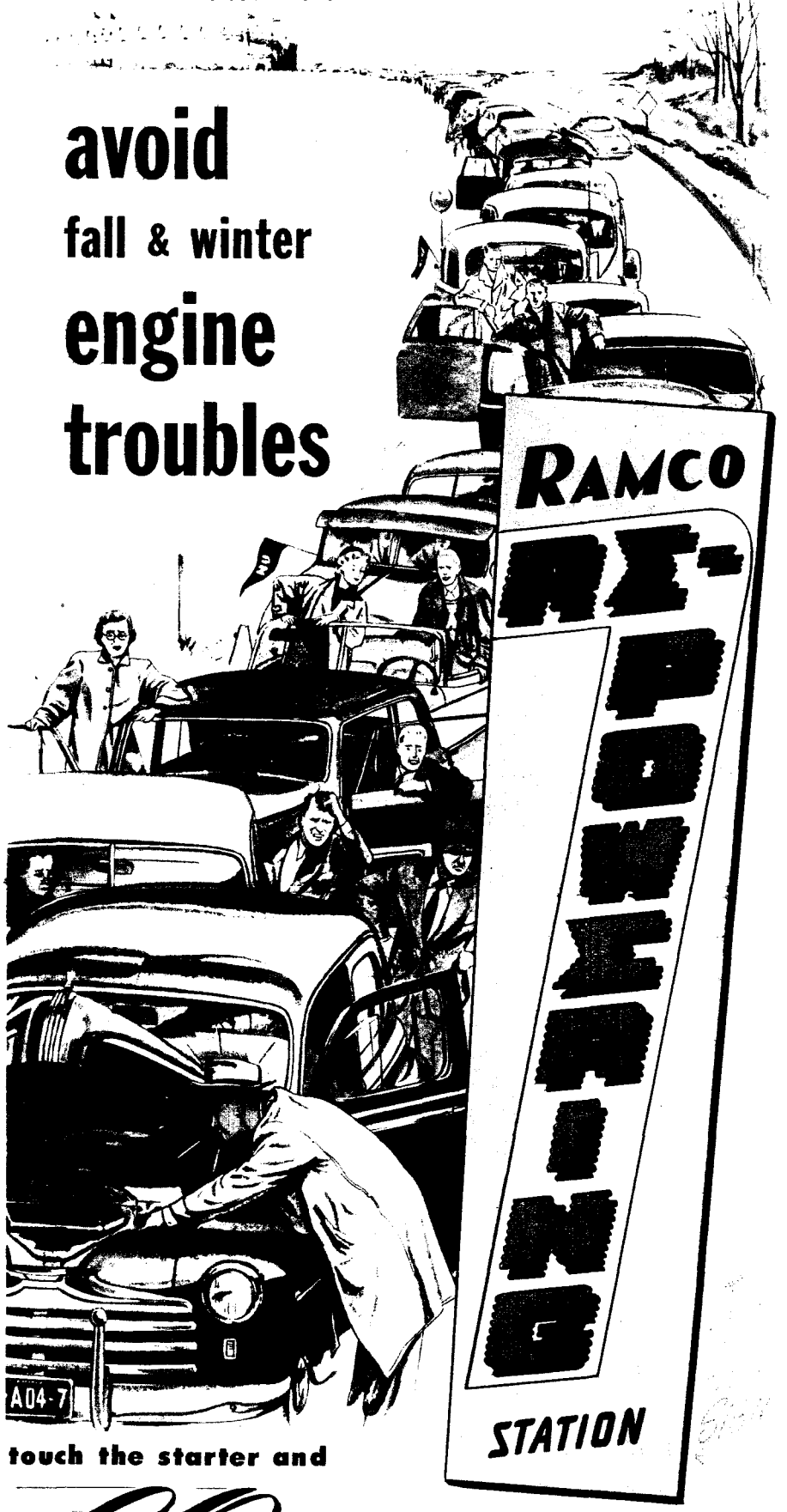


"Now, in the case of postoperative complications frequently associated with the presentation of the bill . . ."

COLLIER'S — LEONARD DOVE

Your car can be "Trouble Freed"

avoid fall & winter engine troubles



touch the starter and GO with POWER, SPEED and ECONOMY

No more getting your engine fixed and then going back again and again with more and more trouble. Ramco RE-POWERING fixes your car right the first time. Introduces you to a repair man who is a specialist in engine overhaul. He checks and corrects not just one but all four essentials to the top notch performance of your engine: Compression, Carburetion, Ignition and Cooling.

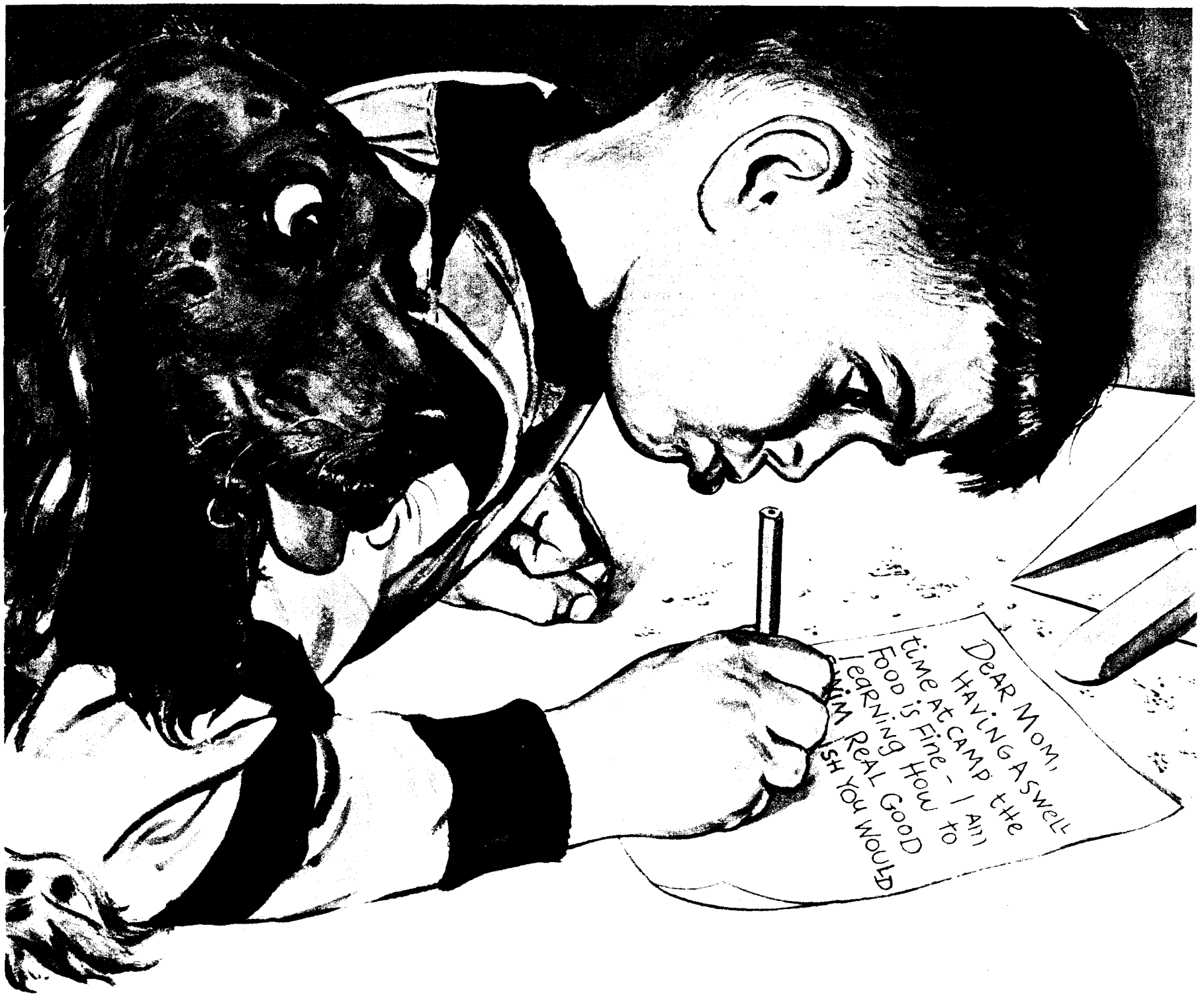
If new rings are needed, Ramco 10-Up Rings are installed. Regardless of your car's mileage, these rings give you performance you can brag about two years from now. That's because patented Ramco Ring Design stops oil pumping without resorting to excessive, engine-wearing pressures.

For complete details about the Ramco [illegible] covering both rings and labor see your neighborhood RE-POWERING man. He displays the RE-POWERING SIGN. If none is near you, ask your favorite garage or service station to write for details of this national service plan to Ramsey Corporation, 3759 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis 8, Missouri.

R-3418

Copyright 1949 by Ramsey Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What Makes Buzzie write Like tH is?

BUZZIE is just learning to write.

And every line he writes starts out with big, generous letters and ends up with little squeezed-up ones.

The trouble, of course, is that he hasn't learned to plan ahead. He concentrates on making those big letters, and lets the end of the line take care of itself.

Many grownups have the same trouble Buzzie has—but not with their handwriting.

They have that trouble with their money. They blow it all at the beginning, when it looks like there's nothing to worry about, and let the "end of the line" take care of itself. But it practically never does.

That's why the Payroll Savings Plan and the Bond-A-Month Plan are such a blessing. They are "human-nature-proof." The saving is done *for* you—automatically.

And remember, every U.S. Savings Bond you buy brings you $4 in ten years for every $3 invested.

So don't let your life run on like Buzzie's handwriting. Sign up today for the Payroll Savings Plan—or, if you are not on a payroll, the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

Automatic saving is sure saving — U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make Mine Fish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

the actual eating of oysters, this brief harmony between the two men is shattered. Both say that oysters should be eaten raw—but:

"I like mine with a little cocktail sauce," the colonel admits. "Not too much, though, or it'll spoil the flavor."

"Cocktail sauce!" Gerber cries, gastronomically wounded. "Anybody that puts that stuff on oysters, he don't really like them at all. It makes oysters tasteless. You might as well eat a boot. All an oyster needs is a little lemon juice."

The pro-fish people say that the reason anti-fish people don't like seafood is that they've never had it prepared or served properly, even in good restaurants. But the anti-fish man only runs into another argument if he tries to find out how fish should be cooked, or who should cook it.

Mr. Hugh G. Flood, the fictitious "mayor of Fulton Market," who was the hero of a book by Joseph Mitchell last year, maintained that the only cooks who can prepare fish decently are *old* Italians, *old* Negroes, *old* Yankees and *old* Irishmen. (Even the stove, he declared, is better old.)

Von Glahn agrees that these categories embrace the very best fish cooks. But he also believes that, with a little care and instruction, anybody can cook fish—even women.

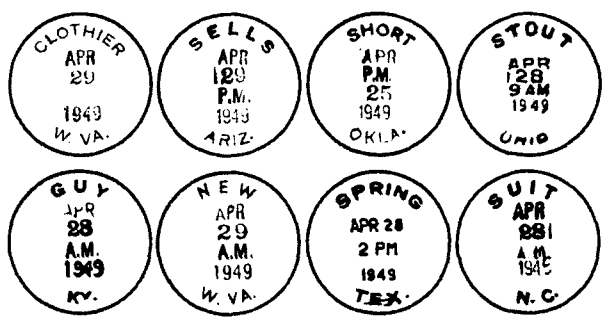
Admitting that women can cook fish is something of a concession for Von Glahn.

"For some reason a woman is just naturally opposed to a fish," Von Glahn told me. "I don't know why it is. Maybe it's because they don't like a fish's looks, or its smell. Personally I spend most of my time in the fish market and I can't say that fish have any particularly disagreeable odor.

"It's true, though, that the minute most women begin preparing a fish, something terrible happens. If a fish were placed out in the sun for ten days, it couldn't do as much harm as a woman does to it in 15 minutes in a frying pan." Considerably aggrieved over this state of affairs, Von Glahn daily makes efforts to correct it—by writing fish-cookery recipes for newspapers under the name of Frances Cabot.

Picture Postmarks

HOWARD SPARBER



FROM MRS. CARL R. THORBAHN, LANCASTER, PA.

Danger Lies in Overcooking

"Women don't mean to harm fish the way they do," he says. "They just don't understand the facts about a fish. They act as though it's meat. Fish is tender when it's *raw*. It'll toughen, shrink up and dry out if you cook it the way you do meat. That's what usually happens when women prepare it. They overcook it; and the longer they do that, the worse it tastes. Sometimes it gets downright unbearable."

Von Glahn says, for example, that any salmon steak that is broiled more than three minutes on one side and five on the other will taste like a fishskin stuffed with sawdust.

"There's only one way to broil fish," he declares. "Preheat the oven all the way up. Then, when the fish goes in, you'll get a good start the minute the fish is near the fire. It'll be seared, and all the juices'll stay in. That goes for almost any kind of fish."

But contradiction to the Von Glahn philosophy is offered by Miss Eva Patt, a tall and slender lady who runs a restaurant next door to Thomas Connolly's oyster shed in Baltimore. Miss Eva came from Minnesota originally, and as a girl she never saw the sea. Yet today she is as avid a fish lover as any of the pros mentioned here thus far. She eats fish four or five times a week, but prefers her own methods of cooking. And those methods have established her as a cook of some repute in Baltimore.

Miss Eva says, "Fish should be well cooked, through and through. If you don't cook it slowly, it's going to get tough. Around here, we like hardheads best. I take a split hardhead and fry the whole thing seven to ten minutes on each side, sometimes more. If I cooked it fast, the inside wouldn't get done. The same for steak fish and rockfish."

Miss Eva cuts off the head and tail of the fish (Von Glahn says fish are better when these parts are left on). Then she scrapes it well, removing all the scales; splits it, dips it in egg and cracker meal mixed with salt and pepper. And, finally, she fries it slowly and lovingly. The result makes her customers ecstatic.

She also applies her slow-and-warm theory to fresh shrimp, which she boils for 15 or 20 minutes in water flavored only with salt and pepper.

Recently, when a friend told Von Glahn of Miss Eva's methods, he was so upset that he had to go and eat a dozen clams to calm down. Even then he wasn't altogether contained.

"You see?" he cried, smiting a table in Sloppy Louie's, "there's a woman for you! She takes too long with those fish."

Even when he was reminded that Miss Eva's customers approved her methods, he wasn't convinced.

"She may make fish that's all right for them down in Baltimore, but what do they know about fish there? Imagine cooking shrimp for 20 minutes! That's the woman coming out in her! Shrimp ought to be done just a very short time. You take a cup of water, a teaspoon of salt, a dash of pepper or a couple of peppercorns, a piece of bay leaf and some celery. You simmer it for five minutes, put the shrimp in, then put the lid on. When it starts to simmer, begin counting the time. *Don't let shrimp simmer for more than five minutes!*"

The sound of Von Glahn's ranting attracted Sloppy Louie, who had been arguing with a fishmonger over the merits of bluefish as opposed to rockfish. He came up and asked what the fuss was all about, and Von Glahn told him that once again a woman had wrecked his day. Sloppy Louie smiled.

What Buyers Should Look For

"John," he said, "everybody will get to like fish when everybody gets to *know* fish. One reason women don't like fish is because they don't know them and they're afraid of them. I've told women a hundred times, they got to learn how to look for a fish, how to pick them out the way they do meat. A woman shouldn't be afraid of a fish. She ought to feel it, to see if it's firm and a little —well, like slimy. It doesn't want to be dry. And it ought to have a good clear eye, no cataracts on it. Also reddish around the gills, not yellowish. That's the way to look at a fish and find out if he's good.

"Then, when she gets her fish picked out, this woman ought to put the whole matter in the hands of the fish-store man. They'll do anything to a fish a woman wants them to—cut off the tail and head, fix—"

("Huh!" interrupted Von Glahn, disgustedly.)

"—fix the fins, split that fish, fillet him, do anything to him the woman wants.

"The fish-store man, he's willing to do all that. People get to realize that, they're going to like fish better."

Louie paused, aware that Von Glahn wasn't listening. The latter was staring moodily at a near-by table, where a Wall Street customers' man was applying a mayonnaise-like, commercially manufactured dressing to a piece of swordfish. The label of the bottle said plainly, "Makes Fish Taste Good."

"What's the matter, John?" Louie asked.

Von Glahn appeared close to tears. He pounded the table with one big, fish-nourished fist.

"Somebody ought to go over there and paste that guy one with a herring," he said in a low, angry mutter. "Look at that stuff he's putting on his fish! 'Makes fish taste good!' Phooey! As though *anything* could make fish taste better than it does in the first place! When're people going to learn that fish doesn't need any dressing? All it needs is a little butter, and maybe some lemon—but not too darned much lemon! And if it's cooked right, it's the most delicious, wholesome, satisfying dish anybody'd ever want to eat.

"How can people treat fish the way they do? It's almost criminal. It really is. Something ought to be done . . ."

"Quiet down, John," Sloppy Louie said, "and have a nice lobster or something."

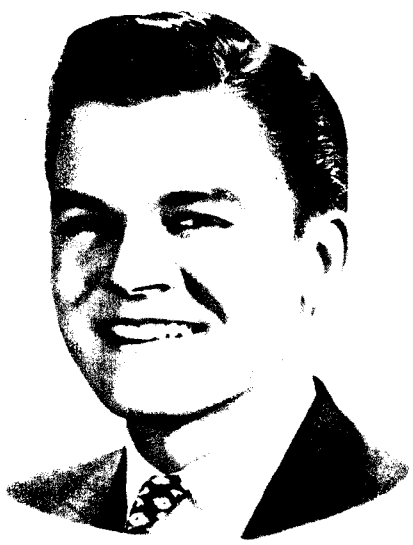
Von Glahn brightened considerably. "Good idea," he said. "Maybe some cod and a little sole, a couple of fried oysters and some fantail shrimp. That's just what I need." He pursed his lips. "Maybe I ought to have some more clams and mussels too. I'm so hungry I could eat a horse."

"A horse?" said Louie, horrified. *"Meat?"*

Von Glahn sat back in peaceful, happy anticipation. "Sea horse, of course," he said. THE END

Gives hair that

"just-combed" look



all day long!

'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic is the **ONLY** hair tonic which contains new, wonder-working **VIRATOL.** This special compound helps make your hair **LOOK** natural, **FEEL** natural . . . stay in place **HOURS LONGER.**

Just rub a little 'Vaseline' **CREAM** Hair Tonic on your hair each morning . . . then **COMB** it and **FORGET** it! 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic is good for your **SCALP,** too. Contains Triple-A **LANOLIN** . . . checks loose **DANDRUFF.** Try a bottle today! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK ®
CREAM
HAIR TONIC

the cream of them all!

Tops in entertainment:
DR. CHRISTIAN, starring JEAN HERSHOLT, on CBS every Wednesday night.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's here! The NEW
BURGESS
Flashlight Battery!
Power Packed in Steel and Plastic!

DESIGNED FROM THE INSIDE OUT
TO GIVE MORE HOURS OF BRIGHT LIGHT

Sealed in Steel and Plastic with the tough plastic outer casing and the steel cap machine-sealed directly into the battery top to prevent power loss.

Modern in Styling with functional design that results in sleek, attractive appearance and added protection by more effectively insulating the zinc can. The engineering skill and know-how that has made BURGESS first choice of scientists and explorers for years has now created another first for flashlight users everywhere.

Engineered Design of this new construction permits the use of a maximum amount of energy producing raw materials to make a big, full-size battery with longer life.

Chrome Protection keeps BURGESS fresh and ready longer because it curbs interior action in the battery when your flashlight is not in use.

Plainly Dated to assure you that every BURGESS flashlight battery is fresh and strong.

Guaranteed by the maker whose reputation for quality and dependability has made BURGESS the foremost name in radio batteries.

Buy these new BURGESS Flashlight Batteries NOW—at better dealers everywhere!

BURGESS

Recognized by their stripes—Remembered by their service

Four Friends Abroad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

his trout to each gang of workers we passed on a busy, three-mile stretch of the road. At one point a big "cat" was snaking the skinned trunks off the slope and onto the road. There they were chained together in piles to await pickup by huge trailer trucks, which had originally served on the "Red Ball Highway" of the American Army supply line for Generals Bradley and Patton.

"After the Marshall Plan came," Étienne declared, "everybody wanted lumber at once. And what has this meant in our private affairs?

"Regard my comrade Julien Portallet, whose house was knocked down in the war. He could do nothing except live in the cellar, because what those government rascals allowed him for damages would not buy a first-quality overcoat. Today a man can have as much work as he wants, and with the extra money Julien wins by volunteering for much overtime work, he and his wife build for themselves with their own hands a fine new house. True, they find time only on Sundays and in the late evenings, but they find the strength in better food and more agreeable hopes.

"Regard me. My house was not destroyed, but I have won enough by the overtime to buy a few geese, some new furniture and the little radio which gives much pleasure to my family and much instruction to me about things. Next we will put aside so that my daughter can go to the big school. That is something—*but yes,* that is something!"

"What do you think about the Communists, Étienne?"

He grinned and held up the long-suffering trout once more: "In Russia can one take a day off when he pleases, to go fishing?"

Of all countries in Europe, France is the best place to study the reaction of the western European to the Marshall Plan. France and her individualistic people offer the sternest challenge to the Plan for many reasons—not the least being that she has the strongest and most brilliantly led Communist party outside the Soviet Union. France receives, directly or indirectly, the largest share of Marshall Plan funds.

Like France itself, the Department of the Vosges is a particularly good candidate for a close-up scrutiny. The department is slightly larger than Delaware; its population is less than that of Seattle. It has the rugged face of Appalachian Pennsylvania—if you can imagine a Pennsylvania village with nesting storks, toilets for men beside the church wall, one stone well, a public laundry shed in the square, and the quaintly pointed housetops of the Middle Ages. But it has economic, historic and geographic circumstances that make it showdown territory today.

For one thing, although Vosgians are practically 100 per cent Catholic, the Communists ranked second, with 25 per cent of the votes, in the general election of 1946. For another thing, the Vosges would be among the first districts of France to feel the big Red foot, if the Russians marched.

Here the Nazi blitzkrieg struck, to flank and make a joke of the Maginot line which lay athwart the department. Today Vosgians, amidst their efforts to rebuild homes and factories, view what is left of the line as a sinister reminder of the insecurity of their corner of the earth.

In the last war half the weaving and spinning facilities of the Vosges were ruined. Hundreds of men, women and children perished in the snows of the mountain passes while being herded on foot into Germany. From some towns —Saint-Dié, Gérardmer, La Bresse— virtually all male workers were deported to slave mills. Three out of 10 never returned.

So the Vosges lives permanently under two shadows. Doomed in war because of its strategic location, it feels nearly as shaky in peace because of almost total dependence upon crops in sunnier lands far away. For, while France grows no cotton, cotton rules the over-all welfare of the Vosges.

Of the department's "industrial labor force," about 16 per cent are in public-building works, 6 per cent in metals, 2½ per cent in the making of its famous Munster and Geromé cheeses, 10 per cent in the forests and paper mills, and smaller groups in tanneries, potteries and chemicals. None of these industries is sturdy enough to carry the general burden in lean days.

Nearly 60 per cent of the Vosges's workers are at the looms and spindles, plus another 4 per cent who make finished goods of the region's renowned specialized cotton materials.

The Vosges textile industry is what American cotton workers would dub "a 3,000,000-spindle setup." Beyond that term they would find little here to remind them of home. Only three factories have more than 100,000 spindles; only 18 have more than 500 looms. The bulk of the industry is spread over 150 plants, of which many have fewer than 100 looms each. These plants are scattered through back-country hamlets and river bottoms in a pattern of medieval paternalism, with workers' homes clus-

JACK DONOVAN

Friends Indeed

Considering how prone we are,
When traveling by train or car,
Our two-day friends to urge and pray
To look us up when out our way,
It's fortunate, though they say yes
And scribble down our home address
And swear they'll stop when passing through,
That they but very rarely do.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tered around the "big house" of the squire who owns the cotton and saw mills. Thousands of weavers and spinners engage in subsistence farming on the side, so the mills fit their operations to the planting and harvest seasons.

"The Marshall Plan gives the millworkers 27 hours of their weekly average of 40 hours' work," Étienne said. "Without it, 70 to 90 per cent would still be unemployed."

A florist, a grocer, and a tobacco dealer confirmed Étienne's account as we rolled along. Then we talked to an innkeeper who was nailing the legs back on his beds, while his family and staff repainted the rooms. After four years of billeted Nazis and a brief ordeal of Yanks, he explained, the place had become a bit "discomposed." He had not felt like doing much about it in the immediate postwar years because, "Nobody came anyway." But people were coming nowadays, people in fine cars from big cities like Strasbourg and Nancy and sometimes even Paris, to do business with the mills hereabouts. He was even considering putting in a bath.

Elsewhere in the Moselle Valley there is a significant example of the Marshall Plan's indirect stimulation of the whole French national economy. Hydroelectric development, in view of her inadequate coal resources, is one of France's most desperate needs. At Jarménil, where the Vologne River joins the Moselle, a dam to utilize these swift waters for power generation is nearing completion. Jarménil isn't big enough to make headlines, but it will help in flood control and its annual production of 8,000,000 kilowatt-hours will serve a chain of mills as well as brighten the homes of peasants and other workers in the vicinity.

The dam is a long-cherished dream of M. V. Tenthorey, one of France's chief industrialists, and president of the General Syndicate of the French cotton industry. Tenthorey actually began the dam's construction some years ago and is financing the job himself. But he credits the encouragement of the Marshall Plan—his mills are humming with its cotton—for giving him faith to go on.

Jean Debry's factories at Châtel, down the Moselle and north of Épinal, the Vosges capital, were twice flattened by the Nazis and then flooded. Debry still maintains production in a patched-up shop pending the completion of a new factory so unlike anything hitherto seen in the Vosges that his workers check its progress impatiently and insult the construction gang for being slow. I asked Debry why the new building is colored salmon pink.

"Your history," he replied, "proves that to raise the living standards of workers you've first got to make it possible for them to increase their output in the same amount of labor time. Chiefly, this means better machines. But there is something else your people know—the stimulating effect of good ventilation, lighting and pleasant surroundings. The factory design in general is based on what I saw on my visits to the United States. But the color is due to a lesson I learned from one of my old female workers. I heard her exclaim over a bed of flowers in the shop yard, 'Look there now, how beautiful!' Her mate grumbled, 'Zut! You can't eat them!' She answered, 'Just the same, their beauty nourishes the heart!' "

Better Times for This Weaver

In Remiremont, a weaver named Léon talked of the Marshall Plan's meaning to the workers and their families. Léon, forty-five, has been at the looms since he was sixteen. His wife is thirty-four. They have three children. Before the war Léon got three francs an hour; now he gets 70. Altogether his monthly take-home pay is just over 17,000 francs—about $52.50. From the company he can buy fuel and certain rough goods at cost. His rent for an old-style company house, without bath, at 15 francs per room, is 60 francs a month. Léon hopes to move into one of the new company houses now going up; that, with bath, will cost him 600 to 800 francs per month.

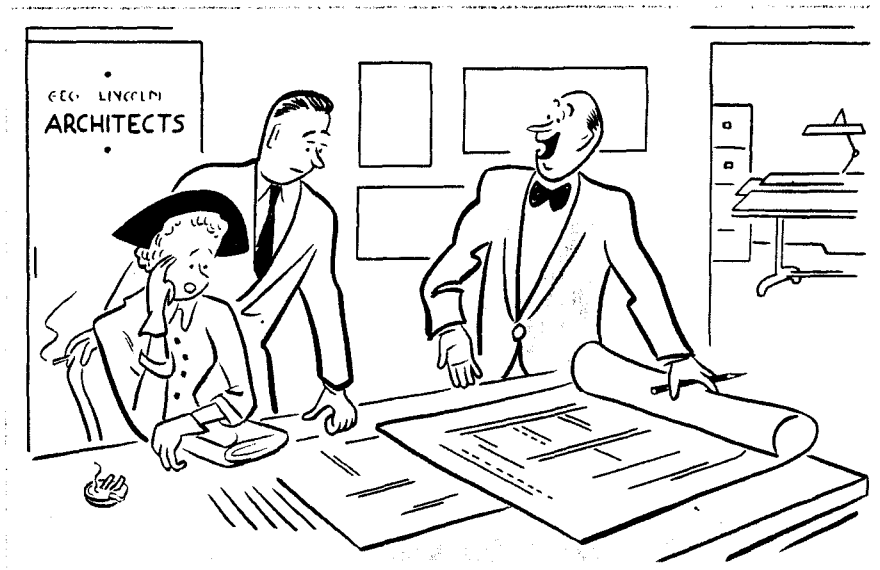
At present nearly 70 per cent of his earnings are spent on food; another 20 per cent on clothing. The family's menus are made up principally from ersatz coffee, potatoes, cabbage soup, local cheese, salads, omelets (twice a week) and meat (on week ends). There is bread with every meal; cheap wine mixed with water at every dinner.

"Before the American cotton began to arrive," Léon said, "we had only bread and cabbage soup. And I did not make enough to buy any new clothes for ourselves or the children."

Léon voted Communist in 1946 and De Gaullist this spring, when the total Communist poll in the Vosges dropped 25 per cent below its 1946 high. Never a party member, Léon wrangled with the Comrades when they opposed Marshall Plan cotton.

"I asked them," he explained, " 'Perhaps you think it is better we should work only one day a week, or none, with the cotton France can afford to buy from Egypt?' They said, 'Yes, because the American cotton will take away your liberty and freedom!'

"Everybody, including you Americans, talks too much these days about liberty and freedom. I say my family can't eat liberty. Freedom won't keep



"If you people drive a convertible and can remember to always lower the top before entering the garage, we can cut on labor and material there, too"

COLLIER'S — SCOTT BROWN

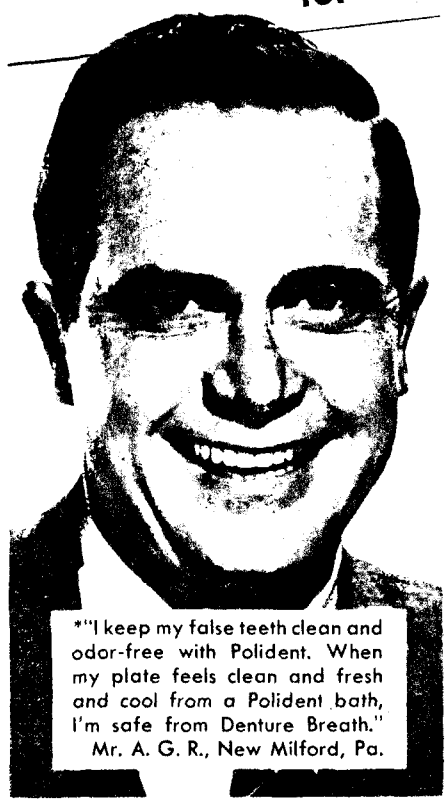
P&T
Founded 1840
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
Founded in 1840
P&T
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS
MIDWAY, KY. - NEW YORK
An American Favorite – because it is the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America – and the best whiskey value in America!
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I WEAR FALSE TEETH

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool

No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*



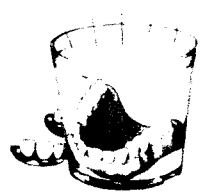
*"I keep my false teeth clean and odor-free with Polident. When my plate feels clean and fresh and cool from a Polident bath, I'm safe from Denture Breath." Mr. A. G. R., New Milford, Pa.

You know what Mr. R. means—it's a wonderful feeling to know that you're not offending friends with Denture Breath. And it's great when your plates feel clean and cool and fresh—from their Polident bath.

Remember, dental plates need the special care of a special denture cleanser. Don't brush, soak them in Polident (only about a cent a day) to keep them sparkling clean, free from Denture Breath. Get Polident tomorrow.

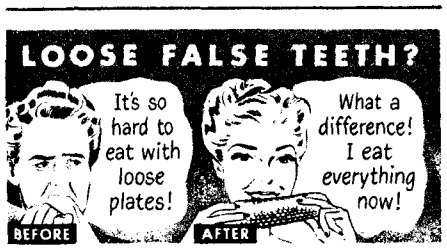
NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.



POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER



Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back POLI-GRIP

Made and guaranteed by **POLIDENT**

them warm or get us into the cinema on Saturday. Steady work is the answer. That's why I think your Plan is getting ahead of the Communists.

"Another thing I like about the Plan is that it seems to have stirred the managements, too. Now they think of us as well as of themselves. Perhaps this is true all over France, perhaps not. I don't know. It is true here. We know some of this is fear of the Communists. The managements know they have to do better for us. But the Marshall Plan makes it possible, because they couldn't do much with idle looms, could they?

"When the owners come around and talk to us like people and not like in the old days, some of my mates, the moment the back is turned, will spit and say, 'They come late!'

"I think it is better they come late than not at all. My son Georges is fourteen now. He will be at the looms in another two years. *If they come late for me, they come early for him!*"

The Plan and the Peasants

What about the Vosges farmers and farm laborers? Half of France's population is peasant. In outlying provinces like the Vosges the proportion of peasants is even higher. Will the Marshall Plan lead the peasants out of the Hand Age into the Machine Age?

The Vosges is an area of general farming, with the accent on dairying in order to sustain the valuable local cheese factories. There are also plenty of *Mirabelle* orchards growing the plums from which come the Alsatian brandy that removes wit with the first swallow.

Off the main Vosgian roads peasant homes lack running water, baths, electricity and telephones.

As with its industrial workers, western Europe's task of raising the standard of peasant living is one of raising production levels per acre, per man. The French peasant is sweating out his share. His personal "output index" has gone up 15 points since the war's end, largely due to nitrogenous fertilizers made available through Marshall aid.

But aching backs alone are not the answer. Mechanization and education are also essential. There is less than one tractor to every 40 farms in France, compared with one to every two farms in the United States. The French "tractor population" has doubled since the war and the Marshall Plan has already brought in more than 8,000. But the ordinary small landholder would need a lifetime's savings to buy a tractor—for which he must pay cash.

More important, nobody has ever shown the French peasant the merits of co-operation. France has nothing like our state and federal farm programs to spread the latest information about pest control, fertilizer selection and crop rotation; nor has France agricultural colleges like ours to train country kids as future farmers.

Perhaps the most useful and lasting contribution of the Marshall Plan to the peasants will come from its "Traveling Agricultural Exposition." Begun this summer, it will eventually tour the entire country with motion pictures, posters and actual demonstrations of such equipment as tractors, sprayers, milkers and balers.

How long it will be before a real change takes place in rural Europe became apparent in a talk we had with a tall, fair, ox-chested farmer named Ramus, who runs a 112-acre dairy farm and has managed to buy one of the Marshall Plan tractors.

I asked him why the Vosges farmers did not buy heavy equipment jointly and share its use.

Ramus smiled, reached down, picked up a clod and held it out in his big fist. "This soil has probably been growing things for more than 1,000 years," he said. "Much of your American soil was broken only within the past 70 years. Modern ideas are like God's rain—they brighten new tops long before they nourish old roots!

"I have seen in the cinemas how in your big states a great machine comes along to make at one time the harvest for all the farms. But some of your farms, one hears, are bigger than our whole Vosges; and we do not have such great, one-crop regions.

"I think that with tractors and other smaller machines, however, co-operation might be very well managed here. Yet, when it is time to plow, it is time to plow—and if a dozen ordinary French farmers owned a tractor together, by the time they got through discussing who should use it first, it would no longer be time to plow and several might be in the hospital.

"It is not selfishness," he added. "It is only that they must be shown how it is possible to arrange such things with efficiency and equality for all."

"It was atomic energy plants, rocket-launching bases and bomb dumps till we thought we'd sure go nuts!"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

Questions the Neighbors Ask

I asked whether his neighbors with smaller farms had shown interest in his tractor.

"More than 20 have come to see it and to ask questions. For example, they ask, 'Does it breed little ones every year to sell off for a bit of cash like our horses; and can you rake its stall out to make fertilizer; and can you grow its feed on a small portion of your land?'

"I tell them, truly, that it has made unnecessary three of my four horses and two of my hired men; that it does not eat when it does not work, and that, with the money saved on feed in one year, one can buy all the finest grade of fertilizer one needs. I tell them that, with the tractor this spring, I estimate that I got as much done in a day as I did formerly in a week with a horse; that it has given me time to plan things better, to make quicker turnovers of my early crops, and to experiment with new ones.

"Also, I tell them of the most curious fact I have observed. It is a thing of the mind. It is that the machine gives a feeling of getting things done that the horse does not give, and this makes one feel himself the master of the time, instead of as before."

"Will you dispose of the three horses your tractor has made unnecessary?"

Ramus grinned. "Well, no!" he replied, "After all, an old horse is like an old friend, and it *is* true that one can always find use for the money their colts bring. *But I will never buy another horse!*"

Ramus walked to the car with us, wanting to have a close look at it because, as he explained, "Someday now perhaps I will be able to have one of these, too." Plainly, he was much pleased because an American had come a long way to know about his tractor, and much impressed to be told that millions of other Americans would be interested to know about it, too.

"Tell them," he said, "that while I do not understand everything about their Marshall Plan, I am grateful because it made it possible for me to buy a tractor in these needful times when one must grow more things. Tell them that last winter I read in one of our newspapers that the Marshall Plan was like aid from Heaven, in the meaning of the old proverb that 'Heaven helps those who help themselves!' "

He paused a moment, then shyly but with immense sincerity, he remarked, "It has been a long time since we French have had aid from Heaven. But you do not understand?"

He pointed to a distant church spire, beyond the oaks and willows that marked the course of the River Meuse. The scene, on that hot summer afternoon, was like one of those French landscapes painted by Millet in The Gleaners and The Angelus. In the haze that rose from the tilled fields and pastures, the cattle herds and the peasants working at their haying shimmered as in a golden lens, while on the green slopes that led up to the ancient castle of Vaucouleurs there were motionless clusters of grazing sheep.

"You will pass through the Village, of course?" Ramus asked. "Then no doubt you will take note of its name, and see the House. Then you will understand."

We did. It was the House in which Joan of Arc was born in 1412. The Village was Domremy. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How a Movie Gets Made

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

platforms between the houses, planting small inkies (incandescent lights) behind some of the curtained house windows, and concealing floodlights behind the hedges to warm up the house fronts. The street, a standing set used in many pictures, was three houses long on each side.

The parking strips and lawns were covered with real grass, tended between takes by gardeners rather than greensmen. The trees were prop, since they would have to be changed with each picture to represent different locales and seasons. The houses themselves, convincing from the street, were false fronts just thick enough to support elevated platforms for lights behind the façades. From the rear the street looked, as do all outdoor sets, like the underside of a roller coaster.

The first shot of the sequence brought June and Jimmy out of a cab at the curb and up the walk to the little porch, where they faced each other and started to talk. It clicked off quickly.

The second shot walked Jim back to the cab with a beatific look on his face. It offered no problems beyond the difficulty of keeping the cab's motor from muddying the exchange of dialogue between Jim and the driver. But then, on the last shot of the picture, came the screwiest problem of all.

Frost Mars a Love Scene

The scene took place on the porch. Jimmy and June apologize to each other, and the audience assumes they are going to kiss, but they don't. The camera moved in for an extreme close-up of Jim's face. According to the script, the night is springlike and balmy. Actually the thermometer was down close to freezing, and the romantic words left Jim's mouth in clouds of frosty vapor!

One solution would have been to dismiss the company, order the night construction crew to duplicate the porch on a stage, then shoot the scene there the next day. But Harry Edwards' fertile mind and prop box came up with a better answer.

For the ensuing two hours Jimmy and June, dressed per script in light spring clothes against the bitter night, equalized the temperatures of their breath and the outside air by sucking ice cubes and gargling ice water before every take.

At last Sam said, "Print that one." Script supervisor Les Martinson wrote "Close Production" across his schedule in a sweeping script, and everybody headed for the wrap-up party in the Lot 2 commissary.

It wasn't much of a party in terms of fan-mag glamor. Just 60 or so people in working clothes, standing around the plain tables and chairs of a back-lot cafeteria. Sam had bought a nice assortment of liquid and solid foods which the prop men distributed. Sam and Hal were parked at one of the tables with June and her actor husband Dick Powell who had dropped in to see the finish and drive June home. Over on the far side Jimmy was the center of a group of men who had juiced and gripped his pictures since he'd come on the lot 15 years before as a kid not long out of college.

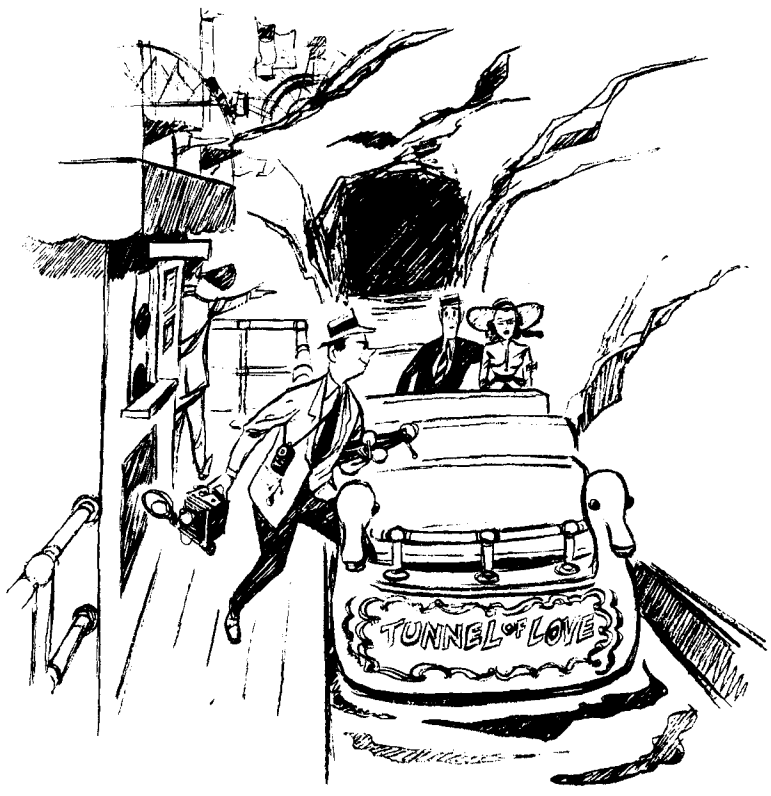
Around midnight the party began to break up. Automobile exhausts rattled and fumbled, and people called goodbys, vowing to have lunch together sometime.

I heard Sam say, as the lights were switched off, "You know, it's a funny thing . . . You make pictures for years, and after each picture you're sure that this was the best crew you ever had."

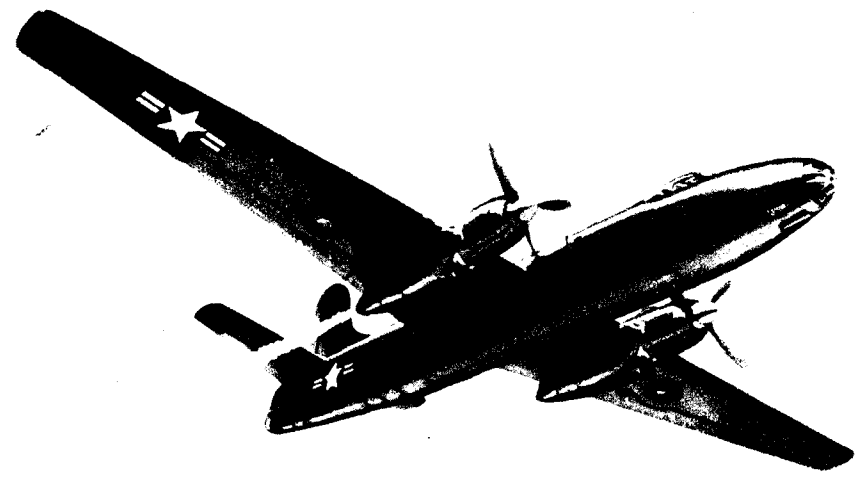
Next morning, the trade papers reported that The Stratton Story was finished. It was finished only to the extent that slicing the apples finishes the making of a pie. Before the main title could flash on the screen of the nation's first-run theaters, this rough material for a picture would demand the specialized skills of more people than the crowd that had taken part in the actual shooting.

These completion jobs—editing, retakes and loops, montages, sound effects, tests, previews, music scoring, dubbing, negative cutting, optical work and release printing, to say nothing of exploitation and selling—as a rule take from three to six months. This work sometimes requires up to a year if the shooting has been sloppy and parts of the picture have to be remade.

Day by day during the shooting, film editor Benny Lewis and his assistant cut-



COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

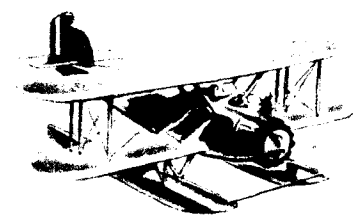


Jet-Powered Scrapper

The Martin Mercator is the Navy's first jet-powered patrol plane—a speedy, slashing battler designed to cover our sea and air approaches

AN ARTFUL dodger with a knock-out wallop—that's the fast-stepping Martin Mercator patrol plane. It seeks out its quarry over long distances. Flashes in like a skilled boxer. Slams home its slugger blows. Then lights out at top speed. Most elusive aircraft of its kind ever built, this new Navy patrol plane has fighter-type maneuverability—with a high rate of roll—a high rate of climb—and a quick response to controls unusual for a plane of its size and carrying capacity!

Its 20 mm. turrets and other armament make it a powerful offensive and defensive weapon. It has the cruising stamina to find its target and return over long distances. Two reciprocating engines for economical long-range power—and two jets for extra bursts of speed—are uniquely teamed in two nacelles. The Martin P4M Mercator is another first in a long line of great Martin planes that have strengthened our Navy's air arm!
THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND.



Important new developments are part and parcel of Martin's extensive research facilities. During 1948, for example, 21 new Martin patents were issued, making the Company's total 214. A new Martin-designed aileron for high-speed aircraft, an automatic propeller feathering system, and a permanent flameproofing compound are typical developments.

Early experiments in the field of ship-borne observation aircraft were pioneered by Martin. In 1927, the famous Martin T4M-1 scout torpedo bomber was built. Used in aircraft carrier experiments, this rugged Martin plane made Naval aviation history.

Amazing Martin Mareng Cells were developed as gas tanks in the late '30s to fit plane wings like football bladders. Their self-sealing feature saved the lives of thousands of American airmen during World War II. Changing a Mareng Cell is a matter of only a few minutes work—a vital factor in commercial airline economy. They are an important feature of today's dependable Martin 2-0-2 Airliner!

Doctors, Dentists—*you can help alleviate a critical manpower shortage facing the Medical Departments of our Armed Forces. For information on good pay, many benefits, write to: Office of Secretary of Defense, Washington, D. C.*

Martin AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTION

MANUFACTURERS OF: Versatile Marvinol resins (Martin Chemicals Division) • Dependable Martin 2-0-2 airliners • Advanced military aircraft • Revolutionary rockets and missiles • Electronic fire control systems • **DEVELOPERS OF:** Mareng fuel tanks (licensed to U. S. Rubber Co.) • Stratovision aerial rebroadcasting (in conjunction with Westinghouse Electric Corp.) • Honeycomb construction material (licensed to U. S. Plywood Corp.) • New type hydraulic automotive and aircraft brake • Permanent fabric flameproofing • **LEADERS IN RESEARCH** to guard the peace, build better living in far-reaching fields.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give your face that
WONDERFUL
Seaforth
FEELING!

Top off your shave with Seaforth Lotion and enjoy the bracing air of the Scottish Highlands —the cool crispness of heather and fern! Seaforth Lotion soothes and cools. It smells good . . . fresh, not fragrant. Men like it . . . and women like it on men. Buy it, try it... you'll like it too!

Seaforth!
SHAVING LOTION
In handmade stoneware jug, only $1.00

SPECIAL OFFER! For a 23-day supply of Seaforth Lotion, send name, address and 10c to Seaforth, 711 Fifth Av., Dept. 22, New York 22, N.Y.

whatever you do wear
Skivvies
T. M. REG.

The all-purpose shirt with "Tailored Fit." At leading stores everywhere.

Made only by the
NORWICH KNITTING COMPANY
Norwich, New York

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

ter had trimmed off slow starts and anticlimactic finishes, cut the various angles together into rough sequence. They had shown them to Producer Jack Cummings and Sam Wood's staff, and then filed them away in scores of flat, shiny, square cans. Benny and Bill now began putting in long hours to get an over-all rough cut of the picture at the earliest possible date.

Much of Benny's work went to keep his function from being recognized, because good cutting looks like no cutting. It anticipates the direction of audience curiosity and cuts from one scene or angle to another on a gesture, a look or a sound, any cue that makes the cut quicker than the eye. He had quite a time with the baseball footage. Putting baseball on film is really an engineering problem, because the game is intrinsically long-shot stuff wherein the contestants carry on most of their action at distances of 50 paces apart.

Early in January, studio executive Doré Schary asked to see the rough-cut version. Schary's verdict could either give the picture a green light or send it back for retakes. A select audience sat in one of the executive projection rooms in the basement of M-G-M's Administration Building. As they waited, they suffered from varying degrees of that occupational ailment, butterflies in the stomach.

The end title flashed across the screen; the room lights went up; and there was that moment of awful silence while everybody waits for the other man to go out on the limb first.

Then Doré cleared his throat and said, "Fellows, you've got one hell of a picture."

Schary had only two suggestions. He wanted to make dead sure that the climactic baseball game was clear all the way through to everybody, including foreign audiences, whether they knew the game or not. And he thought the transition from the Texas farmhouse to the Pasadena ball park was too abrupt, and needed the interpolation of a brief montage to show Jimmie and Frank traveling from Texas to California.

Two Men on a Hitchhike

This Texas-to-California montage fell in the province of a round-faced, intense ex-Swiss named Peter Ballbusch. He decided to dramatize this transition with a rapid succession of two-shots showing Jimmy and Frank hitching rides against varying geographical backgrounds. This sequence would be overlaid with impressionistic shots of spinning vehicle wheels, automobile license plates and highway marker signs from progressively western states.

As usual a situation developed. Frank Morgan was already at work in another picture and had grown back his mustache. So in the finished montage, Frank's hitchhiking thumb waves back and forth—in front of his questionable upper lip.

Meanwhile, Mike Steinore and his boys were working up the sound-effects tracks. As did most of the departments, Mike's group got into the act and contributed substantially to the actual telling of the story. Under a close-up of Jimmy Stewart, for example, he inserted a gurgle from the off-screen baby to tell the audience what Jimmy was thinking about. And when Stewart got his one big chance to pitch a trial fast ball to manager Jimmy Dykes, Mike was the man who thudded that ball into Dykes's glove with a sound-effect slap that made Jimmy look like the pitcher of the year.

After the final trims, composer-conductor Adolph Deutsch got a dupe print and began working up his background music score. He decided, "The film ought to sound like a Grant Wood painting looks—that kind of rugged simplicity." He worked with a stop watch and cue sheet. Film-music composition must fit rigid, split-second timing and mechanical specifications.

At last, late in February, all the assorted sounds for the picture—the dialogue, the music and the effects which were spread around on several tracks—were ready to be dubbed together onto the single combined track which the lab would later print down the side of the reels to be distributed to the theaters.

The dubbing room is a miniature theater. Deep leather chairs for the director, the cutter and other interested people line the rear wall under the projection windows. At the control desk two "mixers" sit in front of the dials, looking intently at the picture on the screen. Their hands are on the "pots" which control the volume of each separate sound-track channel; and the sound of the several combined tracks emerges from a loud-speaker up front from which it is re-recorded.

Sam leaned forward from his leather chair. "The crowd dies down too soon," he said.

And Benny supplemented: "On Strike Three, *boom*, all hell should bust loose; the game's over!"

Sam again: "As the dog goes for the ball he should growl a little." But later: "Take out the dog bark here, it detracts attention from Jim's new leg."

On another reel: "Can't you give us an angrier glass crash when Jim slams the ball through the window?"

Late Wednesday afternoon, February 2d, publicity man Bill Golden drove the precious octagonal cans of film out to the Criterion Theatre in Santa Monica for its sneak preview. A "sneak" is the rough picture, run without advance notice at some neighborhood theater to secure an honest public reaction. One sneak is better than a thousand studio guesses.

Shortly after eight, some 20 key people to whom the guarded password had been imparted began to drift into the lobby. They took seats in the small section which had been roped off in the left rear corner—"Where we can get out fast when the trouble starts," said Sam. (Sam had hit the daily double. The program picture just finishing was his Command Decision.)

On the screen flashed the "Major Studio Preview" announcement. The Stratton title filled the screen, and the case began to go to the jury.

Sam watched the audience and listened to its audible reactions with the same hawklike intensity that he had fixed on the takes. He was on the lookout for any point at which the audience began to move around in its chairs, any spot where the laugh was a trifle late or held an uncertain note, any scene which outstayed its welcome sufficiently to start the popcorn bags rattling, and so on.

Early in the picture a figure stood up just a few rows ahead of the roped-off seats and murder filled 20 hearts, until it developed that the man was only taking off his topcoat.

The picture ended, and twenty sets of stomach muscles relaxed for the first time in an hour and 40 minutes.

Questions for the Audience

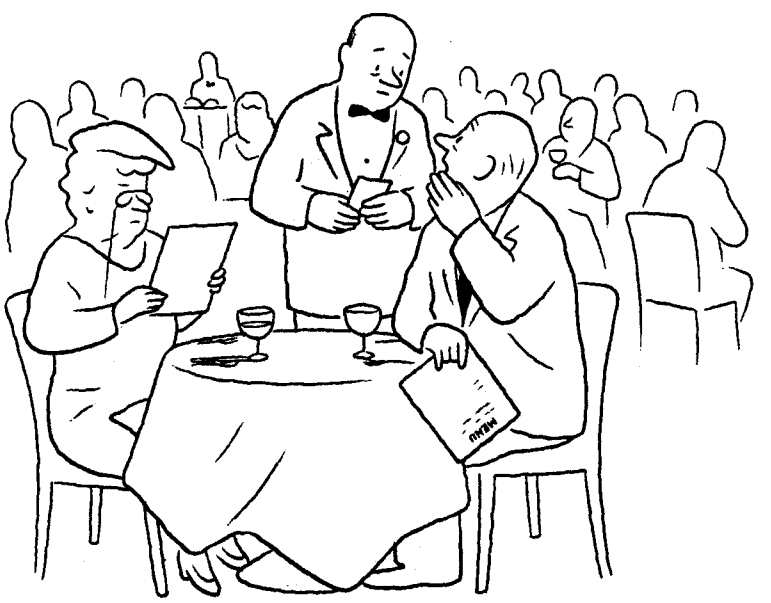
Out in the lobby at a long table set up by Bill Golden, ushers handed preview cards to people as they left. The questionnaires were simple—not much more than, "How would you rate this picture —excellent, good, fair, bad?" "Which scenes did you like most; why?" and "Which scenes did you dislike; why?" Sometimes you don't need to wait for the questionnaires; you can feel the picture dying as it runs.

But out of 400 cards handed back immediately or mailed in later on the Stratton Story, a majority answered Yes to the $64 question—"Would you recommend this picture to your friends?" That was when the studio knew it was, in the trade term, "riding a goodie."

At one side of the lobby, unnoticed by the fans who were hoping for a glimpse of the stars, Sam was huddling with Doré, Benny, Monty and Jack Cummings. There was the suggestion to cut in a shot of the cheering grandstand just before Jim's final fade-out walk. But except for the usual minor trims and pacings, that was about all. The picture was ready for its final polishing, negative cutting and shipment to the sales department in New York.

The Stratton Story was finished. Two years and eight months after author Doug Morrow had wakened with the story idea, four months since Sam Wood called his first "Cam-rah!" on the Texas farm set.

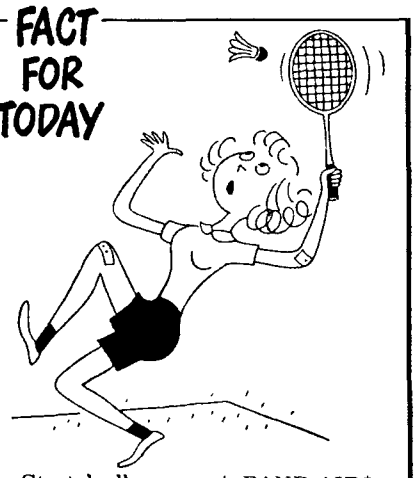
As to the choice between art and duty implied in the classic query, "Do you want it good or do you want it Tuesday?" the crew had delivered both. The picture had come in within 2 per cent of Lauren Amell's footage estimate. It had come in within 3 per cent of Joe Finn's budget, despite the babies and dogs and ballplayers and weather. It was a picture that 538 people would always feel good about having worked on. THE END



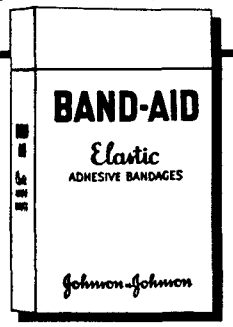
COLLIER'S "When you bring in my Tom Collins, say, 'Who gets the lemonade?'" CHON DAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FACT FOR TODAY



Stretch all you want. BAND-AID* *Elastic* Adhesive Bandage stays put on elbows, knees, knuckles.



100% STERILE

So comfortable! BAND-AID Elastic Adhesive Bandage fits snugly on hard-to-bandage places. Stretches as you move. Stays put without binding. Flesh color—less conspicuous.

**BAND-AID MEANS MADE BY*

Johnson & Johnson

BEST PEN VALUE

for school, home, office

only $1

By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

WEAREVER® PENNANT PEN

At leading chain, drug, stationery and department stores

© DAVID KAHN, Inc., North Bergen, N. J.

Four Eyes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

because if you weren't paying attention it was hard for Miss Coleman to tell. That's why Frankie was smiling.

"Now," said Miss Coleman, after I had put my books and pencils on my new desk, "is that better?"

I looked at the problem, and, without hardly squinting at all, I could see the numbers as plain as day. I did the problem, which was a cinch, and sat down.

"Joseph," Miss Coleman said, "I'd like to see you after school."

PETEY was hunched over his desk, scribbling away a mile a minute, writing "I must do my homework every night" in columns; and Miss Coleman was at her desk on the raised platform writing a note to Mama. Finally, she put her pen down, folded the note neatly in thirds, and wrote in a smooth flowing hand across the face of it: Mr. & Mrs. Esposito.

"Joseph," she said, handing the note to me, "I want you to give this to your mother when you get home. I wrote that she should take you to an optometrist as soon as possible."

"What for?" I said with alarm, not knowing what an optometrist was.

"For glasses," Miss Coleman said. The pencil scraping in the back of the room stopped, and I knew that Petey was listening.

"Glasses?" I said in a whisper, so that Petey wouldn't be able to hear. I couldn't wear glasses. None of the other kids in the class wore them, except Antoinette Mastrangelo, and the fellers all called her Four Eyes.

But she was snippy and didn't mind, and besides, all the other girls were jealous of her and wanted to wear glasses, too. I could hear Petey chanting it already: "Four Eyes! Four Eyes Joey!"

"It's pretty obvious to me that you need glasses," Miss Coleman was saying. I couldn't think of anything to say, and I stood there running my fingers around the note.

"Have your mother or father sign the note and return it to me tomorrow."

On the way out I looked back at Petey. He was leering at me and ringing his eyes with his fingers. His lips formed the words Four Eyes, and even though he didn't make a sound, it reached my ears like a scream.

When I got home Mama was half out of the window, hanging Papa's khaki work shirts on the clothesline. I unstrapped my books and sat down, listening to the pulleys squeaking and Mama humming with her mouth full of clothespins.

As soon as the squeaking and humming stopped, I took the teacher's note out of the arithmetic book and threw it on the table. "Teacher told me to give you this," I said.

I didn't look right at Mama, but from the silence I could tell that she was staring at the note as though it were a telegram. A note from the teacher was always bad news. It either meant that I was bad or that I had nits in my hair again. If I were bad, it meant that Mama would have to go to school and beg Miss Coleman not to leave me back; if it were nits, it meant that she would have to cut my hair to a toothbrush bristle and douse my head with kerosene. Mama sighed and picked up the note, her wet hands trembling as she opened it. Mama couldn't read a word of English or Italian, but she held the note at a reading distance and studied the graceful script.

"What it says?" Mama asked, handing the note over to me.

"It says I need glasses."

"Glass'?" Mama said, much relieved. "Who's say you need glass'?"

"Teacher."

"Oh," Mama said, nodding her head. Mama was very respectful of the teacher's authority. In these matters, the teacher was as infallible as the church. "The teach' say you wear, you wear."

"I don't want to wear no glasses," I whined through my adenoids.

"You need or else the teach' no say," Mama insisted.

"How does she know I need them?" I said, kicking the leg of the chair.

"She's know," Mama said.

"She don't know nothing."

"Glass' is good," Mama said. "They make you look smart."

"Who wants to look smart?"

"You see who's wear glass'?" Mama said, puffing out her cheeks and swinging her shoulders haughtily. *"Professori* and *banchieri!"*

"So what?" I said.

"So what!" Mama asked, shocked. Everything out of the ordinary had some kind of supernatural significance for Mama, and my needing glasses meant that I had been singled out for something special. "So it means you be *banchiere."*

"Who wants to be a banker?" I said. "I want to be a ballplayer." But Mama wasn't listening to me any more.

"A *banchiere!"* she whispered to the ceiling, and from the way she said it, I knew there was no sense talking to her.

"We buy the glass' tomorrow," Mama said solemnly.

But Mama didn't figure on Papa.

WHEN Papa came home from work that night and saw the note from the teacher, he picked it up and read it out loud, jabbing each word as he went along with his longshoreman's hook.

Every now and then he snarled over at me as though I had brought home a bad report card. When he finished reading, he handed the note over to me and said, "Read!"

I began to read it, but halfway through it, Papa snatched it out of my hands, tore it up, and threw the pieces out of the window into the back yard. Mama was speechless; this was as much of a sacrilege as tearing up one of her saints' pictures in the bedroom.

"Patsy, whatch you do?" Mama cried at last, shaping her fingers into a heart and wagging them at Papa.

"Let's eat," Papa said, sitting down at the table.

"The teach' is say Joey need glass'," Mama said.

"Teach' is *stupido,"* Papa said. "You see Joey read? Then why he's need glass'?"

"Teach' say Joey gotta wear," Mama said plaintively.

"Teach' is *stupido,"* Papa repeated. "Nobody my family is ever wear glass' and nobody your family. Then why Joey is gotta wear?"

"I can see as good as anybody," I said, looking defiantly at Mama.

"Better," Papa said.

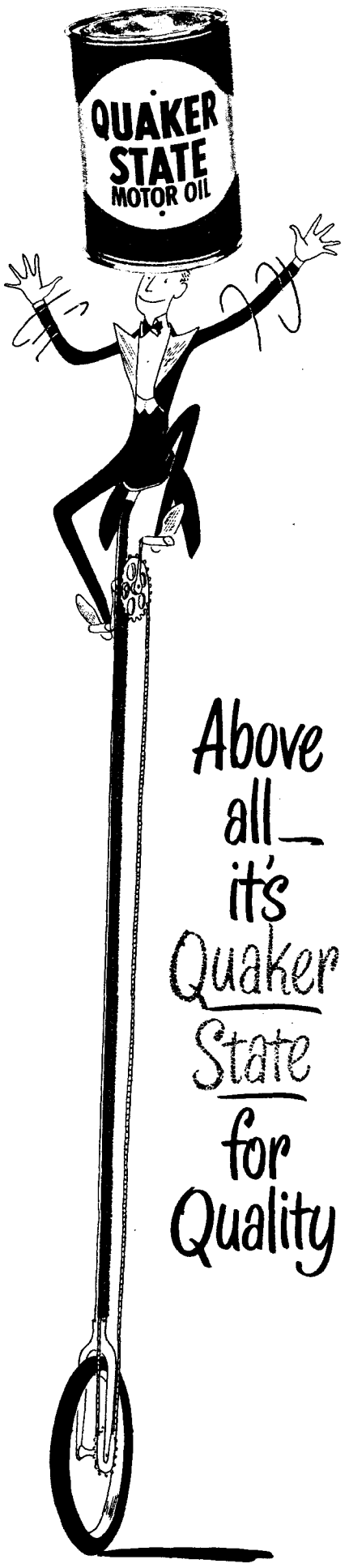
"Papa," I said, "Miss Coleman wanted you to sign the note."

"I write Mrs. Cole' a note myself," Papa said.

Dear Mrs. Coal
Mi sun Gioie no need glass. Hes got good eyes like mi uther kids and they no need glass. Nobodi mi famili or mi wife famili ever ware glass. Why Gioie? Everibodi mi famili got good strong eyes and Gioie to.
Thang you
Pasquale Esposito

The next day, Miss Coleman wrote again to my father.

Dear Mr. Esposito:
Apparently you misunderstood the



Above all— it's Quaker State for Quality

Quaker State Motor Oil is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil. It is refined with the most modern processing equipment and technical skill unequalled in the industry. It is the finest motor oil, we believe, produced anywhere in the world.

40¢ per U. S. Quart including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PA.

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

note I wrote about your son, Joseph, needing glasses. It wasn't my intention to doubt the hardihood of Joseph's ancestry. However, it is my concern when any of my pupils are handicapped in learning their lessons. If a child can't hear, as often happens in my classes, then that situation must be corrected. If a child cannot see, then that, too, must be corrected.

I believe that your son's schoolwork, after he corrects his vision, will improve appreciably. For the child's own welfare, I would like to see that this matter is given your immediate attention.

Sincerely,
(Miss) M. B. Coleman

Dear (Miss) M. B. Coleman (my father wrote back):

I no misunderstood nuthing. I read American paper everi day when I eat lunge at the docks. No worri I no misunderstood.

Now you say Gioie cant hear. I tell you Gioie is hear veri good. Hes got big ears and hes hear to good. First hes no can see and now hes no can hear. I think maibe hes fool you. Hes make beleeve hes cant hear and hes cant see. Hes play *stupido*. No worri. When I finisce these lettera I talk him and then we see if hes play *stupido*.

I give this matter mi immediate attention.

Sincerely,
Pasquale Esposito.

After Papa finished writing the letter, he took off his strap, doubled it, and whacked the table with a leathery thud. He hit it again and looked at me slantways, as if I had done something.

"You hear that?" Papa said, whacking the table again.

"What did I do?" I said, backing away toward Mama. I turned to Mama for justice. "What does he want from me? I didn't do nothing."

"He no hitch you," Mama said, pushing me toward Papa.

MY TWO sisters, Concetta and Amelia, were giggling by the sink, where they were supposed to be washing and drying the dishes.

"Come over here," Papa said, looking at me with his head down like a bull waiting to charge.

"I didn't do nothing," I said, going to him slowly.

"Turn around," Papa said, pulling out a handful of coins and jingling them in his hands. "You hear money?" he asked me, smiling.

"Sure I hear money," I told him sullenly.

"Turn around," Papa said.

"What for?" I said.

"Turn around!" Papa shouted, slamming his strap down and standing up.

So he was going to strap me for doing nothing! That's a father for you! I looked over to Mama, who wasn't even paying attention to me. That's a mother for you!

Concetta and Amelia were snickering, making out that they were doing the dishes.

"What are you going to do?" I wanted to know, turning my back to him but watching him all the time.

"Turn around and shutupa."

All right, if that's the way he wants to be. Let him beat me! I won't even cry, I'll show him. Maybe this man behind me with the strap ain't even my father. Maybe he stole me from an American, an American who wears glasses and that's why I have to—

"All right, now listen good." It was my false father behind me talking, not my real father, who was a rich cowboy out West someplace—

A coin dropped behind me on the table.

"You hear that?" Papa asked.

"So what?" I said.

"No so what!" Papa screamed. "You hear, yes or no?"

"Yes," I said, guarding my backside instinctively.

"What it was?" Papa asked.

"A dime."

"And this?" Papa asked, dropping another coin.

"A quarter."

"And this?" he asked, dropping something on the table I could barely hear.

"I don't know," I said. "It sounded like paper."

"Turn around and look," Papa said, sitting down in his chair and watching me out of the corner of his eyes. I saw a dime, a quarter and a rolled-up dollar bill on the table.

I looked at Papa and was about to say, "So what?" But I know Papa doesn't like to hear me say "So what?"

"Why you tell the teach' you can't hear?"

"I didn't tell her nothing."

"No lie!" Papa yelled, sticking his jaw out and snapping the doubled strap so that it made a noise like a whiplash.

"Teacher's crazy," I said. "I never said nothing about I couldn't hear."

"Oh, the teach' craze!" Papa said, curling his upper lip and showing his teeth under his big mustache. "We see who's craze."

Papa made a step for me, and, before I could run around the table, he had me by the arm with his big hairy hand. Then he let me have it, standing up. I closed my eyes and pressed my lips tight, feeling the stinging and the red welts rising right through my heavy corduroy pants. But I didn't cry.

My real father would have been very proud of me. . . .

I gave Papa's note to Miss Coleman the next day and she read it through, frowning at first and then smiling. She wouldn't smile so much if Papa hit *her*, I bet! I'll get even with her, making up a bunch of lies about me. I'll get even with them all—Mama, Papa, everybody—

And just for spite, that whole day I purposely didn't hear a thing. While Miss Coleman talked and talked, I sat up front in my new seat, staring into my geography book and seeing my real father on top of a high mountain, silhouetted in the sunset, holding a white horse's reins loosely and standing in the stirrups, shading his eyes like an Indian and looking all around for me—his long-lost son, who was being held captive and being beaten by a band of wild gypsies.

My real father was real good-looking, real American-looking. He didn't have a big handle-bar mustache like my false father, and he had blond hair and was always smiling. He looked sort of like Hoot Gibson . . .

Miss Coleman kept me in after school while she wrote another note to Papa. She sat erect at her desk, the way we were supposed to, dipping her pen into the inkwell and scratching across the paper. More lies, that's what she's writing. Well, she ain't getting away with it this time.

"Miss Coleman," I said, "in yesterday's note you said that I couldn't hear—"

"Just a minute," she interrupted. "Your father misunderstood. I didn't say *you* couldn't hear, but somehow your father seems to think I meant you. This time I'll phrase my letter more simply."

So that was it—I was hit for nothing. Just because I had a stupid father who couldn't read English, a father who was so dumb that the teacher had to write small words for his benefit. Hitting me just because he made a mistake. That's okay, that's okay—Hoot Gibson'll get him. He'll get him just like he got that cattle rustler last Saturday afternoon, the one with the big black mustache like Papa—

COLLIER'S "I can't decide whether to go north, east, south, west, or just any old place this winter" JARO FABRY

Dear Mr. Esposito:

You misunderstood my letter completely. Let me state simply: Your son, Joseph, hears perfectly.

However, it is my opinion that your son cannot see too well. He is not able to see the blackboard (with large figures on it) at twenty-five feet as the other children can. That is why I recommend that you take him to an optometrist for an eye examination.

I urge you strongly to give the matter of Joseph's eyes your immediate attention, or else I shall be forced to call in the school health authorities.

Sincerely,
(Miss) M. B. Coleman

Papa pushed the note away after he read it, muttering a stream of curses to himself. He got up from the chair and went out of the kitchen. When he came back he was unhinging a six-foot rule. From the kitchen wall he marked off four six-foot lengths, which took him well into the dining room, added a shoe length, and set the rule down at the twenty-five-foot mark.

"Stand here," he said.

I WENT and stood behind the rule, my hands behind my back. What is he up to this time? He'd better not hit me, that's all I gotta say—

"Whatch you do?" Mama asked Papa as she watched him hang a sheet of newspaper on the kitchen window. Papa was trying to catch the newspaper between the upper and lower windows, and the newspaper kept falling.

"You see," Papa said grimly. The newspaper finally stuck, and Papa walked through the kitchen into the dining room and stood alongside of me.

"All right," he said, "read the newspape'."

"You gotta read it one eye at a time," I said. "That's the way they do it in school."

I cupped my hand over my left eye and began to read the big black letters on top. "S-a-l-e."

"Nex' line," Papa said, standing alongside of me with one hand over his eye.

Mama thought we were crazy. "God is give you two eyes, and why you read with one eye?" She shrugged her shoulders and walked into the kitchen. Concetta and Amelia came into the dining room and stood behind me, winking at the letters on the newspaper.

"Go do the dishes," Papa said.

I began to read the second line. "B-i-g, c-l-e-a-r-a-n-c-e, b-i-g."

"Nex' line," Papa said, folding his arms across his chest.

I read slowly. The print was getting smaller and it was hard to make out. "S-o-m-e, some."

"*Some?*" Papa said, twisting my ear. "Where's *some?*"

"S-o-m-e is some," I said.

"Where's 'S'?" Papa demanded, sticking his face into mine so that I could smell all the wine he had for supper.

"Right there," I pointed to the line twenty-five feet away.

"That's 'S'?"

I squinted. "Oh, it's a 'C'!"

"No play *stupido* with me," Papa warned under his breath, chopping his hand in the air.

"I'm not playing stupid," I said. "It looked like an 'S' at first."

"Go 'head read," Papa said.

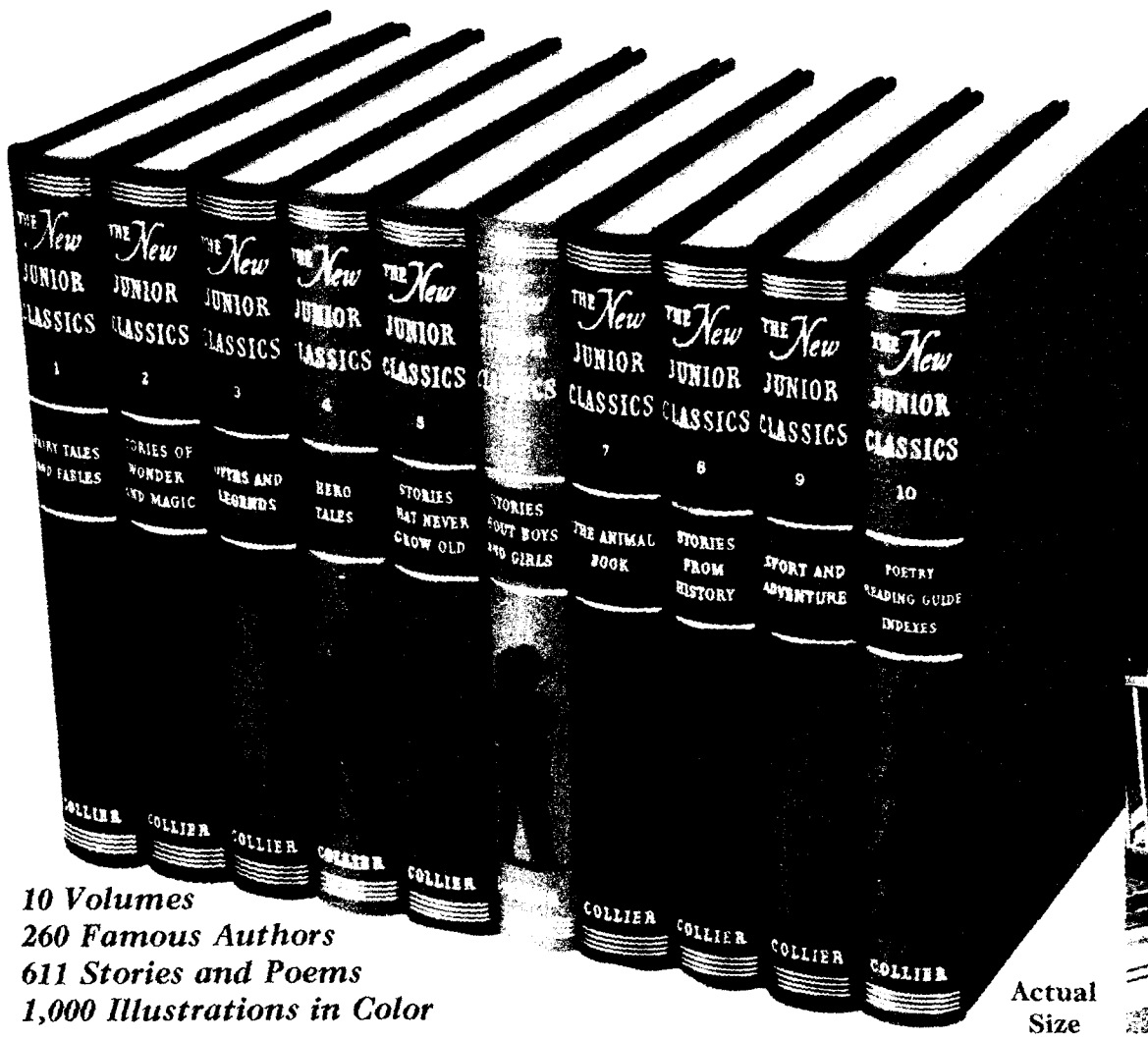
"C-o-m-e, come, E-a—f—"

"Heff!" Papa screamed. "Where's heff?"

"Right after the 'A,' " I said, my voice shaking and my body tense all over.

"If you can read 'A,' why you can't read the one next too?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



10 Volumes
260 Famous Authors
611 Stories and Poems
1,000 Illustrations in Color

Beautiful De Luxe volumes bound in different color moistureproof Du Pont Fabrikoid produce a pleasing Rainbow Effect.

Actual Size
9¾" x 7¼"

"Richer than I
you can never be—
I had a Mother
who read to me."
The Reading Mother*

Safer, Happier Hours at HOME

THE YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS

(THE JUNIOR CLASSICS)

Did you ever have a child ask you to tell him, "Just one more story?" Here in COLLIER'S "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS," you can, by referring to the Index, find a wisely chosen and attractively presented selection suitable to the changing interests of the growing child. The authentic versions of these time-honored stories are illustrated by noted artists, printed in easily readable type on high quality paper. Experience the pleasure of gathering the children about you and sharing with them the joy and fascination to be found in this great collection of juvenile literature.

Selected For Boys And Girls Of Every Age

The JUNIOR CLASSICS have a never-ending appeal to children of all ages. All children whether they read themselves or still must be read to, will find in this set just what they want! For girls there is the charm of such stories as Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and Hans Christian Andersen's universal favorites. Boys will thrill at the deeds of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Poe's "Gold Bug" and Lindbergh's pioneer solo flight across the Atlantic. There are stories in the field of sports, adventure, tales of buccaneers and square-riggers as well as tender, heart-warming animal stories.

A Brighter Tomorrow Is In Store For The Boy Or Girl Who Reads Today

By placing this superb library in a child's hands, parents can stimulate a desire to learn more, aid in developing a creative imagination and lay the foundation for that priceless possession—a retentive memory. It will inspire boys and girls with a love for good books and noble ideals which will remain well into maturity. The child who is brought up with a set of the JUNIOR CLASSICS will be well equipped to go through school with better grades.

No Coaxing Needed When It Comes To Reading These Selections

From these stories and folklore of nations, the growing child will gain knowledge and respect for the thoughts and customs of peoples of other lands. They are like FIRST LESSONS IN DEMOCRACY. This is another reason why the "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS" has been recommended by School Superintendents, Principals and Teachers and is used by outstanding Juvenile Psychologists and thousands of farsighted Parents!

Progressive Selections Aid In Developing "Reading-Readiness" In The Child

The JUNIOR CLASSICS carry forward on a junior level, the policies of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, who said: "Thoughtful parents and teachers, who realize the evils of indiscriminate reading on the part of children, will appreciate the educational value of such a collection." The selections were made by two well-known Librarians, Miss Mabel Williams, Superintendent of Work with Schools in the New York Public Library and Miss Marcia Dalphin, Librarian of the Public Library at Rye, New York. As a result of many years assisting youthful users of library facilities, these experts know firsthand which books children enjoy.

A Reading Child Is A Happy Child

Children who rarely read, are, as a rule, unhappy, frequently quarrelsome, and often backward in their schoolwork. Yet apart from home surroundings, few factors, say Psychologists, so influence a child's future as what he reads. The normal growing child lives in a happy wonderland of fiction, poetry and history. Enjoy the incomparable happiness of watching your child enter fascinating NEW WORLDS and travel through them in the comfort and safety of your own living room.

Send the coupon for an attractive folder which tells more about the "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS". It is sent without obligation.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

The Young Folks' Shelf of Books
P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me without obligation a copy of the multi-color broadside on the Junior Classics for my Child, as well as information as to how I can obtain this set under COLLIER'S convenient Budget Plan.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

C-21

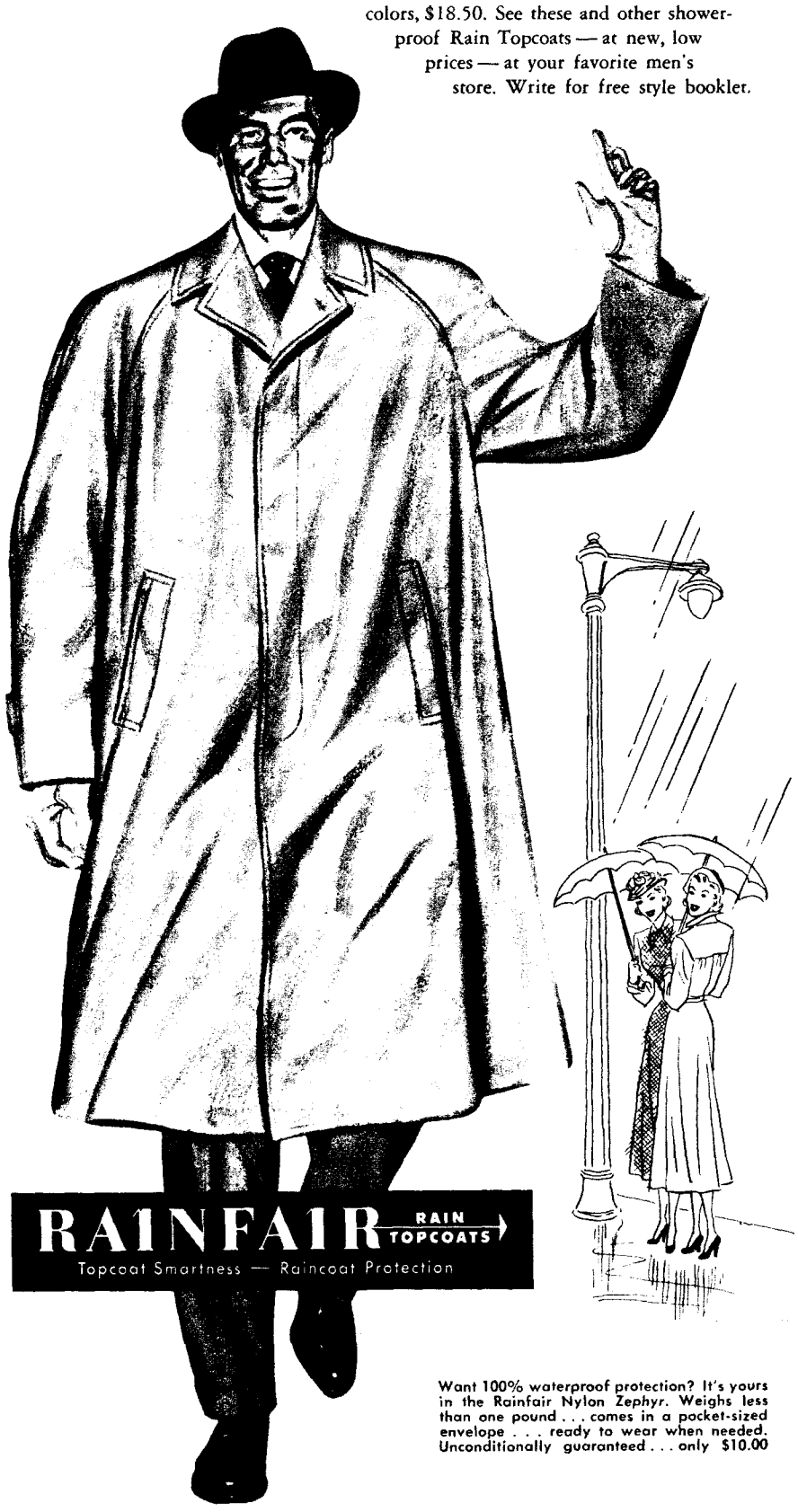
* POEM BY STRICKLAND GILLILAN—GILLILAN, FINNIGIN & CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU AND YOUR RAINFAIR ...go well together in any weather

shower proof Rain Topcoats

You'll enjoy fine topcoat styling and dependable shower-proof protection in a handsome Rain Topcoat by Rainfair. Priced to fit the most cautious budget is the *Grafton*, of supple gabardine . . . yours in taupe, tan or light olive, $14.75. Similar authentic topcoat tailoring in the *Duratwill*, of rugged, lustrous twill . . . choice of six smart colors, $18.50. See these and other shower-proof Rain Topcoats — at new, low prices — at your favorite men's store. Write for free style booklet.



RAINFAIR RAIN TOPCOATS
Topcoat Smartness — Raincoat Protection

Want 100% waterproof protection? It's yours in the Rainfair Nylon Zephyr. Weighs less than one pound . . . comes in a pocket-sized envelope . . . ready to wear when needed. Unconditionally guaranteed . . . only $10.00

RAINFAIR, INC., RACINE 4, WISCONSIN • MAKERS OF SMARTAIR LEISURE WEAR

"I did read it," I said. "It's an 'F.' "

"Look 'gain," Papa said, starting to undo his strap. I stared hard at the newspaper, opening my fingers so that I was really looking with both eyes.

"Oh, it's an 'R'! Come early, it says."

Papa nodded his head at Mama and flicked the underpart of his mustache. I took a trial squint at the next line, and the whole thing was a gray blur. Papa had his strap off now and was slapping it lightly against his leg. I was in for it again.

"Nex' line," he said; and just as he said it, the newspaper began to flutter to the floor. As Papa went to the kitchen to jam it between the windows, I whispered frantically to Amelia, "What's the next line?"

Amelia stuck her head into the dining room and whispered quickly to me behind her dishcloth and plate: "Entire stock to be sold."

I didn't know what the words meant, but I repeated them over and over to myself so that I would remember them when Papa asked me. "Entire stock to be sold, entire stock to be sold—" Mama was watching me funny.

Papa came back, slapping the strap into his hand. He stood behind the rule, read the words to himself, and then asked me to read them. I couldn't see a thing. I might just as well have been blind, but I read slowly and deliberately, not to let on to Papa that, as far as I was concerned, I could have put both hands over my eyes.

"E-n-t-i-r-e, s-t-o-c-k, t-o, b-e, s-o-l-d."

Papa smiled triumphantly at Mama and took his place behind the rule to look at the next line. This time he had to squint; the letters were really small. He couldn't make them out.

"That's all," Papa announced, picking up the rule. "You see joosta like me, and that's perfit."

Dear M. B. Coleman: (he wrote)
First you say Gioie hes no can hear and then you say hes can. Then you say hes no can see and hes can. I mesher 25′ with rule and hes read the same like me. I got perfit eyes. Everibodi mi famili got perfit eyes. We all got perfit ears to.

Forget about. Gioie no fool you no more. If hes play *stupido* some more I take care good. No worri.

Sincerely,
Pasquale Esposito

THE following morning, after Papa left for work, Mama took his letter out of my notebook and threw it into the stove.

"We see teach' today," she said. . . .

Miss Coleman must have told her that I needed glasses pretty bad because that afternoon Mama took me to Dr. Grady, an optometrist on Myrtle Avenue. When he was all through testing me, Mama asked him, "He's need glass'?"

"Oh, yes," Dr. Grady said.

"Then I buy," Mama said.

"His glasses will be ready next Saturday afternoon," Dr. Grady said.

Mama put down a two-dollar deposit and went out. For a while, as we walked down the street, Mama didn't say anything.

When we turned the corner, headed home, Mama said, "Don't tell Papa. He's no like you wear glass'."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"No wear the glass' home," Mama explained. "You wear only in school and the movapitch."

"But how about Concetta and Amelia?" I said. "They'll tell Papa."

"They no tell," Mama said.

That night before supper Papa asked me, as usual, for Miss Coleman's note. When I told him she hadn't written any, he looked pleased.

"She said I wouldn't have to wear glasses," I said, looking over at Mama who was bouncing spaghetti into the colander over the sink. Papa's mustache spread in a smile, and he looked over at Mama, too. Mama's face was hidden by a cloud of steam. THE END

"My mother is an exquisitely ravishing woman and doesn't need any beauty preparations!"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look Out, Los Angeles!

BY WILLIAM WARDEN

Idaho has the longest villages in the world

ROSS HALL STUDIO

The owners of Hillcrest Lodge found a way

THE Staples (Jim and Jean) are optimistic people who like to put an idea into operation fast. So they built Jim's Jungle before they found out about Chapter 274, Acts of the 1947 Idaho legislature.

Jim's Jungle consists of a smallish dance floor and a pint-sized bar and was to be the crowning attraction of Hillcrest Lodge, which otherwise includes just seven pine-decorated hotel rooms and a modest dining room on the shores of a mountain lake up in the panhandle of Idaho, where a good man can almost throw a rock into Canada, Washington or Montana. For a guest, the Jungle was to fill the only lack in an otherwise perfect vacation spot. For Jim and Jean, it was the difference between red and black ink on the lodge books.

Then they discovered Chapter 274. This is a state liquor law which permits sale of liquor in towns but prohibits it outside incorporated municipalities. That, for Jim and Jean, was the catch. Hillcrest is located in the community of Coolin, which includes perhaps 150 people. Coolin is not incorporated and the Staples failed to talk their neighbors into making a town of it. Therefore Jim's Jungle could not legally sell anything stronger than cold tea.

However, they did not drown themselves in the lake. There are other peculiar laws in Idaho. One, Chapter 7, Title 50 of the Idaho Code, says a village may extend its limits by a vote of its governing council. The law does not say how far the limits may extend, except that they cannot cross a county line, and—this very important to the Staples—it does not say that the village must be all in one piece so long as some sort of road connects the chunks.

So Jim's Jungle is doing a thriving business today, because Hillcrest is now a part of the village of Priest River, 30 miles away. Between are a lot of timber, a dubious highway and the foothills of the Selkirk Mountains.

The situation has counterparts all over Idaho. In the northeast corner of the state near Yellowstone Park lies Island Park, which advertises itself as having America's longest Main Street—33 miles of it. Island Park includes within its limits forest country, two large lakes, 75 miles of rivers and streams, several cattle ranches —and the 16 resorts which were interested in being legal under Chapter 274 and a companion law, Chapter 151, which similarly limits operation of slot machines. Island Park, newly chartered, is technically all in one piece although in several places. The village is only 60 feet wide—just the width of the highway between homes and resorts which are included.

Just across from Oregon and Washington, roadhouses have flourished because of restrictive drinking laws in those states. Here, the village of State Line was legally formed to include half a dozen resorts—but had to scratch to find the legal minimum of 125 persons actually living within its boundaries. Oldtown, farther north, looks on a map like a series of circles, one large and three or four small, connected only by a technicality—a line six miles long but with no width at all. Significantly, the line skirts around but does not include a large lumber mill. Generally, the elongated villages have not yet levied important taxes, but the lumber companies take no chances. They stay in the country.

Few people have objected to the village extensions. Inns and roadhouses do contribute something to municipal funds and get nothing in return except legality. The town marshal of Priest River might be amused if asked to arrest a speeder at Jim's Jungle, and would be unlikely to go there. Island Park, with no taxes but some income from its bar and machine licenses, has been able to hire a constable, first such creature ever seen in that part of the state. For cities such as Pocatello and Boise, extensions have created no hardship except to map makers who must include bumps and protuberances in strange places.

One odd possibility does appear. Isolated Idaho County, for example, contains only one town of more than 1,000 persons but is nearly 140 miles long and 120 miles wide. There seems to be no legal reason why one of the hamlets within it could not be extended to cover the whole county, if the residents get tired of buying nothing but cold tea. The serious reason for the extension of the city of Los Angeles to its present sprawling area in California was that residents of outlying suburbs wanted city water.

Residents of Idaho have a stronger, if not a better, reason. THE END

These new cars have 'Squirt' fittings

—for a quick installation of a

TRICO WASHER

*Complete Washer installation made at factory

BUICK*
CADILLAC*
CHEVROLET
FRAZER
HUDSON
KAISER
NASH
OLDSMOBILE*
PACKARD
PONTIAC
STUDEBAKER
WILLYS

More than 80% of all other new cars require only "slip-on" connections for water jets.

In a matter of minutes, you can have a Trico Automatic Windshield Washer installed on your car . . . and then, at a touch of a button, the famous "Two Little Squirts" will wash your windshield while you drive.

Five million Trico Washers are now squirting the dirt and grime off windshields for American motorists, making it safer . . . easier on eyes and nerves . . . the year round.

See your dealer. The classified pages of most phone books list installation stations.

$6.25 AND UP PLUS INSTALLATION

The Famous "Two Little Squirts"

(Trico Rainbow Blade shown)

TRICO

Windshield Washers

FULLY AUTOMATIC...NOTHING TO PUMP

Trico Products Corporation, Buffalo 3, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Advertising Machine

PRINTS and ILLUSTRATES

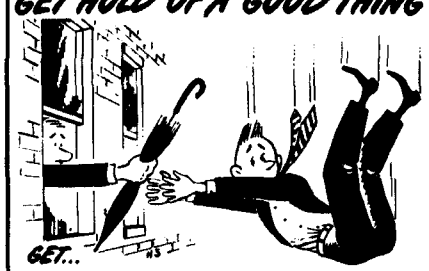
1¢ Post Cards

FREE Learn *how* thousands of business men, in every line, are boosting sales in spite of conditions—with 1¢ messages—printed and illustrated in a few minutes on gov'nt post cards—with amazing new patented **CARDMASTER.** Your "today's" ideas, read by your prospects next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy advertising machine, built to last for years. Low price, sold direct. Guaranteed for five years. Send name today.

SEND NAME We'll send **FREE** illustrated book of money-making IDEAS for your business and complete, unique advertising plans. RUSH YOUR NAME TODAY.

CARDMASTER COMPANY
1920 SUNNYSIDE, Dept. 39-D, CHICAGO 40, ILL.

GET HOLD OF A GOOD THING



HOLD-a-PAK

CIGARETTE CASE

SNAPS OPEN to serve you perfect cigarettes. No more tobacco crumbs in pocket or purse—no more crushed cigarettes. America's largest selling cigarette case.

Sold by Drug, Tobacco and Chain Stores Everywhere

Manufactured by
THE J. E. MERGOTT CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Hunter bags new CROSLEY record

"I can vouch for Crosley cars being tough and capable", says E. B. Walters of Oxford, Pa. He recently took a hunting trip to the Canadian wilds in his Crosley Station Wagon, pulling a trailer with 1,500 lbs. of equipment, including a boat! (We don't recommend such use of a Crosley . . . but it certainly demonstrates stamina!)

See the new Crosley with CIBA (cast-iron block) engine and Hydradisc (airplane-type hydraulic) Brakes. Prices range *downward* from the Station Wagon at $929 F.O.B. Marion, Ind. For catalog of 6 new models, write Crosley Motors, Inc., 2530-CK Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

CROSLEY *a FINE car* You see them everywhere!

FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

SIZES 10 to 16 WIDTHS AAA to EEE

We specialize in large sizes only—sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Loafers, Wing Tips, Moccasins, Dress Oxfords, House Slippers, High and Low Work Shoes, Rubbers, Sox. Specially designed for large sizes. $9.95 up. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by mail only. Write Today for FREE Catalog.

Write For FREE CATALOG

KING-SIZE, Inc. 108, Brockton, Mass.

Gentleman of the Press

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

NELSON MORRIS

The city room of the Monitor is unlike that of most other newspapers in the country—the telephones and typewriters are subdued, the floors are spotless and no one ever shouts

no occasion to lie awake nights wondering what went with Ingrid Bergman and Rossellini on Stromboli; and for another, he would not have been exposed to the events leading up to the nuptials, and to the nuptials themselves, of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan.

Despite, or possibly because of the news it leaves out, the Christian Science Monitor succeeds in being a pretty fine paper. It is a definite answer to the plea of Mary Baker Eddy, the "Discoverer and Founder" of Christian Science, for "a newspaper that would spread confidence instead of fear, that would record the good men do instead of magnifying and exploiting the regrettable evil."

Anyone studying the Monitor's chaste and soft-spoken pages would undoubtedly be inclined to take sharp issue with the character in Sheridan's comedy, The Critic, who stormed, "The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal..." and also with H. L. Mencken, who jeered that, "All successful newspapers are ceaselessly querulous and bellicose. They never defend anyone or anything if they can help it. If the job is forced upon them, they tackle it by denouncing someone or something else."

Not only has the Monitor never been villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal, querulous or bellicose, but it has yet to stoop to denunciation of the sort to which Mencken had reference. It is, nevertheless, a successful newspaper, financially as well as otherwise. Indeed, some qualified observers, among them Jenkin Lloyd Jones of the Tulsa Tribune, have gone so far as to call it the best newspaper now being published in the United States.

"The immense popularity of the Christian Science Monitor among non-Christian Scientists," said Jones, "springs from the fact that that publication is both factual and hopeful. The Monitor knows the score about as well as any American newspaper. It recognizes and describes the weak spots in the dike and the pitfalls in the path. It is capable both of alarm and righteous indignation. It never gives up the ship. It never gives up its ultimate faith in the triumph of decency."

Two Views of Crime Coverage

Some people would demur at this, arguing that the Monitor, with its hypersensitiveness to crime, is neither complete nor quite as dedicated to vigorous crusading as it might be. These people speak from what they believe to be a detached point of view. The Monitor has never claimed that it voiced any but the strict Christian Science point of view.

In the field of crime news, the Monitor's viewpoint is that "publication of crime and law violations is justified if the events have interest and bearing on affairs that extend far beyond the locality or country in which the alleged crime was committed." Accordingly, the Monitor has treated such consequential sordidness as the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Daugherty-Sinclair oil scandals, the Ku Klux Klan depredations and the Lindbergh kidnaping at some length.

These are the exceptions, however. The Monitor buries most crime news in obscure corners and disposes of it in a few brief sentences. The paper refuses to give violence either prominent or detailed attention merely because most readers are supposed to relish it.

Managing Editor Deland has said, in a recent argument with other newsmen on this point, "The only reason people like crime news is because you've fed it to 'em ever since they were children."

Some 20 years ago, Deland expressed his feelings on this whole matter to the members of Sigma Delta Chi, the fraternity of professional journalists, with such common sense that not even a crafty criminal lawyer could have shaken his testimony.

"What figures can be made to misrepresent by a clever manipulator," Deland said, "is scarcely comparable to the damage a clever rewrite wordsmith can do in making a dull, drab, sordid crime story deceitfully glamorous, thrilling and important by a misuse of words and correlation of ideas. Take for instance the case of some weak-minded sneak thief involved in a crime that lands him in jail. The writer or rewrite man, full of vivid imagination, calls into action his highly colored adjectives and paints up the story under the misguided notion that it is what the people want.

"The weak-minded thief becomes 'a debonair, nattily dressed young gunman, who flashed an automatic in approved Western style and laughed as he coolly leaped out the window and made his escape, leaving his victim . . .' and so on."

An Inspiring Environment

The Christian Science Monitor is edited in surroundings which were apparently designed to put the staff in the proper frame of mind *not* to endow sneak thieves with the epic destructiveness of such accomplished killers as Legs Diamond and Dutch Schultz. It is housed in the block-large, $4,000,000 building of the Christian Science Publishing Society in the Back Bay section of Boston. Flanked on one side by *déclassé* Massachusetts Avenue and on another by an area of cheap rooming houses, the property seems like an enchanted glade, complete even to landscaped gardens.

The building itself is edged on two sides by a narrow plot of meticulously trimmed grass which is marked every few feet by signs admonishing dogs to keep away. The gutters along the sidewalks surrounding it are almost completely unlittered by cigarette butts. This is probably just as well, since it helps prepare one for the inside of the building, which has all of the air and some of the appearance of a cathedral.

The city room of the Monitor is on the

Next Week

Troubles of College Deans • **LOVER WITH A BALL BAT** By Bob Ruark

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can get QUICK RELIEF for tired eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

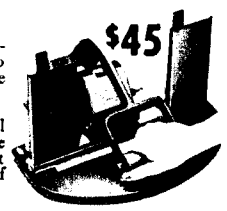
Put two drops of Murine in each eye. Then feel your eyes relax. Feel that refreshing, soothing sensation that comes in seconds.

NAT
MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of even important ingredients . . . so safe . . . so gentle . . . so soothing . . . so quick. It relieves the discomfort of eyes that are tired from overwork, exposure to sun, wind, dust or smoke. Try Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Post Card Advertising



There are many manufacturers of machines to print advertisements on the backs of post cards.

And there are several manufacturers who make machines to print different addresses on the fronts of post cards.

But the Elliott Company makes the only machine in the world that prints advertisements on the backs of post cards and then prints different addresses on the fronts of those same cards.

Elliott makes many different Addressing Machine Models priced from $25, $45, $145, $245 and up to several thousand dollars.

May we send you a catalog describing them?

Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.

149-R Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.
Addressing Machine Manufacturers Since 1898—Rated AAA-1

For Outdoor Fun Anywhere...
"ORIGINAL"
Chippewa
BOOTS
Enjoy real foot comfort outdoors with ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA Boots. Specially designed for fishing, hunting, hiking, and other outdoor activity, ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS stand up under rough going. They're made of top grade leathers, waterproofed, with non-slip soles. Pliable as a moccasin, feather-light in weight. See them at your ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA dealer now!
Style 4413
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL
"ORIGINAL"
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE CO
CHIPPEWA FALLS WIS

MAKE EXTRA MONEY
by 'phone and mail

You can make extra money right in your own home by telephone and mail. Simply take care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines. For full details, *write to*—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-74
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

second floor just off the reference library, a magnificently paneled province where no clipping has ever been discovered out of strict chronological order and where quiet is so highly regarded that the steel filing cabinets are encased in wood in order to deaden any distracting bang. The city room itself is even more of a surprise. Certainly no other American newspaper can offer anything to compare with it. Among other things, it has neither an ash tray nor a hang-over. Furthermore, the good-looking rubberized floor, instead of being messy with discarded copy paper, is spotless enough to serve as an endorsement for a scouring powder.

All Quiet in the City Room

Like the reference library and, for that matter, all the rest of the building, the city room is practically soundless. The phones have a diffident ring; the typewriters a whispery clack; most of the chairs have rubber casters. What's even more startling to visiting newspapermen is that no editorial bellows of "Boy-y-y!" ever thunder out as they do in every other city room. The whole place, indeed, looks a lot more like a room in a fashionable private library than it does a nerve center from which up-to-the-minute news is relayed around the world.

"First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear"—the quotation which runs across page one of the Monitor as a pledge of "patient, sympathetic industry"—provides a pretty accurate description of what is incontestably the politest and least excitable city room in the world. It is a little sacrilegious even to think about what would happen if this demure brain cell were ever descended upon by some Breadknife Murderess or Bobbed-Hair Bandit intent upon selling the Monitor the exclusive rights to her sordid life story.

At the far end of this vast room and off to the right is the office of Erwin Dain (Spike) Canham, the forty-five-year-old editor of the Monitor. It is a cut or two above the quarters occupied by most editors. Like Canham himself, it is cheery and neat rather than pretentious. It has bright drapes on the high windows and an Oriental rug on the floor. On the wall behind his desk is a gilt-framed picture of a sweet-faced old lady—Mary Baker Eddy. The only volumes on the desk are black, leather-bound copies of her writings.

There is no ash tray in this office either. For that matter, there has never been any need for one. The nearest thing to an emergency in this respect occurred several years ago when an out-of-town newspaperman paid a call on Canham. As the visitor sat down, he took out a cigarette and was about to light it when he suddenly paused, glanced up hesitantly and asked:

"All right if I smoke?"

Canham's reply has become one of the classic stories about the Christian Science Monitor.

"Certainly," he said. "No one ever has, though."

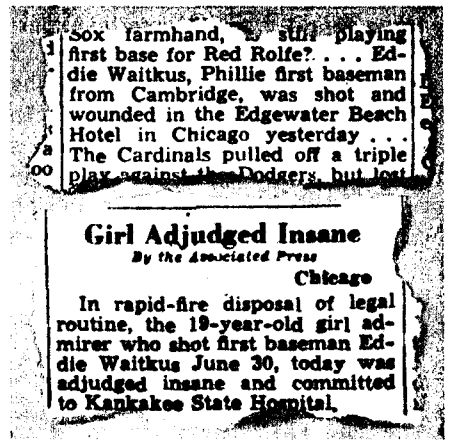
Canham, who was the only newspaperman invited to participate in the Mid-Century Convocation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology last March and who was awarded an honorary degree by Yale in June, is a rather stocky, mild-looking man with graying hair and rimless glasses. Like most scientists, he appears to be at least a decade younger than he actually is. He is a remarkable individual on a great many counts, not the least of which is the fact that although he doesn't smoke, drink or use profanity, he is popular enough to have been elected president of the not especially ascetic American Society of Newspaper Editors.

Born in Auburn, Maine, on February 13, 1904, Canham has had a dazzling career ever since he entered Bates College, where he not only made Phi Beta Kappa, but was also chosen as a Rhodes scholar. After graduation in 1925, he spent a year as a reporter on the Monitor before taking up residence at Oxford.

By that time, he had learned enough about the paper to know just what sort of dispatches it would welcome from Europe. As a result, he was a fairly steady correspondent from 1926 to 1929. By 1932, the directors of the Mother Church and the trustees of the Christian Science Publishing Society, without whose approval not even a copy boy can be hired or fired, thought highly enough of him to put him in charge of the important Washington office. He served in that position until his appointment to the editorship of the paper in 1940.

At a table just outside the office of this competent and likable man, the Monitor staff, most of them Christian Scientists, assembles six times a week at about seven thirty in the morning to put out the six daily editions. After reading dispatches from bureaus in New York, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Rome, Sydney and Tokyo, the news, make-up and managing editors decide upon a tentative layout for page one.

What they achieve in a visual way is highly enough regarded to have helped make the Monitor the only afternoon daily ever to win the F. Wayland Ayer Cup, an award bestowed for excellence in typography, make-up and presswork. One of the more arresting features of the Monitor's make-up is that every story in the paper is complete in itself, a circumstance which obviates the necessity of jumping from one page to another. Moreover, the page-one headlines, which are in capitals and lower case, are so arranged that the reader's eye is attracted first to the main stories and then led toward the less important ones.



Sox farmhand, . . . still playing first base for Red Rolfe? . . . Eddie Waitkus, Phillie first baseman from Cambridge, was shot and wounded in the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago yesterday . . . The Cardinals pulled off a triple play against the Dodgers, but lost . . .

Girl Adjudged Insane
By the Associated Press
Chicago
In rapid-fire disposal of legal routine, the 19-year-old girl admirer who shot first baseman Eddie Waitkus June 30, today was adjudged insane and committed to Kankakee State Hospital.

The Monitor gave the Waitkus shooting on June 14th just two brief mentions and got the date wrong in the second

Six Editions Keep Staff Busy

By ten o'clock, the Pacific edition of the Monitor is on the Hoe color-convertible presses, which cost just short of $600,000 and are capable of turning out 33 complete papers a second. Between then and four thirty-five in the afternoon, the staff gets out five other editions, the most important of which is the two-star which goes to press immediately after the stock market closings. It includes in its 20 pages a movie guide, sports page, New England news, radio timetable and other regular features.

What the Monitor offers a reader for five cents is apt to prove rather puzzling to anyone approaching it for the first time. Among peculiarities other than disregard for crime and scandal news, the paper has no society column, no reference to disease or medication, not a line about horse racing and few obituary notices.

Contrary to the expectations of new readers, the Monitor does not actually sermonize, however, except on the Home

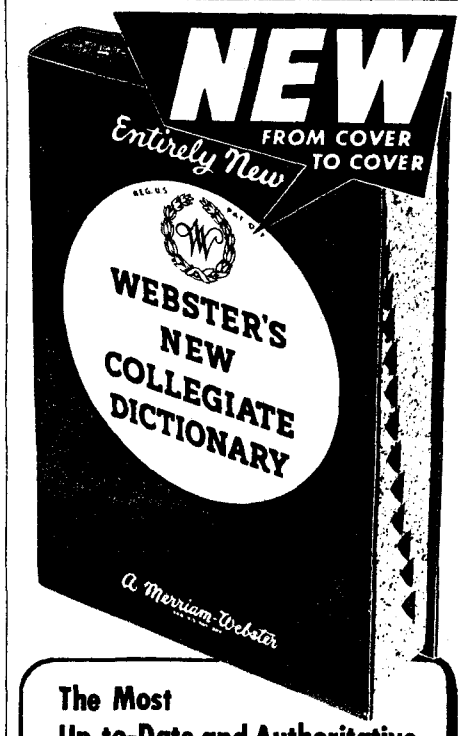
Make bundles mothproof!

Seal clothing bundles for storage with cellophane tape to keep moths and dust out.

A roll of "Scotch" Cellophane Tape in every room simplifies sealing, holding, mending jobs.

GET THE TAPE HABIT...*it's thrifty!*

For quality, insist on—
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SCOTCH BRAND Cellophane Tape
SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING
TRANSPARENT AS GLASS
ANOTHER 3M PRODUCT
MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO.
ST. PAUL 6, MINN. © 1949 3M CO.

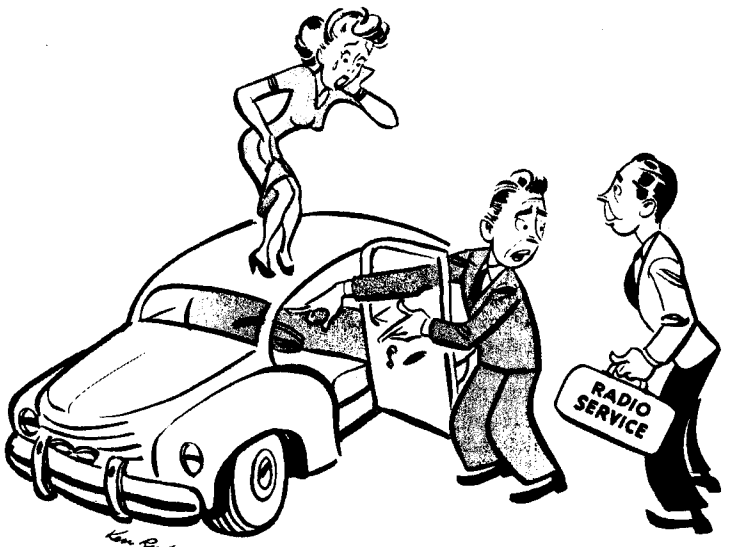


The Most Up-to-Date and Authoritative Handy-Size Dictionary

WEBSTER'S NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY is an entirely new work—enlarged and completely rewritten to cover man's new knowledge in every field. Best for home, school and office because it is based on the big *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*, the "Supreme Authority," and is characterized by the same outstanding scholarship and accuracy. More than 125,000 entries; 2,300 terms illustrated. Hundreds of new words. Thumb index. $6.00 and up, depending on binding. At your bookseller's, or write to:

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., DEPT. 346
Springfield 2, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Tell her! It's the radio not a mouse squeak!"

RADIO SERVICE
SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES
Authorized Dealer

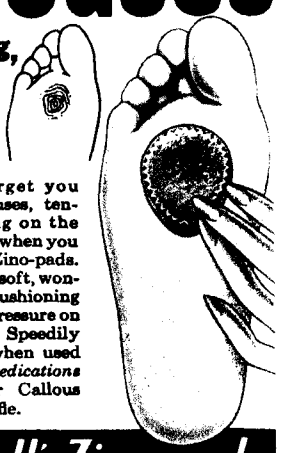
SIGN OF DEPENDABLE RADIO SERVICE

Do you await favorite broadcasts with baited trap instead of bated breath because your radio squeaks like so many mice? Well, don't throw the cheesy thing away!... Call the radio expert who displays the Sylvania sign! He'll put your set in shape in no time. With Sylvania testing equipment he tracks down trouble spots. With high-quality Sylvania radio tubes, he restores the sparkling tone you want. For best radio repairs at fairest prices, stop at the Sylvania sign of dependable service.

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES
PRODUCT OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

Callouses

Pain, Burning, Tenderness Quickly Relieved



You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, tenderness or burning on the bottom of your feet when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, downy-soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning pads instantly lift pressure on the sensitive spot. Speedily remove callouses when used with the separate *Medications* included. Ask for Callous size. Cost but a trifle.

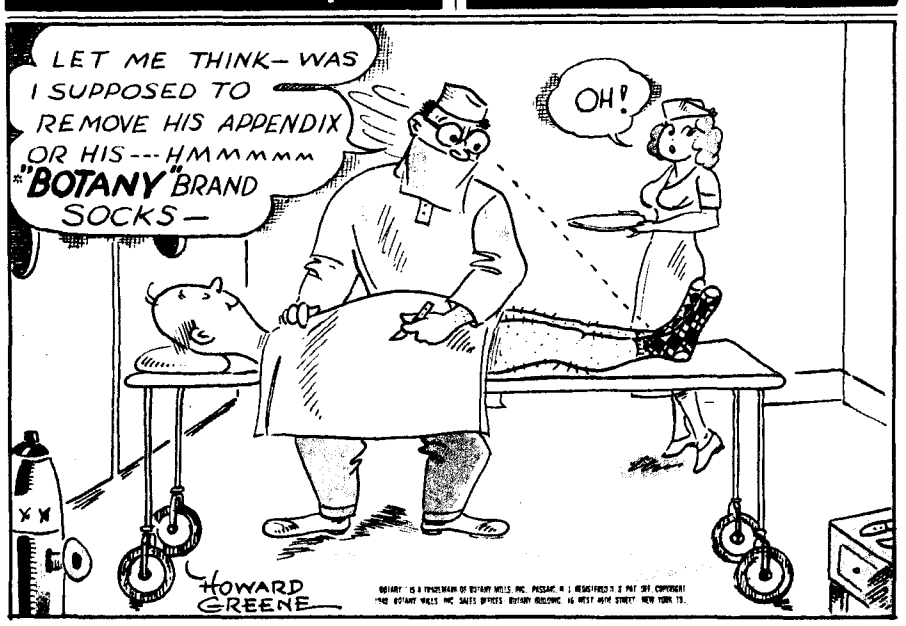
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN
OF SIMPLE PILES
INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

*Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®

T-N-T
POPCORN
9 quarts from 1 can



Forum page, which carries an article on Christian Science, both in English and in one of the 15 foreign languages into which these texts are translated in rotation. Thousands of non-Scientist subscribers all over the world find this a small price to pay in return for the Monitor's superb interpretative foreign news, good Washington coverage and usually clear-headed editorials.

The Monitor appears to cherish its inconsistencies. If, on the one hand, it has been known to justify its failure to headline President Roosevelt's death on the grounds that it was no longer news by the time the Monitor came out, it makes no apologies for having listed the winners at Wimbledon a couple of weeks after the tournament had become history.

Liberal Wages and Pensions

The 750 full-time employees of the Monitor do not appear in the least troubled by the paradoxical nature of the product which they help put out. This is understandable when one realizes that the paper has a pension plan which retires employees at half salary after 25 years of service. What's more, working conditions at the Monitor are excellent. Although the 154 members of the news staff are not unionized, as some of the mechanical departments are, they receive, on the whole, a bit more than what the Newspaper Guild minimum calls for.

Generally speaking, Monitor employees are envied by the hirelings of other papers for a reason that has nothing to do with either the pension plan or the good salaries. This is the ability of Monitor hands to remain clear-eyed under even the most trying circumstances.

Last spring, during a cruise to Bermuda on which a number of newspapermen were guests of the steamship line, all but one of the party became desperately seasick. He was, of course, the man from the Monitor.

Legend attributes the undeviatingly good behavior of all connected with the Monitor to a telephone connected to Mary Baker Eddy's tomb in Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The instrument was placed there, according to the myth, just in case Mrs. Eddy ever should want to get in touch with the boys.

Actually it is quite true that there once was a phone in the tomb. It had been installed for the use of watchmen who were on duty while the tomb was being prepared to receive Mrs. Eddy's remains. Most of the Boston papers regarded it as such a unique circumstance that they reported it on page one, a fact which immediately set the gossips to jabbering. Today, years afterward, the telephone company is still trying to convince the credulous that the number has been disconnected.

Irreverent spoofers have suggested that perhaps the phone was taken out because of nonpayment of the bill. But this is most unlikely. The Monitor not only pays its own way, but quite often turns a profit.

Even if it operated at a loss, the trustees of the Publishing Society and the directors of the Mother Church would not be gravely concerned. The main thing to them is that the paper continues to perform a moral and informative function. What pleases them far more than mere profits ever could is the remembrance that the Monitor was once described as "a newspaper that can be placed in the hands of children without parents first looking through it to see if it contains something not fit to read"; and that a speaker at the National Christian Forum in 1934 stated, "So far we have only one newspaper which can be classed as 'ideal.' This is the Christian Science Monitor."

Let the other, bigger newspapers worry about profits! For its part, the Monitor prefers being the first United States newspaper ever awarded a Maria Moors Cabot plaque for "distinguished service in the field of inter-American relations." It is also tickled pink over having been lauded "for achieving . . . a world-wide breadth of view and an international coverage of the news which causes it to be regarded as one of the great newspapers which 'mirror the world.' . . . For a daily product which from thought to type is effective, lofty, clean-cut and realistic, a credit to the idealism of its Founder and the workmanship of its staff."

Next week, in the second of three articles on the Christian Science Monitor, the author discusses the paper's unique coverage of medicine, disease and death.

BUTCH

"The second burglar is described as having a rather dumb look. I warned you 'bout not wearin' a mask, Butch"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Return of Our Soaring Giants

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

as more successful. After weeks of sitng inside one, he was able to observe e whoopers at close range. During at winter he established the amazing cts of the cranes' winter territorialism. hen a whooping crane family arrives the wintering grounds, it drives all her cranes from a territory sometimes big as 700 acres.

With the coming of spring, Allen prered to migrate from Texas with his rds. There had been persistent reports migrating whoopers in the vicinity of orth Platte, Nebraska. After making aborate arrangements, Allen left his sistant on the refuge to check the birds it while he dashed 800 miles north to e Platte River. When he got there he und the whole community had taken the cause of the whooping crane. ne local newspaper carried the headne: "Allen Arrives; Cranes Still in exas."

At 7:35 A.M. on April 19th, 1946, rmer Earl E. Mathers was doing his nores three miles east of North Platte hen he noticed five big white birds in a orn stubble field near his house. Calling is wife, he said, "I believe those are the hooping cranes they've been talking bout over the radio."

He phoned the game warden who reorted to Allen. Allen dashed out to the irm but Mathers said, "They're gone ow. Disappeared over that way."

Allen hurried back to town, hopped nto a small airplane and headed back ver the farm. Within a few minutes, he aw five whooping cranes on a sand bar the river. The whoopers' northern nigration had been traced that far. After nat the birds disappeared.

That was over three years ago. Allen ecided to go north after them and made preliminary search by ground and air. n 1948, with Robert H. Smith—flyway biologist of the Fish and Wildlife Service—he flew in a small amphibian plane over 16,000 miles of the wildest country in North America. The search took in the Mackenzie River delta. At Point Barrow, Alaska, the bird trackers rrived on the Fourth of July to find hat it had snowed heavily the day beore. They flew Rat River Pass, twisting hrough cloud-filled valleys onto a wild plateau of 2,000 square miles of lake nd tundra populated by thousands of ducks, geese and other birds—but no whooping cranes. Near the mouth of he Anderson River, they camped among esting semipalmated sandpipers, black rant, snow geese, pomarine jaegers—ut still no whooping cranes.

Once Allen and Smith landed in a ove just ahead of a storm. The wind hifted, threatening to smash their plane n the rocks. For 16 hours the two men tood in the icy water, holding the craft gainst a violent, destructive wind.

The nesting ground of the whooping crane was still a secret. When Allen went back to the Texas marshes last winter, behind him came the missing whoopers, loudly bugling their arrival. There were three young birds in the group, but three of the old birds failed to return. In pursuit of the same total number of birds he had seen the year before, Allen set out on an ambitious project to breed the whoopers in captivity.

Allen had two likely subjects for the experiment. One was "Old Devil," a wounded crane that had been found by two farm boys in a fence corner near Gothenburg, Nebraska, in 1936. Nursed back to health, the bird had become the property of the Gothenburg Gun Club and had been exhibited at county fairs. The other crane had been caught in a muskrat trap in Louisiana and had wound up in the Audubon Park Zoo in New Orleans.

Allen, as a representative of the National Audubon Society, brought these two cranes together as part of the Whooping Crane Project. Realizing that even if they were a pair, it would be impossible to breed them in a small enclosure, he invested $2,000 in erecting a nine-foot woven wire fence around 150 acres of Texas marshland. Within this fence the pair was doing the mating dance by late December of 1948.

A twenty-foot observation tower was constructed outside, and from this vantage point during the winter, visitors could see the only whooping cranes in captivity. On May 5, 1949, Charles Keefer, then the wild life refuge manager, sent out word that the cranes had built a nest and were hatching two eggs. Allen, who had gone to Florida, dashed back to Texas and took up residence on the tower. Daily at 5:00 A.M. he climbed the ladder. He sat there all day making notes until darkness drove him down at 7:30 P.M.

The birds kept a rigid routine of ceaseless devotion to the eggs. One would sit for four hours while the other stood guard. By using a formula based on the egg size, Allen estimated that the incubation would last 34½ days. On the 21st day, Dr. Larry Walkinshaw, a lifelong student of the crane family, came down from Battle Creek, Michigan, to join Allen on the tower. At dawn on the 23d day, the two men noticed unusual behavior on the part of the birds. Both left the nest at the same time. Then one came back and pecked at the nest. Finally both cranes tore up the nest. The eggs had been infertile and had dried up.

Old Devil and his mate are two of the 33 whooping cranes now known to be in existence. Of the 33, all but four went north in the spring of 1949. The migrants will be back during the next two months. Waiting for them will be their friend, Robert Allen, striding across the marshes, fighting to save a winged fragment of America's great natural heritage.

THE END

John (Tex) O'Reilly, the author, has been the animal reporter for the New York Herald Tribune for many years, with time out to serve as a World War II correspondent

---

At a showing of new furniture it was noted that many of the chairs are wider than usual and the backs are deeply curved.—*News item.*

●

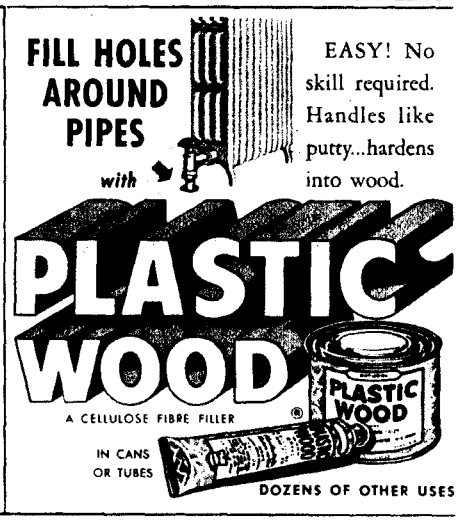
Shaping Up

The newest chairs with which one meets
Have deep-curved backs and broader seats,
Which indicates that their design
Is keeping pace, these days, with mine.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Carter's kangaroo
the most comfortable shoe a man can wear
You've never known real foot comfort—until you've worn Carter Kangaroo Shoes. Here's a different kind of shoe, smartly styled from extra-soft, extra-supple Kangaroo leather imported from Australia. Genuine Kangaroo resists scuffing—takes a fine, high polish—is 17 percent stronger than any other leather, weight for weight. Join the thousands who have discovered—"When you wear Carter Kangaroo, you've got an all-day comfort shoe."
One of the 18,000 Carter dealers is located near you. See him today.
STYLE NO. 41
STYLE NO. 29
GENUINE KANGAROO IMPORTED from AUSTRALIA
Carter ... the best known name in Kangaroo leather
J. W. CARTER COMPANY NASHVILLE, TENN.

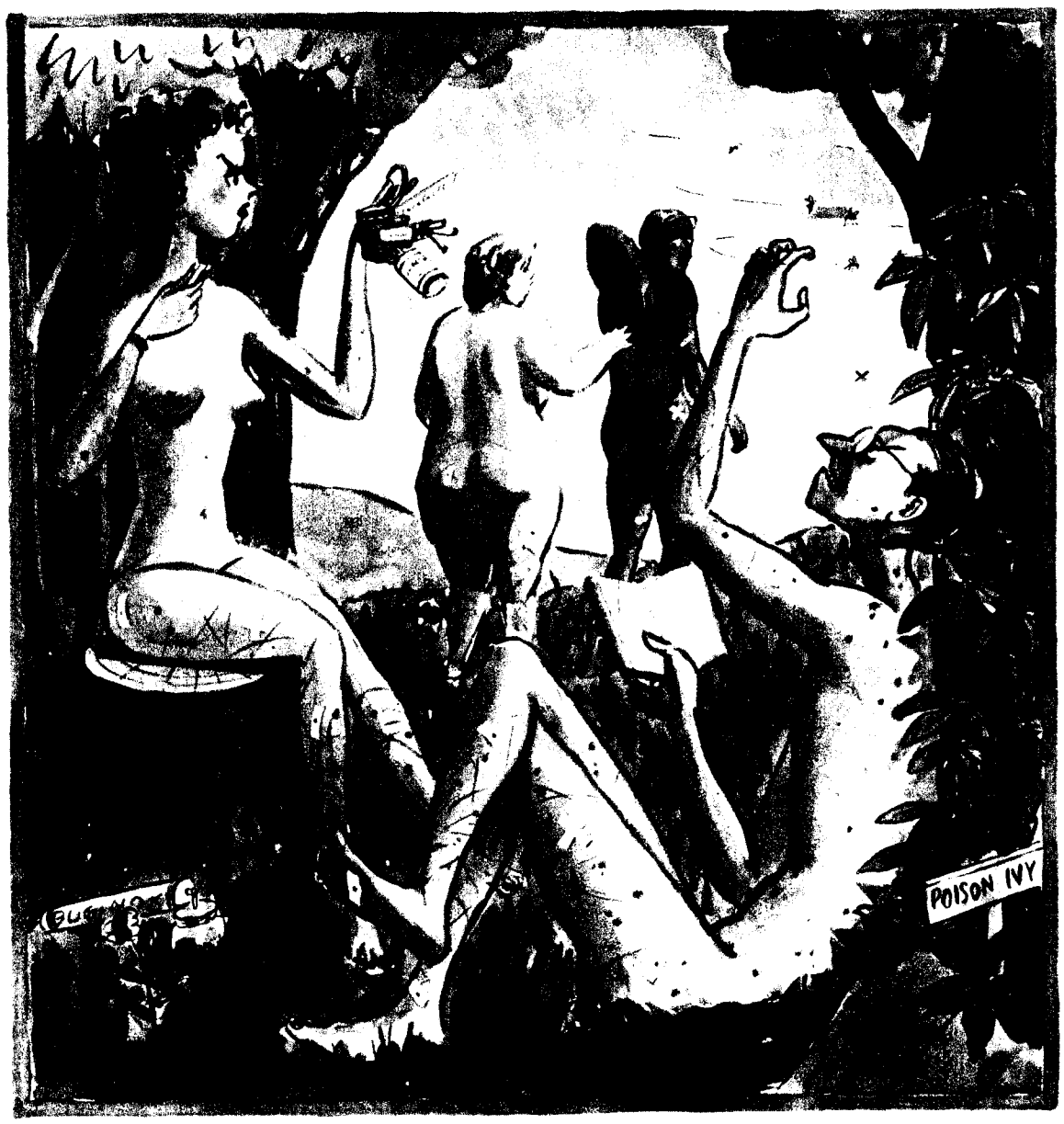
PRINT YOUR OWN POST CARDS
COMPLETE OUTFIT only $7.50
Amazing results in sales, inquiries and contacts . . . saves time and money . . . very easy to use GEM STENCIL DUPLICATOR is ideal for Advertising, Announcements, Notices, Labels, Forms, Price Lists—hundreds of uses for every type of business and organization. Comes complete with all supplies, instructions and 60-page Book of Ideas.
FREE TRIAL OFFER: Try it before you buy it! Write and a GEM OUTFIT will be sent you postpaid. After 10 days, send only $7.50 or return the GEM, no questions asked. The GEM must sell itself; you be the judge.
BOND EQUIPMENT CO. • Dept. 115
6633 Enright • St. Louis 5, Mo.
SEND NO MONEY • FREE TRIAL OFFER


FILL HOLES AROUND PIPES with PLASTIC WOOD
EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty...hardens into wood.
A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER
IN CANS OR TUBES
DOZENS OF OTHER USES

"NEVER ask him for a bear-hug, Uncle Erskine . . . not after he's had his evening bowl of Wheaties!"

Sure—champions start young! Big leaguers Kiner, Newhouser, Mize, Tebbetts formed Wheaties habit years ago! Famous training dish—these nourishing 100% whole wheat flakes, milk and fruit. Seven dietary essentials. Second-helping good. Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EARLE GOODENOW

A Bold Stand for Britches

NUDISM IS A SUBJECT that we've always shied away from with a slightly frightened snicker. But a cheerful season-end report from the Eastern Sunbathing Association has convinced us that the time has come for a bold, though strictly objective, look. "The cause is growing every day," said an official of the association. "More and more people are taking off their clothes and living as they were intended."

Well, come to think of it, nudism—or sunbathing, as the devotees prefer—has been with us for quite a long time. If it's a fad it's a hardy one, having outlived Coué ism, mah-jongg, dance marathons, flagpole sitting and the pyramid clubs. And the question of its immodesty has become rather academic since the advent of the French, or diaper, bathing suit.

So we are willing to concede that sunning in the raw is here to stay. But can it catch on to a degree where it threatens the decline and fall of a taboo that's as old as Adam? Before trying to answer that one we sought the help of a couple of psychiatrists we know.

They had more to say about the why than about the whither. Psychiatry, they agreed, doesn't consider nudism either crazy or morally dangerous. One of the analysts pointed out that its practitioners don't defy conventions by flaunting their scorn of raiment in public, nor do they try to force their ideas on anybody. The other recalled seeing mixed nude bathing in Greece and athletes performing *au naturel* in the Scandinavian countries, and noted that nobody seemed scandalized by either practice.

But they wouldn't get out on any Freudian limb with a prediction that today's scanty sunning and swimming attire is doomed to go the way of the bustle and the linen duster.

So we were left on our own to speculate on the future of nudism. And after due reflection, we've concluded that its bid for any real popular acceptance is up against two serious obstacles.

The first, and less serious, is bugs. It's a provable theorem that the likelihood of being chawed by varmints is directly proportional to the amount of hide exposed. The prospect of facing summer's insect hordes with no more protection than a bottle of citronella would certainly scare off a lot of people before they even started taking off their shoes.

The other difficulty is where to carry things. Today's civilized, urbanized human is hung like a Christmas tree with bits and pieces. A business suit, complete with vest, has more than a dozen pockets, and its wearer is apt to use them all. Women's handbags? We won't even go into the subject. We will simply observe that even sunning and swimming take some extra equipment, and ask what nudism can do about loose change, cigarettes and matches, compacts and lipsticks, handkerchiefs, pens, pencils, and so on.

Obviously, the only solution is clothes—with pockets.

And as we take one nonobjective look at what encroaching years and a sedentary life are doing to this department's waistline, we can't say we're sorry. In fact, we are more than willing to seek refuge behind a double-breasted coat with padded shoulders and leave nudism's future to braver and more symmetrical souls.

. . . or Shut Up

WHEN CONGRESS WAS DEBATING military aid to Europe, one senator explained his support of the arms program with the statement that "War is inevitable." That sort of talk has been going on for more than three years. And we, like a lot of other Americans, have grown pretty tired of it. We particularly don't like it when it comes from a person who has a voice and vote in shaping our government's policies.

No doubt this senator and other people like him have some idea of what the last war cost in lives and money. They must realize that another world war would not be any less costly. Yet they tell us that the country might as well prepare for inevitable war and get it over with. One would think that war was an unpleasant, bothersome, but not particularly dangerous, chore, like putting up the storm windows for winter.

Who are these melancholy oracles, anyway? Are they possessed of what the psychiatrists call a "death wish"? Do they want to involve the whole world in their urge for self-destruction? We doubt it.

We would say that they probably are people with an overdeveloped taste for morbid excitement—the sort who cried "Inflation!" when prices went up, and shouted "Depression!" with equal fervor the moment that living costs started down from their abnormal heights. We also suspect that they lack the intelligence and perspective to solve their own problems satisfactorily, and so imagine that world problems must be tackled with the same meager equipment.

The trouble is that their talk of inevitable war gets listened to. It is hopeless, senseless talk. But, as Adolf Hitler and Dr. Goebbels once demonstrated, if senseless things are said often enough and loud enough, a lot of people will come to believe them. The result, in this case, would be a dangerous paralysis of our national reason.

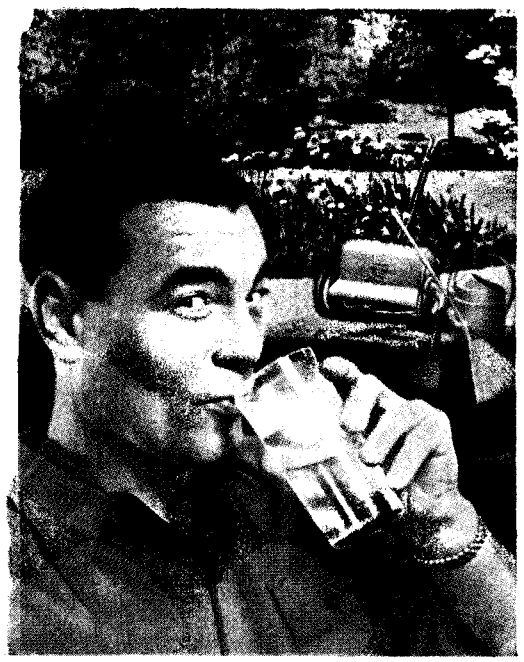
Why is war inevitable—because there have always been wars? Well, scourging epidemics of smallpox were once "inevitable," too. So were the almost certain fatality of tuberculosis, and the high death rate of mothers and infants in childbirth, and many other mortal plagues.

But there always have been intelligent, hopeful, tireless men and women in the world who dared to challenge and oppose the "inevitable." If they have been able to defend humanity from many of the deadly, invisible forces of nature, isn't it also possible to defend humanity from the man-made epidemic of murder which is war? We believe it is. The United Nations, the Marshall Plan and the military aid program are at least intelligent gambles that it can be done.

We don't think we're abridging anybody's civil rights when we hope that if the prophets of gloom can't put up anything helpful toward the effort to insure peace, they will at least shut up.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's a Grand and Glorious Feeling when you land the biggest trout of the day. And it's a glorious feeling, too, when you enjoy Schenley in your favorite drink. For Schenley is richer and finer *always*. Its smooth, mellow taste is the result of Schenley's rare, older whiskies and matchless blending skill. So, when day is done, treat yourself to the best. And the best is Schenley, the whisky of *unchanging* perfection. The finest your money can buy.



Gardening, it's time to relax! And calls for delicious drinks made with smoother Schenley. You'll agree that every drop of Schenley is richer, *more satisfying!*

Whatever Your Hobby . . . fishing, gardening, or "armchair" baseball . . . when day is done, *you* deserve richer, finer Schenley—friendly to your taste. Enjoy it in your favorite drink *tonight.*

Richer
Finer
SCHENLEY

A Schenley Mark of Merit Whisky

from **SCHENLEY** *the House of Aged Whiskies*

RARE PRE-WAR QUALITY BLENDED WHISKY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whisky, 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof. Schenley Distributors, Inc., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

30-DAY TEST REVEALED

Not one single case of throat irritation *due to smoking* CAMELS!

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking Camels!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem N. C.

MAKE THE CAMEL 30-DAY TEST IN YOUR "T-ZONE"

Every day, every week since the doctors' report on Camel mildness was made public, smokers by the hundreds have been making their own tests—enjoying Camels exclusively for 30 days. Make *your* test in your own "T-Zone". See if you, too, don't find Camels the mildest, best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked.

"How mild can a cigarette be?"

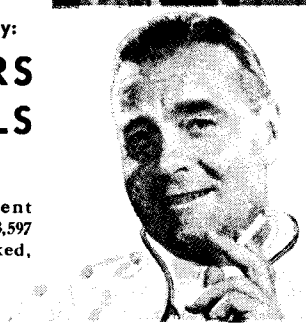
Whenever this question comes up at impromptu, time-out-for-a-cigarette gatherings, experienced smokers—men and women who *know*—have this to say: "Just smoke Camels and *see!*"

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

When three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!



"The doctors' report checks with my own smoking experience. I've given Camels a 20-YEAR test! Camels are mild all right! And they taste great!"

Gordon "Dusty" Campbell

BIG-GAME FISHERMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED